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Walter J. Logan
with cordial regards of
J. R. Howard

April 1893

Janette Logan Jacobs
The Homestead
Washington
Conn

EL ARBOL DE LAS MANITAS

TREE OF THE LITTLE HANDS

FACE TO FACE WITH THE MEXICANS:

THE

DOMESTIC LIFE, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND BUSINESS WAYS, STATESMANSHIP AND LITERATURE, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL HISTORY OF THE MEXICAN PEOPLE,

AS SEEN AND STUDIED BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN DURING SEVEN YEARS OF INTERCOURSE WITH THEM.

BY

FANNY CHAMBERS GOOCH.

With 200 Illustrations.

NEW YORK:
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Cármen R. de Díaz.

TO

MY MEXICAN FRIENDS

THIS VOLUME,

IN WHICH I HAVE ENDEAVORED

TO EXPRESS MY APPRECIATION OF MEXICAN CHARACTER AND

SHOW IT TRUTHFULLY TO MY COUNTRYMEN,

IS DEDICATED.

Porfirio Díaz

México, Abril 1º de 1886.

Señora

Fanny Chambers Gooch.

Presente.

Estimable Señora:

Impuesto de su favorecida de anteri y obsequiando el bondadoso deseo que se sirve U. expresarme tengo el gusto de adjuntarle las fotografías que me pide de mi Señora y mías. Mucho agradecemos á U. la consideracion que nos dispensa, y donde tambien las gracias por su atencion de participarme su próximo viaje, que deseo lo haga con toda felicidad, quedo de U. atento y afectísimo servidor.

Porfirio Diaz

[*Translation of letter from President Diaz.*]

MEXICO, *April* 1, 1886.

MRS. FANNY CHAMBERS GOOCH,

Present.

ESTEEMED MADAME:

Having read your favor of day before yesterday, and complying with the kind desire which you are pleased to express, I have the pleasure to send you herewith the photographs of my wife and myself. We are grateful to you for your consideration, and also thank you for your courtesy in notifying us of your approaching journey, which I hope you will make with all happiness. I remain your attentive and affectionate servant,

PORFIRIO DIAZ.

PREFACE.

THE descriptions of Mexican life, customs, and character embraced in the following chapters are drawn from a close and interested scrutiny of the people of our neighboring Republic during a residence and visits among them including in all a period of about seven years.

Like all foreigners, I was practically a stranger to the marked peculiarities of race, social and business life, government, and religion there to be encountered. In all that I had read on the subject, in books or transient sketches, I found that no one had endeavored to minutely describe certain phases of Mexican life and character, necessary to be understood in order to fully appreciate the people.

First impressions of writers are either glowing on account of novelty, excitement, and varied pleasures, or marked by unfavorable criticisms obtained from a mere surface-view of the new society with which they mingle. I shared in the variety of impressions common to all strangers; but experience with the people and a careful observation of them brought about a change in my opinions as to the fitness of their government and national customs for the varied races of their Republic. And more than this: a closer contact also revealed to me the high culture and splendid attainments of her men and the warm, sympathetic hearts of her women.

The longer I mingled with the Mexican people the more forcibly was I impressed with the fact that they are not properly understood by their Anglo-Saxon neighbors. As this thought grew in my mind day by day, there grew with it a desire to acquaint my own countrymen more intimately with them, and, if possible, secure a fairer appreciation of a people whom it has been too long the custom to decry, but who deserve the highest commendation for their works and institutions, projected and carried out under many difficulties.

To accomplish this task, which I felt was a sacred mission and a tribute that I wished to pay to my Mexican friends, I undertook the present volume. I have not failed to realize that the field is new and that it required a more skillful pen than mine to accomplish all that was intended. The details were so numerous and yet so indispensable to the full delineation of character and customs, that great patience has been necessary to eliminate from the material accumulated much that was interesting but not essential to the main design of the work. Then, too, dealing with so many subjects grouped under general headings, the tendency was to make broken and fragmentary sketches. Every chapter will be found to be complete in itself, however, and all serve to give faithful pictures of the people.

Having lived in close personal contact with the domestic service of the country, I have devoted a few of the initial chapters to this unique and, to us, humorous phase of Mexican life, showing the unfailing inbred adherence to national characteristics.

In submitting this volume to the people of both Republics, it is with the sincere wish that it may, in a measure, lead to a better acquaintance the one with the other, and that this acquaintance may induce both to realize that they have differences and peculiarities naturally adapted to their governments, races and religions. Each can respect and co-operate with the other in peace and harmony, independent and separate as they ever should remain, fixed by nature; but sisters as Republics.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

A duty would be neglected if I failed to pay a tribute to the many friends from whom acts of kindness were received during my residente and journeys in Mexico. To mention each one is impossible, because none were met who did not aid me in my efforts, either by words or acts, which, though perhaps forgotten by them, will ever be by me most gratefully remembered.

To ex-Governor John Ireland of Texas my first acknowledgments

are due. He has taken a deep personal interest in my work and encouraged me in its execution, furnishing me with letters to President Diaz and governors of various Mexican States; to General Henry R. Jackson, American Minister; to Major Joseph Magoffin, Collector of Customs at El Paso, and to other leading personages, and obtained for me facilities for full access to various sources of information.

General Hamilton P. Bee and Dr. Halbert P. Howard, both of whom have had a life-knowledge of Mexico, rendered me valuable assistance with letters of introduction to distinguished citizens of the Mexican Republic.

To S. G. Sneed, Esq., my thanks are due for his sympathetic interest in the preparation of the work and the benefit of his cultivated literary taste.

To Dr. D. T. Iglehart, Hon. J. W. Robertson and Mr. Sterling B. Allen for many kindnesses, and to Mr. J. A. Hooper, of the "Gould system" of Southwestern Railways, for official courtesies in traveling.

At El Paso I was the recipient of many gracious attentions from Mr. R. F. Campbell and family and Mrs. Fannie D. Porter and family. To Major Joseph Magoffin and family I am specially indebted for unbounded hospitality and assistance on my journey both in going and returning. Major Magoffin presented to me Señor J. Escobar, Mexican Consul, and together they rendered me invaluable aid by having circulars printed, stating my object and commending me to the Mexican people. Señor Escobar also gave me letters of introduction to Señor Mariscal, Mexican Minister for Foreign Affairs, and anticipated every need in my introduction at the capital.

Señor Mariscal received me with true Mexican courtesy and appointed Señor José J. Jimenez to accompany me to various public institutions. During my stay Señor Mariscal rendered me many other valuable services.

To Mr. Frederick P. Hoeck, who personally presented my letters, and to Mr. Charles E. Cummings, both of the Mexican capital, I am happy to make acknowledgments.

Our minister, General Henry R. Jackson, and his estimable wife

received me with warm encouragement and kindness, showing me distinguished attentions at the legation.

The editor of *The Two Republics*, Mr. J. Mastella Clark, and his charming wife bestowed on me many kind favors and hospitalities.

Among other kind American friends were Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Mayer, Mrs. J. L. Corella, Rev. J. J. Gribbin, Mr. H. G. Payne, Major Robert Gorsuch, Mr. S. J. Bloodworth, Mr. F. R. Guernsey, and Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Pitten.

I am indebted for many courtesies to Major E. W. Jackson, Managing Director of the Mexican Central Railway, to Mr. R. C. Peeples, Superintendent of the Mexican National Railway, and to Mr. Thomas Braniff, Managing Director of the Mexican Railway, and for courtesies from railway officials in all my travels.

The Mexican Press Association appointed three of its most accomplished members, Señores Augustin Arroyo de Anda, Alberto G. Bianchi, and Bernabe E. Bravo, to show me attentions in the name of the association. To these gentlemen I am deeply indebted for continual courtesies.

To Dr. Semelider my thanks are due for valuable information, and to Dr. Ocadiz, Secretary of the San Carlos Academy, Judge Ignacio Sepulvida, and Señor Zazzimende, for various attentions.

Dr. Antonio Peñafiel, of the National Museum, gave me access to his splendid library and collection of Mexican antiquities, and jointly with his brother-in-law, Señor Lamberto Asiain, presented me with valuable scientific works.

The family of Señor Tirso Calderon, with whom I resided in the City of Mexico, will ever be held in grateful remembrance for their untiring attentions and tender regard. I am specially indebted to Señora Calderon for introductions into the homes of many distinguished families; and, generally, to the Mexican people of all classes and conditions, for their gracious kindness to the stranger within their gates.

The book has been illustrated principally by Miss Isabel V. Waldo, a portrait painter of New York, who was in the City of Mexico during

my stay there. Her portraits of the various types are taken from life, and are faithful delineations of the characters they represent.

The illustrations on pages 65, 265, 429, and opposite page 183, were kindly sketched for me by Ramon Casteñada, a young student of the San Carlos Academy.

The initals and outline sketches were drawn by P. G. Cusachs.

While the body of the work has been the result of my personal experiences and observations among the Mexican people, in the historical chapers I have availed myself of the researches of Hubert Howe Bancroft in his histories of Mexico from 1804 to 1861; Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico;* also Brantz Mayer's *Mexico; Aztec, Spanish and Republic*, and *Mexico as It Was and as It Is;* also Humboldt's works on Mexico.

F. C. G.

ADDENDA.

SINCE publication, this book has been most appreciatively received, and has steadily grown in public favor. It has already in great measure fulfilled the lively hopes of the author.

The extended and kindly reviews which have been accorded it by the foremost journals and periodicals have certified to its merit; the generous and spontaneous indorsements given it by distinguished Mexicans and Americans—including Judges of the United States Supreme Court, nearly one hundred United States Senators and Congressmen, the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and all the Foreign Ministers from Mexico and the Central and South American Republics—evidence its interest, its trustworthy accuracy, and its value in view of the increasing commercial intimacy between the two great republics of this continent.

The author desires to express her thanks for valuable aid to her in Washington, rendered by United States Senator Richard Coke of Texas, as well as to every gentleman whose name appears on the list of patrons and indorsers of her book [see pages at the end of the

volume], for the practical interest shown in forwarding the object of her work—the cultivation of a friendly international spirit between the two peoples. To the Mexican Minister and Madame Romero, of the Legation at Washington, she is especially indebted.

And now, may the good work go on! I long to see the bond of fraternal feeling sealed by a mutual Christian sympathy, and ratified by a sentiment of neighborly good-will, which this attempt to make the Mexican people better known to my own countrymen is earnestly intended to foster.

F. C. G.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW HOME AND NEW FRIENDS.

Tradition and founding of Saltillo—Origin and derivation of the name—Opinions vary—Coahuila—Origin of the name—Saltillo, the seat of important industries—Making a new home—Beautiful scenery—Calle Real, the historic seat—Architecture—Home in an old Mexican mansion—Doors, roof, windows, floors, keys—*Adobe* roofs—Water spouts—Relics of Mexican grandeur—Absence of modern conveniences—Fears of ghosts and hobgoblins—A nocturnal adventure—Interesting discoveries—Visit from a Mexican youth—Scenes from my window..... 33

CHAPTER II.

IN MOTHER NOAH'S SHOES.

Primitive housekeeping—The indispensable *mozo*—Extraordinary culinary arrangements—The *metate*, or mill—Pancho's wit and intelligence—Daily revelations. Wrestling with a foreign tongue—Primitive practices—Going to market—Mexican articles of food—Street scenes—A familiar face in a strange land—The *burros*—Retail venders—A cooking-stove—The disgust of the natives—The stove's oration. 60

CHAPTER III.

NO ES COSTUMBRE.

The lack of a broom—A friend in need—The *escobero*, broom-vender—House-cleaning—Astonishing the natives—Pancho's amiability gives out—He leaves me for his "sick grandmother"—Pancho's successors—Courteous insubordination—Greek meets Greek—Pancho's successors depart—Peculiar names and characteristics of servants—"Little John"—Wifely devotion—Marital tyranny—An undressed fowl—Knotty points..... 84

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOAN OF A MOZO AND A TRIP TO PALOMAS.

Successive departures of successive *mozos*—Cosme, our borrowed *mozo*—We set out for Palomas—Cosme in the van—His John Gilpin ride—Palomas—A typical Mexican home—A surgical operation—Inquisitive hospitality—Inherent courtesy—A Mexican dinner—Embroidery and fancy work—The "Pass of the Doves"—Our ride home—Poor Cosme!—He takes a mournful departure—His pious *adios*..... 102

CHAPTER V.

FROM BORDER TO CAPITAL ALONG THE MEXICAN CENTRAL.

The Mexican "All aboard!"—El Paso and Paso del Norte—Chihuahua—Santa Rosalia, its manners and customs—Dr. Tarver and family—Strange notices in a *meson*—Stations and scenery along the road—Zacatecas—Mines and mining—Aguas Calientes—Historic associations—National Palace—Public bathing of the common people—Bridge at Encarnacion—Queretaro—Maximilian's monument—Other towns along the road—Memorial crosses and stone-heaps—Nochistongo Pass—Arrival at Mexico City—Hotel San Carlos—The all-important *camarista*..... 127

CHAPTER VI.

TENOCHTITLAN—THE AZTEC CAPITAL.

The founding of the city—Invasion by the Spaniards—The three great causeways—The Spaniards' defeat—"Noche triste"—Atzcapotzalco—Mexico City—The Zocalo—Street—"Street of the Sad Indian"—Street cars—Pulque shops—Inundations and earthquakes—The Rome of America—Churches—Monuments—Industrial art and public schools—Public gardens—Markets—Charitable institutions—Pawn-shops—Theaters—Dry-goods stores—House-renting—Mexican flora—Art gallery and museum—The Viga Canal—Chapultepec—Climate—The Alameda—Funerals—Valley of Mexico—Popocatapetl—Iztaccihuatl 155

CHAPTER VII.

THE MEXICANS IN THEIR HOMES.

Characteristics—Sincerity and faithfulness in friendship—Hospitality—How to meet them—Manners and customs—Middle class—Forms of greeting—Etiquette—Gesticulations—Family ties—Their charity and benevolence—Religion—Hospitality—Household arrangements—The Palacio mansion—Music—Poetry—Manners of

speech—Courtesy—*Pollas* and *pollitas*—*Gallos* and *gallinos*—Domestic tastes of the women—Their beauty, their education and accomplishments—The children—Their beauty and precocity—Little Alfonso—Boys and girls—Home discipline—Courtesy to elders.—The dear babies..... 198

CHAPTER VIII.

FASTS AND FESTIVALS AND SOCIAL FORMS.

Harmony of the subjects—Change from Paganism to Christianity—Power of the Roman Catholic Church—Rupture of Church and State—All Saints' Day—All Souls' Day—Feast of the Virgin of Guadalupe—Weird sights and sounds—Celebration of a *dia de santa*—Celebrations at Morelia and Queretaro—Christmas—*Posadas*—*Piñates*—Festivities—La China Poblana—*Pastorela* in the rural districts—Feasts of the Epiphany, Candlemas, etc.—Carnival—Lent—Palm Sunday—Holy Week—Good Friday—*Sabado de Gloria* (Saturday of Glory)—Floral festival—Feast of St. John the Baptist—Funeral notices—Wearing of mourning—National feasts—Courtship and marriages—Cards: wedding, birth, and baptismal—Social ceremonies—Dress—The gorgeous hacendado—Gallantries—The *danza*—Outdoor amusements—Chapultepec military academy 242

CHAPTER IX.

FROM MEXICO TO MORELIA ALONG THE MEXICAN NATIONAL.

A delightful journey—Charming views—Toluca—Instituto Literario—Public school—Hacienda de la Huerta—Distinguished hospitalities—Touching street scenes—From Toluca to Morelia—Tepeji del Rio—Reminders of Ocampo's tragic death—Hotel de Michoacan—Characteristic hotel regulations—Rambles among the convents—A startling apparition—A unique bachelor establishment—Climate—Minerals—Fruits—Scenery—Peculiar lacquer ware—College of San Nicolas—Prisons and penitentiaries—Architecture—Visit to the Legislature—Morelian hospitality—Tribute from Mary Halleck Foote—Adios to Morelia..... 293

CHAPTER X.

ACTORS AND EVENTS IN MEXICAN HISTORY.

Mexico's struggles for independence—Hidalgo, the Washington of Mexico—Midnight scene and *grito* of Dolores—Stirring events and closing scenes in the life of the patriot—His execution—Morelos, the successor of Hidalgo—Joined by Matamoras—Siege of Cuantla—Defeat and execution—His house in Morelia—The Emperor Augustin de Iturbide—The mysterious portrait—Iturbide's brilliant record—Honors

shown him—Abdication and exile—Return and capture—Execution—The grandson of the Emperor adopted by Maxmilian and Carlotta—The mother regains possession of her son—Madame Iturbide—Vicente Guerrero—Guerilla warfare—Capture and execution—The Bravos, father and son—Magnanimous conduct of Nicolas Bravo—Guadalupe Victoria, first President of Mexico—General Santa Anna—His wonderful career—Exile, return and death—Promulgation of the Federal Chart—Benito Juarez, the Indian President—Tomb of Juarez—His glorious career—Don Melchor Ocampo—His tragic end—Distinguished patriots—Bancroft's criticisms on the American war—Helen Hunt Jackson—Intermarriages of Americans and Mexicans—Causes of the Mexican war—Congress—Madam Diaz and Mrs. Cleveland—General Diaz—Sketch of his life and adventures..... 315

CHAPTER XI.

A GLANCE AT MEXICAN LITERATURE.

Primitive literature—The twelve Franciscan friars, the pioneers of Mexican literature—Toribio Benavente—Bernardino de Sahagún—Las Casas and other early writers—Literary Association—General Palacio as a writer—Literary entertainment at his mansion—Altamirano—Guillermo Prieto—Juan de Dios Peza, the "Mexican Longfellow"—Francisco Sosa—Members of the literati—Mexican journalism—The Liceo Morelos—Mexican Press Association—Women writers—"Mariposa Indiana"—A pleasing token..... 374

CHAPTER XII.

MORE ABOUT THE COMMON PEOPLE.

"The Silent Aztec Child of the Sun"—Poetical contribution by Joaquin Miller—Contrast between the Mexican and American Indian—Ingenuity of the former—Contentment of the laboring class—Clothing—Fine needlework—Advancement in education—Types—Courtesy among the poor—Their love of music—The *lepero*—The China Poblana—Making a portrait under difficulties—Social life and courtship—Marriage ceremonies—Bridal costumes—Street conversation—Mexican mobs—Servants—Their devotion to their employers—Wages—Novel methods of keeping accounts Hospitality among the poor—Sewing-machines—Babies—Beauty of the juveniles—The *evangelista* (letter writer)—Annoying peddlers—An ingenious trick—Various avocations—Characteristic conversation—The *lavanderas*—The *aguador*, or water-carrier—Ancient superstitious beliefs—Modern superstitions—The *tamalera*—The *curandera*, or doctor—"I became a doctor by my natural intelligence"—Pharmacy extraordinary..... 395

CHAPTER XIII.

PUEBLA, CHOLULA, SAN MIGUEL SESMA AND ORIZABA—ALONG THE MEXICAN RAILWAY.

Starting for Puebla—San Juan Teotihuacan, the Mexican Pompeii—Arrival at the Casa de las Diligencias—The imperturbable *camarista*—Puebla—Public buildings—Maternity hospital—Manufactories—"City of the Angels"—Cathedral—Market scenes—Picturesque costumes—Importance and resources of the State of Puebla—Pyramid of Cholula—Pyramids of Xochicalco and Papantla—Beautiful scenery—Incidental kindnesses—Visit to Madam Iturbide's hacienda—Morning song of the peons—A model plantation—Ancient aqueduct—On the road—Places of interest—Storm at Orizaba. 441

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE.

The tradition—Universal and firm belief in it—How the Virgin appeared to Juan Diego—Her command to build a chapel—Miraculous signs and visions—Building of the church..... 473

CHAPTER XV.

AMONG THE CHILDREN.

The story of Gaitagileno—Lullabies, rhymes and nursery tales—Conundrums and games—"*El pato*"..... 476

CHAPTER XVI.

SCENES FROM MY WINDOW.

Picturesque pedestrians—The gorgeous *serape*—Novel method of taking home the wash—Venders of various articles—Entertaining panorama—Teatro Principal—Military review—An amusing diversion—A runaway—A perplexed butter-boy—*Gritos*—The *tamalera*—Touching incident—Song of the "*costumbres*"—Newsboys' cries. 485

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT THEY EAT AND HOW THEY COOK IT.

Skill of the ancient Aztecs in the culinary art—Primitive kitchens—A unique water-filter—Ceremonious table observances—Delicious beverages—Recipes for toothsome dishes..... 494

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

"Mother of the American Colony"—Our little band in the sister republic—The American Benevolent Society—Hospital—Protestant churches—Bishop Riley—His labors and sacrifices—Celebration of Christmas among the Americans—Agreeable impressions left by our official representatives—General Henry R. Jackson—Simon Lara, founder of the American Hospital—Laying of the corner-stone—Eloquent speech by Gen. Jackson—Token of esteem to the General from the colony—His departure from Mexico and his farewell speech..... 505

CHAPTER XIX.

A FEW OF THE POPULAR SONGS AND DANCES OF THE PEOPLE.

The National Anthem—The Danza known as Las Tres Gracias (Three Graces): 1. Aglas; 2. Talia; 3. Eufrasina—La Goloudrina, the Mexican "Home, Sweet Home"—Los Naranjos ó Adela—I Ay Que Niquel!—La Paloma 519

CHAPTER XX.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES.

Mutual dependence of the two republics—Causes of misunderstandings—Yankee haste *versus* Mexican slowness—Steps towards a better understanding—Mexico's wonderful resources—Tact of foreigners in business dealings—John Bull conforming to the "*costumbres*"—Success in retail trade—Extremes of wealth and poverty—Irrigation—*Haciendas*—Employees' accounts—*Peons*—Their intense conservatism—Work retarded by holidays—Mr. Guernsey on foreign labor—Taxes on produce—American miners—Variety of delicious fruits—The *maguey* plant—Manufacture of *pulque*, etc.—Tanneries—Shoes—Cattle-breeding—Butter: Its novel manufacture—Minor industries—Transformation of plebeian names—Domestication of American families in Mexico—Education—Naturalization laws—Climate—Police regulations—"Rurales"—Their bravery in rescuing the crew of the "Ranger"—Rewarded by President Cleveland—Judge Crosby on American enterprise and investments in Mexico—Ladies traveling in the Republic—Causes of Mexico's troubles—Her steady progression—Border troubles—The dawn of a new era..... 538

ADIOS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

1 Arbol de las Manitas—"Tree of the Little Hands" (*Colored Plate*) 2
2 Madame Diaz 6
3 President Diaz 10
4 Mexican Plaza, Fountain and Cathedral 32
5 Tradition of Saltillo (*Initial Letter*) 33
6 Calle Real, Saltillo. 36
7 A Few of the Keys 40
8 "Would have been a Load for a Burro" 41
9 Jealous Husband's Windows 42
10 Two Views from One Window 43
11 Water-spouts 44
12 View in a Court-yard 45
13 A Group of my Little Friends 52
14 Portal in Saltillo 58
15 Primitive Housekeeping (*Initial Letter*) 60
16 Kitchen No. 1 62
17 Kitchen No. 2 63
18 My Household Gods 65
19 The Wood 68
20 Taking their Meals in the Market 69
21 Selling their Little Stockings and Hoods 70
22 Pulque Shop—Patting Tortillas—Selling Flour—Newsboys 71
23 "There goes the Mexican Railroad!" 78
24 "Huevos! huevos!" 79
25 "Six for a real!" 80
26 "It will give me Disease of the Liver" 77
27 "No es Costumbre!" (*Initial Letter*) 84
28 "Will you buy a Broom?" 85
29 "No es Costumbre!" 89
30 A Typical Market Scene 91
31 A Hungry Purchaser 94
32 No! no hay: (there is none.) 95

PAGE

33 Pio Quinto (Pius V.) as a Doorkeeper 97
34 A Street Scene 98
35 "Oh, forgive me, I'll never do so again" 100
36 By the Wayside (*Initial Letter*) 102
37 "Well, now, I'm going" 103
38 A Country Store 105
39 "Pulque in Sheepskins Filled even to the Feet" 108
40 Bound for Palomas 109
41 A Picturesque Traveler 110
42 As I Looked when Mounted upon the Sofacita 112
43 At Home under the Aqueduct 115
44 Sweet Contentment at the "Pass of the Doves" 121
45 "Your American Customs are too hard on me!" 123
46 Old Stone Church at El Paso, Texas 125
47 "All Aboard!" (*Initial Letter*) 127
48 The Street of Guadalupe, Chihuahua 129
49 Water-carrier of Santa Rosalia 132
50 Top of Kitchen Chimney in Santa Rosalia 133
51 Wending their Weary Way 135
52 City of Zacatecas 140
53 The National Palace at Aguas Calientes 143
54 The Puente Encarnacion 145
55 Monument to Maximilian at Queretaro 147
56 Water-carrier of Queretaro 149
57 The great Nochistoogo Pass 151
58 The "Home, Sweet Home" of the Mozo of San Carlos 153
59 "We never furnish Soap and Matches in this Hotel" 154
60 Past and Present (*Initial Letter*) 155
61 The Zocalo 159
62 The New and the Old 162
63 The Cathedral 167
64 Water-carrier at the Capital 170
65 Mexican Lady at Home 173
66 The Aztec Calendar Stone 178
67 Toltec—Colossal Head in Diorite 179
68 Huitzilpotchli, the Aztec God of War 180
69 An Ancient House on the Viga Canal, and a few of the Passers-by 183
70 Chapultepec, with View of Military College in the Extension 185
71 Scene in the Alameda 189
72 Idlers in the Zocalo 191

PAGE

73 Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl 194
74 The Pet of the Household (*Initial Letter*) 198
75 Entrance to a Mexican Home 203
76 "One Little Moment" 211
77 "He is too Stingy to pay his Debts" 211
78 "He plays on the Credulity of his Friends" 211
79 "She's very rich, has plenty of Money" 211
80 A Very Great Critic 212
81 "Adios" 212
82 "He's a Sharper" 212
83 Salutation from Balcony 212
84 "You can't do that now" 213
85 Interior of Chapel on the Hacienda of Sra Guadalupe Bros. 216
86 The Palacio Mansion 219
87 Stairway in the Palacio Home 223
88 The Sala Grande in the Palacio Home 226
89 Corridor in the Palacio Home 229
90 Washstand in a Mexican House 233
91 An Orchid 235
92 Little Alfonso. "I know English" 238
93 The Tulipan (*Initial Letter*) 242
94 Flor de la Noche Buena (*Colored Plate*) 246
95 Ready for the Fiesta 250
96 An Orchid with Pink Centre 250
97 A Few of those who Attended the Feast of Guadalupe 253
98 Cathedral of Guadalupe and the Chapel on the Cerro del Tepayac 255
99 Bits From Guadalupe 262
100 His Stock in Trade of Gay Pinates 265
101 The Pretty "China Poblana" 270
102 Love-making from the Balcony 278
103 Hacendados 287
104 Floripondio, with its Snowy Bells (*Initial Letter*) 293
105 The Indian Village of San Francisquita 295
106 Nevada de Toluca 298
107 Water-Carrier of Guanajuato 302
108 An Object of Horror 305
109 College of San Nicolas 309
110 Monument to Morelos, Calle Real 311
111 First Patio in College of San Nicolas 313
112 Soldiers of 1821 (*Initial Letter*) 315

PAGE
113 The Patriot Hidalgo 317
114 José Maria Morelos 323
115 The Emperor Augustin de Iturbide 328
116 Madame Iturbide and Son 338
117 Vicente Guerrero 340
118 Guadalupe Victoria 343
119 General Santa Anna, when President for the Third Time 345
120 Manga de Clavo, the Hacienda of Santa Anna 346
121 Santa Anna at the Time of his Death 348
122 Benito Juarez 350
123 Tomb of Juarez 352
124 Gomez Farias 357
125 Ignacio Mariscal 361
126 Matias Romero 366
127 General Ramon Corona 371
128 The Language of the Sword and the Work of the Good Friars (*Initial Letter*) 374
129 Bernardino de Sahagun 375
130 Las Casas 378
131 Vicente Riva Palacio 380
132 Francisco Sosa 383
133 Guillermo Prieto 390
134 Sitting in the Zocalo (*Initial Letter*) 395
135 A Typical Indian Village 398
136 Before her Humble Cottage Home 400
137 A Chicken Vender 402
138 The Artist's Revenge 407
139 A Mountaineer 411
140 Petate, Jarana and Pottery-venders 418
141 Debit and Credit Accounts of Servants 422, 423
142 "Your Obedient Servant" 424
143 Miguel Mondregon 424
144 Cradle of a Poor Baby 426
145 A Tortilla Establishment 429
146 Gregoria Quiros 430
147 Wash-house at the Capital 432
148 Washerwomen in the Country 432
149 Water-carrier 433
150 A Celestial Monopoly 436
151 Vicenta: "I became a doctor by my natural intelligence" 439

PAGE
152 A Bunch of Graniditas (*Initial Letter*) 441
153 A Hay-rick 442
154 Corn-crib 443
155 Casa de Maternidad 444
156 Street in Puebla 446
157 Street and Arcade in Puebla 452
158 Pyramid of Cholula 457
159 El Castillo, or "Hill of Flowers" 459
160 Pyramid of Papantla 461
161 Aqueduct 467
162 Scenes in the Tropics 470
163 The Virgin Appearing to Juan Diego (*Initial Letter*) 473
164 The Nana and the Children (*Initial Letter*) 476
165 The Good Nana 480
166 Listening to the Stories 481
167 "El Pato" 483
168 My Window (*Initial Letter*) 485
169 Carrying the Clothes Home 486
170 Potato Vender 486
171 A Familiar Type 487
172 Basket Venders 488
173 Indian Mother and Child 490
174 Venders of Cooked Sheep's Heads 493
175 Montezuma's Culinary Artists (*Initial Letter*) 494
176 The Estiladera 495
177 Kitchen at the Capital 501
178 American Enterprise (*Initial Letter*) 505
179 Interior of Mexican Episcopal Cathedral 508
180 Simon Lara 512
181 Gen. Henry R. Jackson 516
182 A Spray of Cactus (*Initial Letter*) 538
183 The Old and New Civilization 539
184 National Palace at the Capital 541
185 The City of Durango 549
186 El Capitan 552
187 A Mexican Ploughman 553
188 Adobe Houses 554
189 An American Miner 557
190 Basket of Fruit 558
191 Mango and Seed 559

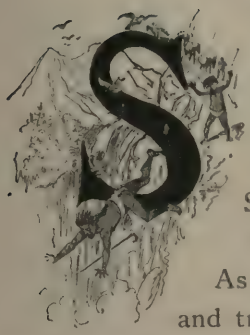
PAGE
192 Yellow, Black and White Zapotes..... 560
193 Mamey and Seed..... 560
194 The Tlachiquero..... 562
195 A Street Shoemaker..... 563
196 "On Account of the Air"..... 569
197 Policeman on Duty..... 570
198 A Company of Rurales..... 571
199 Church of Sacro Monte, Amecameca..... 577
200 The City of Mexico..... 576
201 Scene in Mexico..... 582
202 The Flags of the two Republics..... 583

MEXICAN PLAZA, FOUNTAIN, AND CATHEDRAL.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE MEXICANS.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW HOME AND NEW FRIENDS.



ALTILLO! Saltillo! Saltillo!"

These piercing cries rang out again and again on the still morning air in the long ago from the lips of a terrified Tlaxcalan boy away up in the Sierra Madre Mountains.

But what do they mean?

As is well known, Mexico is a land of song, romance, and tradition, and these are inseparably intertwined in the lives of the people. Every noted spot has its legend, which descends not only to posterity but also to strangers. As the tradition about the founding of Saltillo lends something of interest to a sojourn of several months in that city, I tell it as it was told to me; in doing so reserving the right to say that, like most traditions, it has a decidedly made-to-order air.

The little Indian boy before mentioned had an aged, infirm, and blind old uncle. Now, it was a strange fancy of this blind man to take a stroll very early every morning, and it was the duty of this little nephew to hold him by the hand as a guide to his steps, as well as to amuse and entertain him on the way.

The spring known in Saltillo as *El ojo de agua* (the eye of water) breaks boldly forth from the craggy rocks, and in its fall transforms itself into a pool of considerable depth. The water is as cold as ice, and shimmers and glistens in the white sunshine as it reflects on

its crystal surface the towering mountains and the deep azure of a faultless sky.

This spring supplies the entire city with water, which is conveyed through antiquated earthen pipes to the fountains, and thence borne by carriers into the houses.

But to the tradition: This inconsiderate old uncle was being led by his nephew, who was endowed with the very same tastes and instincts as all other boys, regardless of caste or complexion, the world over. As they approached the *ojo de agua*, the whirring sound of a thousand birds in flight over their heads caused the boy to drop his uncle's hand and look upward, with head thrown back, straight hair standing at right angles, and great, wild, black eyes, gazing at the myriad of birds that seemed to mottle the whole sky.

The uncle, having no support, began to totter and hold out his arms, calling loudly, but to no purpose, for his forgetful guide. Inch by inch the old man felt his way over the rough stones; a step more, and there was a plunge, a scream, and the unfortunate uncle was floundering in the "eye of water." The young truant was recalled to himself, but, being paralyzed with fright, could only scream and wring his hands wildly, exclaiming:

"Saltillo! Saltillo!" (Get out, uncle!)—an injunction as heartless as it was impossible to obey.

At this critical moment, some passing *arrieros* (mule-drivers) compassionately rescued the drowning man, and so happily ends the tradition.

Posterity, studying out of cold, unsympathetic lexicons all kinds of puzzling derivations, finds, according to some, that the verb *salir* signifies "to go out;" *sal*, the first syllable, means "get out;" and *tio* (uncle) has, as perhaps in this case, been mispelled or corrupted into *tillo*, as Saltillo (pronounced *Sal-tee'-yo*), the liquid *ll* being more euphonious in the Mexican tongue.

Others yet believe that Saltillo comes from the language of the Chichimecas, and signifies "High land of many waters." In almost any direction may be seen innumerable sparkling cascades of limpid

water bursting from the apex of the mountains, descending in a crystal sheet, and reflecting the prismatic glories of the rainbow as they go murmuring along to the valleys below. This may give credence to this version. Saltillo is the capital of the State of Coahuila.

The name *Coahuila*, according to some historians, means "Happy Land," while others claim its signification to be "*Vibora que vuela*" (flying snake). It is possible that this latter is the real derivation, as snake in the Indian is *Coatl*, and *huila* means to fly. This, taken together, may have some reference to the great temple of Huitchiolopochtly, the Aztec war god, which was surrounded by a square wall called *coatlpantli* (snake wall), carved within and without with myriads of these creatures. In the minds of those who had the naming of the States there must have been an idea that the bleak and barren aspect of Coahuila was sufficient to cause the exodus of even these not over-fastidious reptiles.

In view of these forbidding physical features, the term "Happy Land" must have been given in a spirit of satire; or perhaps some consumptive writer of poetic verse, enchanted by the fine dry climate, pure atmosphere, and blue skies, bestowed the title in gratitude for their salubrious effects.

Saltillo was once also the capital of Texas when that great State formed an unwilling member of the Mexican federation. It has a population of about twenty thousand, and is situated on the Buena Vista table-land in the Sierra Madre Mountains, at an elevation of about five thousand five hundred feet above sea-level.

It was founded on the 25th of July, 1575, by one Francisco Urdiñola, who brought with him sixty Tlaxcalan families who were bitter foes of the Aztecs and firm allies of the conquerors.

The city is the seat of important manufactures, both woolen and cotton. Here are made *rebozos* (a long narrow shawl worn by women over their heads), and also those gorgeous and durable *serapes* (blankets), of finest wool and most brilliant colors, which have gained so wide a celebrity that the term "Mexican blanket" is a synonym for a genuine and almost everlasting fabric.

It has the usual places for recreation, a bull-ring, plaza, and alameda; a cathedral worthy of inspection, also numerous churches, with a full quota of schools and colleges.

We were a party of Americans on business, health, and pleasure bent. Our company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. R——, the former a retired banker from a large western city; Mr. and Mrs. A——, Mrs.

CALLE REAL, SALTILLO, SHOWING PLAZA ON THE RIGHT, A CORNER OF THE CATHEDRAL GARDEN ON THE LEFT, EXTENDING UP THE MOUNTAIN, WITH VIEW OF AMERICAN FORT IN EXTREME LEFT-HAND CORNER.

S—— and daughter, my husband and self. As the hotel accommodations were meager and uncomfortable, and it not being the custom of the country for families to live in hotels, we concluded to go to housekeeping, as our stay was indefinite, and might extend through a few weeks or months.

We found this picturesque old city teeming with interest; many quaint old *adobe* bridges span the *arroyos* (dry streams), and the drives through the orchards in the Indian *pueblos* adjoining are full of exub-

erant life and color. The noblest view is from the brow of the San Lorenzo, where are situated the fine medicinal springs and baths which tourists as well as natives enjoy. The drives in whatever direction are full of thrilling historic associations, the city having been the coveted ground of the contesting forces in untold battles and desperate encounters.

But no street or highway interested me so much as Calle Real, one of the principal and most delightful thoroughfares of the city. By a circuitous route and steep ascent it led to the American fort, and, circling to the right over the smooth table-lands, on to La Angostura (the Narrows), where lies the famous battle-field of Buena Vista.

Since the founding of the city, Calle Real has figured conspicuously in its history. The patriot Hidalgo and his chosen brave followers must doubtless have passed down this street to meet their fate—betrayed by friends.

The history of this grand captain's career was fresh in my mind, and, as I looked upon this long, narrow, and winding street, I pictured the fearless leader of the great cause of the Mexican people, with head erect and eye as bright as, when a victor, he heard the wild plaudits from the thousand dark brothers of his race who had flocked to his standard.

Then the scene would change, and the forms of my own martial countrymen, who had so often passed up and down this street, nearly two score years ago, would take the place of the dauntless Hidalgo. I lost sight of the present, and saw American soldiers, with stars and stripes floating proudly, move rapidly in solid columns of infantry, and heard the tread of the bronzed cavalrymen, and the rattle of sabers and the clear-ringing words of command in my own language. I saw the angry gleam of dark eyes and heard mutterings in the strange tongue as the Americans marched up the steep hill to take possession of the fort that commanded the city.

Another change: the shade of Hidalgo has vanished; the stars and stripes no longer float under the unclouded sky. In imagination I see the flag of the French Empire and the eagles of Austria streaming

over the city, and the gorgeous uniforms of the soldiery of two mighty empires mingling with the rude, dark forms that look on them with wondering eyes of mute protest and reluctant admiration. Wild carousal is heard on every side, and wine flows like water. The harsh accents of the Austrian and the volatile utterances of the Frenchman fill the air.

The panorama moves on. Gone are the foreigners. Their chief lies dead in the stately burial place of the Habsburgs. Miramon and Mejia rest in San Fernando, and the banner of the Republic, with its emblematic red, green, and white bars and fierce eagle, waves proudly over the people freed from a foreign foe and hated alien rule.

War and revolution have yielded in turn to the softening influences of well-earned peace and tranquillity. The passions of those perilous times are long since dead; our quondam enemy is now our friend, and an American woman is at liberty to peacefully erect her household gods among them.

Both courage and resolution were necessary in transplanting ourselves to this *terra incognita;* but the climate, the hospitality of the people, the beautiful scenery, the novelty of the surroundings, which every day afforded delight, would of themselves reconcile one to exchanging the old, the tried, and the true for the experiences of an unknown world.

The house selected for our Bohemian abode, we were assured, was almost one hundred years old, and had an air of solemn dignity and grandeur about its waning splendor. It was of startling dimensions, capable of quartering a regiment of soldiers with all their equipments. It was one story in height, with a handsome orchard and garden in the rear, extensive corrals for horses, the whole extending from street to street through a large square of ground.

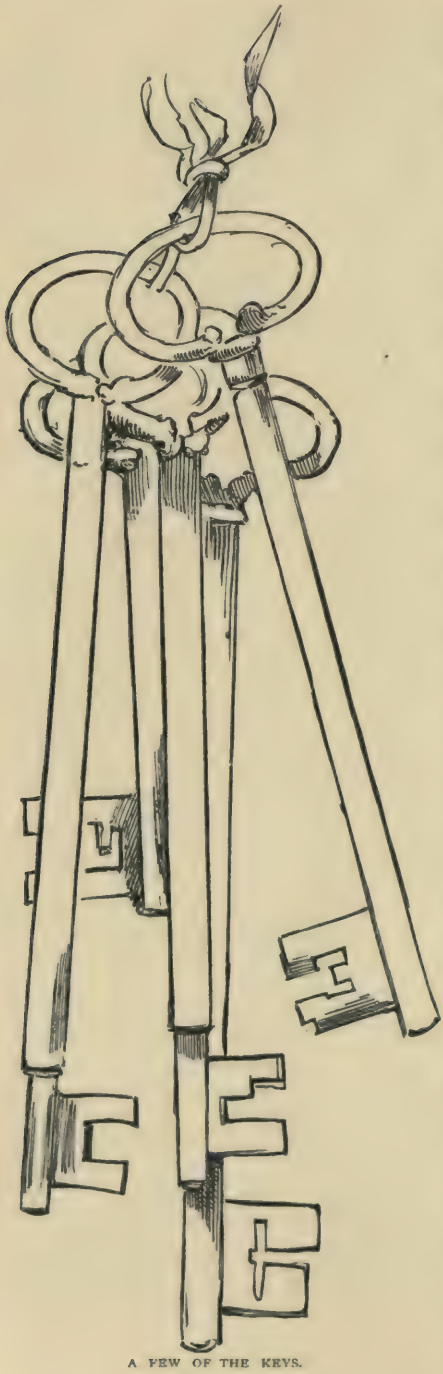
The distinguishing features of Mexican and Spanish architecture were evident throughout the *patio* (court-yard), with fountain in the center, flat roof, barred windows, and parapet walls. These latter rise often to the height of six feet above the main structure, and, in times of war and revolution, have proved admirable defenses to the besieged.

Intrenching themselves behind these walls, passage-ways are made from one house to the other, until the entire block of buildings is one connected fortification. The strife may continue for weeks uninterruptedly, the fusillade not ceasing long enough to remove the dead from the streets.

The size and unwieldiness of the front doors were amazing—noble defenses in time of revolution, it is true, but when with my whole strength I could not move one on its antiquated, squeaking hinges, almost a half yard in length, the question of how to pass from house to street became a serious one. The happy discovery was made at last that, instead of two, there were four doors all in one, the two smaller ones within the greater serving for our usual ingress and egress. The huge double doors, spacious enough to admit a locomotive with its train of cars, were never opened except on state occasions or for the admittance of a carriage, buggy, or something out of the ordinary, such as a dozen or so wood-laden donkeys. Not only funerals and bridal parties, but every imaginable household necessity for pleasure or convenience, must pass through the front doors.

In the *zaguan* (front hall), high up in the cedar beams, darkened by age to the color of mahogany, was this inscription or dedication in large, clear letters: "*Ave Maria Santissima.*" In other houses these dedications varied according to taste. One read "*Siempre viva en esta casa Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*" (May the Virgin Guadalupe always watch over this house). Still another inscription in the house of a friend read: "*Aqui viva con V. Jose y Maria,*" "May Joseph and Mary dwell with you here."

We were astounded at the size and length of the keys, and the number of them; they were about ten inches long, and a blow from one would have sufficed to fell a man. As there were, perhaps, thirty of them, my key-basket, so far from being the dainty trifle an American woman dangles from one finger in her daily rounds, would have been a load for a *burro*, as they call their little donkeys. The enormous double doors connecting the rooms were as massive as if each room were intended for a separate fortification. The opening and



A FEW OF THE KEYS.

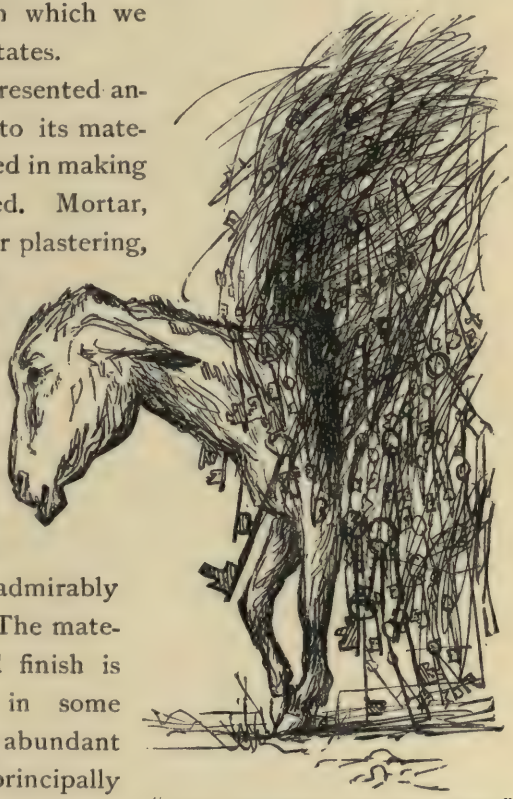
closing of these heavy doors as they scraped across the floors gave forth a dull, grating sound which added to the loneliness of our castle.

Our venerable mansion was constructed of *adobe*, the sun-dried brick peculiar to the country, and of which almost the entire city is built. The walls were from two to four feet in thickness, and the ceilings thirty feet in height. Surrounding the beautiful court-yard were many large and handsome rooms, frescoed in brilliant style, each different from the other. Besides these there were many smaller apartments, lofts, nooks, and crannies, more than I at first thought I should ever have the courage to explore.

The drawing-room was the first thing to attract my attention, as it was about a hundred feet long and fifty wide. Its dado was highly embellished by a skillful blending of roses and buds in delicate shades, while the frieze was the chaste production of a native artist. The ceiling, as before mentioned, was thirty feet in height, and another source of surprise to me was the discovery that the foundation of all this elaborate workmanship was

of the frailest material. These wonderful artisans, in making ceilings that are apparently faultless, use only cheese-cloth. After stretching it as tightly as possible, and adding a coat of heavy sizing, the beautiful and gorgeous frescoes are laid on, and the eye of an expert cannot detect the difference between a cloth ceiling and the more substantial plaster with which we are familiar in the United States.

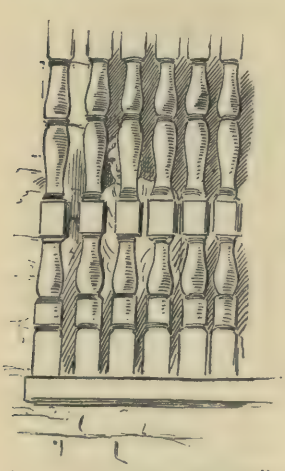
The floor of this room presented another subject of inquiry as to its materials and the method employed in making it so hard, smooth, and red. Mortar, much the same as is used for plastering, but of a consistency which hardens rapidly, is the basis of operations. On this a coating of fine gravel, very little coarser than sand, is applied. Then comes the final red polish which completes a floor of unusual coolness and comfort, and admirably adapted to the country. The material used to give the red finish is *tipichil*, an Indian word, in some places known as *almagra*, an abundant earthy deposit to be found principally in the *arroyos*. For ages this substance has been an important article for ornamentation, even the wild tribes of Indians using it to paint their faces and bodies. When the floor is hardened, a force of men is employed, who, by rubbing it with stones, produce a beautiful glazed polish. If time were of any value, these floors would cost fabulous sums, as it takes weeks to complete one of them. It required months almost for me to comprehend the manner of cleaning them.



"WOULD HAVE BEEN A LOAD FOR A BURRO."

The floors of the other rooms were of imported brick and tiles, the former not less than a foot square and perhaps half as thick, while the latter were octagonal and of fine finish, though, like the mansion itself, they bore the evidences of age and decay.

We enjoyed the unusual luxury of glass windows, and it was enough to puff us up with inordinate pride to look out and see our neighbors' houses provided with only plain, heavy wooden shutters. When it rained or was cold, however, our ill-fitting windows proved an inadequate protection, and it became necessary to close the ponderous wooden shutters, thus leaving the rooms in total darkness.



"JEALOUS HUSBANDS' WINDOWS."

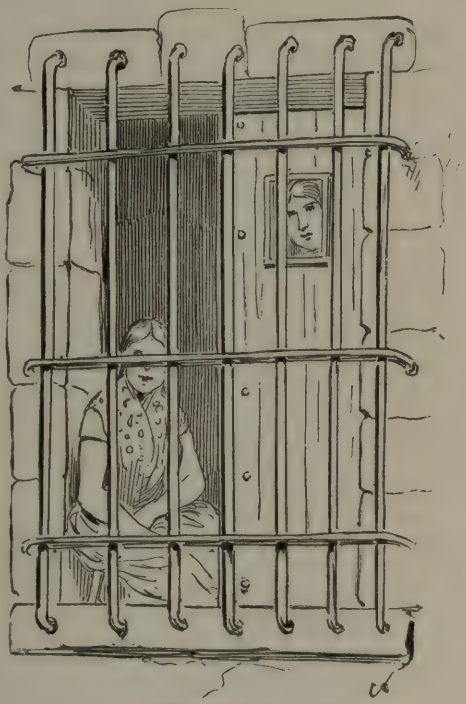
Our windows were also furnished on the outside with iron rods, similar to those used for jails in the United States, and quite as effective, while those of many of our neighbors had only heavy wooden bars, so close together as scarcely to permit the hand to pass between them. These, I was told by a Mexican lady, were called "jealous husbands' windows."

In the middle of many of the shutters of some of these houses were tiny doors, whose presence, when closed, would never be suspected. They were just large enough for a face to peer through, and when passing along the street on cold or windy days, hundreds of soft, languishing, dreamy eyes might be seen gazing out of these little windows.

In Mexican architecture the window is second in importance only to the roof itself. For, the next thing to being protected from the rain, is the necessity for the family to be able to see into the street. The walls are of such thickness that one window will easily accommodate two of their quaint little home manufactured chairs, and as there is no front stoop, each afternoon finds the señoritas seated in these chairs, taking in the full enjoyment of the usual street scenes. The illustration on page 43 shows a señorita in the window, while on the

other side a view is had of the little window that is opened on a cold or rainy day.

The roof being flat, was constructed in a unique manner, having first heavy wooden beams laid across the top of each room, and then planks coated with pitch placed on these, after which twelve inches of mother earth were added; then a coating of gravel, and lastly one of cement, the whole making a roof impervious to rain or heat, and proving the admirable adaptability of Mexican architecture to the climate and the people.



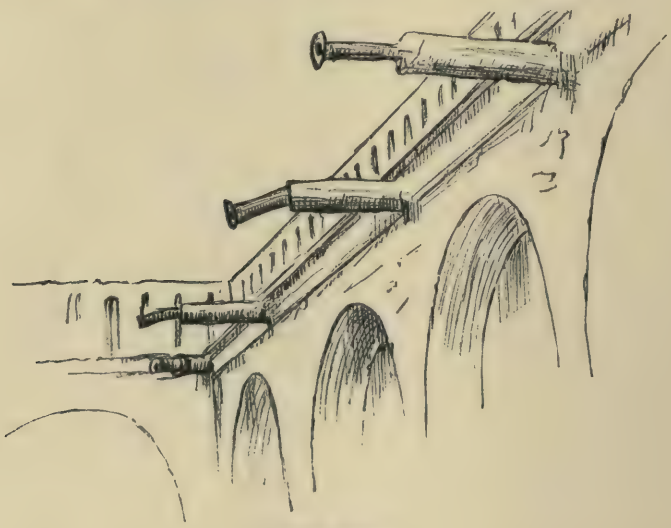
TWO VIEWS FROM ONE WINDOW.

The houses in general are provided with roofs of *adobe*, and some of the plainer ones in which I became a visitor, when the rainy season was at its height, gave me an amusing insight into the freaks and tricks of the "doby," as they are familiarly termed. When there were no frescoes on the cheese-cloth canvas, it would be taken down periodically, washed and then replaced as smoothly as a plaster ceiling. But woe betide the "doby" roof, when the rainy season makes its advent. The treacherous mud covering succumbs to the pressure of the driving water, and often the entire room or house is submerged in the twinkling of an eye. Besides the main leaks, numerous little bubble-like projections, like pockets, each filled with water, sagged down the canvas in various places. To my great amusement I found that my ingenious native friends had always on hand the essentials for stopping the leak, such as an old broom handle or strip of wood,

which by the aid of a bent pin and a string, manipulated by dexterous fingers, soon repaired all damages.

First, all the little sacks of water are conducted by means of the broom handle into the larger one, where the bent pin has been previously attached to the canvas and also to one end of the string. To the other end the strip of wood is fastened, and under this a bucket placed. Twenty minutes from the time of the first onslaught of the torrent through the roof all is serene and calm as a May morning.

Orders were given at once to the *mozo* to sow the roof with grass-



WATER SPOUTS.

seed, so as to prevent another catastrophe. No greater protection is found for an ordinary earthen roof than that afforded by a solid green-sward. The roots form a compact net-work, so that it must be an unusually heavy storm that can penetrate it.

The method of conducting the water from the roof is in keeping with everything else. Great heavy gargoyles or stone spouts, weather-beaten and moss-covered, tipped with tin, full ten feet in length, six in a line on either side of the court, answered the purpose in our mansion. During a heavy rain-storm it was interesting to watch the steady streams of water foaming and surging into the court. I saw a dog

VIEW IN A COURT-YARD.

knocked senseless to the ground by one of these streams, and it was several minutes before he recovered his breathing and yelping faculties.

The ends of these spouts, in many instances artistically ornamented, protrude over the street. In more modern houses conduits, a few inches wide, are cut into the sides of the wall and cemented, taking the place of the stone spouts. They are quite as effective, but the quaintness and antique appearance of the houses is greatly diminished by them.

In the carriage-house there still remained a silent old relic of Mexican grandeur and aristocratic distinction, with wheels like an American road-wagon and hubs like a water-bucket. In the garden were fruit-trees and the family *pila* (bath). The latter was built of adobe, three feet high and twelve feet square, without cover, the water being supplied by means of earthen pipes from the mountain springs. A fountain and exquisite flowers adorned the *patio*, a climbing rose of unusual luxuriance at once attracting special notice. It was evergreen, and of extraordinary size, extending in graceful festoons fully one hundred feet on either side. We were told that at the time of the occupation of Saltillo by Taylor's army this same vine was an attractive feature of the court.

Imagine the dismay and apprehension of several American women at thus finding themselves surrounded by so many evidences of ancient refinement and culture, and yet by none of the modern necessaries of housekeeping. In this old city of twenty thousand inhabitants there was not a store where such indispensables as bedsteads or furniture of any kind, pillows or mattresses, could be purchased; while coffee or spice mills, cook-stoves or wash-tubs, were absolutely out of the question. How we managed may prove interesting to those who contemplate taking up their residence in Mexico, and will be related in the succeeding chapters. It was not by any means a question of money or price that prevented one from being comfortable at the outset.

We ladies were constantly portraying to each other, in a humorous way, how frightened we should be if circumstances should ever require any one of us to remain alone in this old castle over night;

of how the ghosts and hobgoblins that were perhaps concealed in some unexplored crannies might come forth in all their blood-curdling hideousness. These idle fancies and banterings of the hour were vividly recalled one night, when I unfortunately found myself the only one to entertain the phantom visitors.

Every other member of the household had gone for a day's jaunt into the country, and was detained from home over night by a terrific rain and thunder storm. The servants, supposing they would return, went to their homes, as is customary, which I did not discover until after they had left.

In the dead hours of the night I was aroused from deepest sleep by a terrific noise. Quaking with fear in the dim light, and gripping the pistol which was on a chair at the head of my bed, I proceeded, like Rosalind, with a "swashing and martial outside," to reconnoiter. A brief investigation revealed the fact that the fancied ghost or hobgoblin was nothing more alarming than a "harmless necessary cat," which had crept in surreptitiously through the bars, on feline mischief bent. By a misstep of her catship there was a general crash of crockery, and the sudden clatter, breaking with startling effect on the stillness of the night, made me imagine that the hobgoblins had really trooped forth from their hiding-places.

I had flattered myself that the diligent study I had given the grammar, previous to my going to Mexico, would prove an "Open, Sesame!" to the language, but I soon found myself sadly mistaken when I heard it spoken idiomatically and with the rapid utterance of the natives. But by eagerly seizing every opportunity, however humble, of airing my incipient knowledge, and by aid of grammar and dictionary, my inseparable companions, I found myself in a few weeks equal to the exigencies of the case, and rattled off my newly acquired accomplishment with a reckless disregard of consequences.

Speculation and curiosity were ever on the alert to make discoveries in this old house, and at every turn a thousand echoes seemed answering my timorous step.

Generations had here lived their lives of sorrow and joy, and the

lightest vibration seemed the ghost of some long-past sigh or laugh, to which these walls had resounded; and to me these vast old rooms were peopled again by my own vivid imaginings. To walk twice or thrice around the court-yard and through this interminable array of rooms, seemed as fatiguing as half a day's tramp.

In one of these perambulations I opened the door of a room into which I had never ventured before. An ancient-looking cupboard stood in one corner, filled with odd remnants of dainty china, vases, bottles, plates, glass, a dilapidated but highly decorated old soup-tureen, and some pieces of broken crockery almost half an inch in thickness. Many faded letters were thrown loosely about on shelves and in crevices. A descendant of Mother Eve could do no less than look at the dates. Some were a hundred years old, written in Spain, and the chirography was exceedingly beautiful. One was written in the city of Mexico, by a husband to his wife. He wrote most tenderly to the pretty, young *esposa*, begging her to be patient until his return, which was to be in the near future.

Hanging upon the wall near the door was a well-executed oil portrait, representing a lovely Spanish face. The graceful pose of the figure attracted my attention, and the luminous, speaking eyes held me spellbound—the same eyes which have so long made Spanish and Mexican women famous in song and story. The patrician nose, the classic brow, the shapely, rosy-lipped mouth, and the perfect hand and arm, completed a picture of unusual beauty. A richly gemmed crown rested upon the dark hair, and in the lower corner of the picture, inside the massive, gilded frame, were the words: "*Ana su digna esposa*"—"Hannah, your worthy wife."

Carefully removing all dust and cobwebs, I carried my prize to the drawing-room, and hung it over the mantelpiece. I am sure I never passed it without glancing at that perfect face, so sweet and womanly in its expression, and experiencing feelings of mingled reverence and pleasure.

Much diligent inquiry on my part elicited the information that the portrait was of Doña Ana, wife of the Emperor Augustin de Iturbide,

the first and only crowned head to occupy a throne in North America since its settlement by Europeans.

The first Sunday morning after taking possession of our house, I was sitting in the sunshiny court alone, every one, even the *mozo*, being absent. The bells from perhaps half a dozen churches answered each other across the bright air, reminding me with some painfulness of the church bells in my American home, the thought of which had filled my mind with longings all the morning, as I saw the gayly dressed populace hurrying past on their way to mass. Suddenly there was a gentle tap on the ponderous outer door. Responding, I found myself confronted by a tall youth of perhaps sixteen, fair, rosy cheeked, black haired, dark eyed, and beautiful. He lifted his hat politely and said in good English, "Good-morning, Madame!"

The sound of my dear native tongue in a land of strangers and from the lips of one of them brought my heart into my mouth with delight and surprise. My visitor introduced himself as Jesus, taking care to spell his name plainly for me, and I fear my face betrayed my horror at the sight of an ordinary mortal endowed with that holy name. He informed me with considerable hesitation that he was a student in the college, and wished to call frequently to have an opportunity of conversing in English.

Having obtained permission to call whenever it pleased him, he asked if he might bring a friend. Accordingly, Antero P—— was introduced—another promising youth, equally determined to improve his English. They soon brought others, and among my most pleasing recollections are the occasions when the college boys—sometimes a dozen—gathered about me on Sunday mornings, with bright, dark faces, flashing eyes, and determined expression, as they wrestled with the difficulties of our language. Their great deference and thoughtfulness for me added to the pleasure I derived from their visits,—for the advantage was mutual. I learned the Spanish while they conquered the English.

I could not but pity the other members of our party who so languished with home sickness that they quite failed to reap the pleasure I did from this study of the natives.

Every day I found some new object of interest, and after the house had been explored I spent hours gazing from the windows upon some of the strangest scenes I had ever beheld. Some were extremely pathetic and others mirth-provoking.

The young children of the lower classes, especially the girls from five to ten years, were objects of peculiar interest to me. Dozens of these were to be seen in the early morning hours going upon some family errand apparently, judging from the haste and the pottery vessels they carried. Their tangled hair, peeping out from under the *rebozo*, their unwashed faces and jetty eyes, their long dresses sweeping the ground—and looking like the ground itself—their little naked, pigeon-toed feet going at an even but rapid jog-trot, all formed a laughable and ridiculous picture.

Often their hands were thrust through the bars, begging money in the name of some saint for a sick person.

"*Tlaco, Señorita, pa comprar la medecina para un infermo,*" ("A cent and a quarter, lady, to buy medicine for a sick person"). If I asked what was the matter, the reply, "*Tiene mal de estomago*" ("Sick at the stomach"), came with such unfailing regularity, I was forced to the conclusion that "*mal de estomago*" must be an epidemic among them.

The school children came in for a profitable share of my most agreeable observations, as they presented themselves before me in all their freshness and originality.

It is not the custom for the daughters of the higher classes to appear on the street unattended. I rightly concluded, therefore, that these happy little friends of mine, who created such a fund of amusement for me, were the public-school children who belonged to the lower classes.

They passed in the mornings about eight o'clock, and returned at five in the evening. The girls wore *rebozos* differing from their mothers' only in size; and a surprising unanimity of style seemed to prevail.

Their hair was drawn tightly back, plaited behind, the ends

doubled under, and almost universally tied with a piece of red tape. Their white hose, a world too short, had an antique look to eyes accustomed so long to the brilliantly arrayed legs of the children of the United States. Evidently extra full lengths had not reached that country, as the above-mentioned hose terminated below the knee, where they were secured (when secured at all) with a rag, string, or a piece of red tape of the same kind that adorned their braided locks. Those who wore shoes had them laced up the front, sharp pointed at the toes, and frequently of gay-colored material. As their dresses sometimes lacked several inches of reaching the knees, the intervening space of brown skin exposed to view was sometimes quite startling, especially so, if—as was often the case—their pantalets were omitted. Frequently, when these were worn, they were very narrow and reached the ankle, the dress retaining its place far above the knee. A row of big brass safety-pins down the front of their dresses performed the office of buttons.

The boys were simply miniature copies of their fathers, wearing sashes, snug little jackets, blouses, and in some cases even the sandal.

A GROUP OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS.

The advent of one of these light-hearted groups was always a happy diversion to me. Often they came laughing and chattering in a gentle monotone down the street, throwing paper balls at one another, playing "tag"—it has a finer and more sonorous name in their majestic tongue, for it rolled off euphoniously into "*ahora tu me coges*" ("now you've caught me")—performing many other pretty, childish antics just after some peculiarly heart-rending spectacle of poverty and suf-

fering had wrung my heart. They soon learned to divine my sympathetic interest in them, and occasionally some of them would stop before my window, and exchange with me amusing remarks. They were very bright, and laughed incredulously, exchanging winks and nods with each other, when I tried to make them believe that I was a Mexican. I asked if they could not see from my dark hair and eyes that I was one; but they refused to be convinced, saying: "You may look like a Mexican, but you can't talk like one." In the course of time, all shyness vanished, and often, when in other parts of the house, the young voices gleefully calling "Señorita! Señorita!" would bring me to the drawing-room, and there would be my barred windows, full of little dark mischievous faces, their brown hands stretched out to me through the iron bars, through which their dancing eyes peeped. When my housekeeping was in better running order—comparatively speaking, of course—I sometimes gave them trifling dainties. Cakes they accepted gladly, but when in my patriotic zeal I tried to familiarize them with that bulwark of our Southern civilization—the soda biscuit—they rejected it uncompromisingly, spitting and sputtering after a taste of it, and saying: "*No nos gusta*," ("We don't like it"), "Good for Americans—no good for Mexicans."

A pretty child in a nurse's arms stopped before the window, and laid her tiny brown hand on me caressingly. Nurse told her to sing a pretty song for the señora, when she began:

No me mates! no me mates! no me mates!
Con pistola ni puñal;
Matame con un besito
De tus labios de coral.

Don't kill me! don't kill me! don't kill me!
With a pistol nor a dagger;
But kill me with a little kiss
Of your pretty coral lips.

I asked her to come again, and as they moved along the pretty creature waved her hand at me, saying: "*Mañana! en la mañanita*" ("Tomorrow morning very early"), which aroused my fears, justly enough,

for I never saw her again, it being their universal custom to postpone everything for the morrow—a time which I felt would never come.

The mansion and its associations were so well known that every servant whom we employed could contribute some item of interest concerning its history. An old citizen related to me that at the time of Gen. Taylor's entrance into the city there were in it nine most beautiful and interesting señoritas, daughters of the original founder, Don A——. Naturally, every little detail and event concerning them was eagerly absorbed, and nothing gave me more thorough gratification than the discovery that my very first and best friends made after arriving were the descendants of one of these nine señoritas. Don Benito G——, an accomplished gentleman of Castilian descent, who has occupied the highest positions in the state, wooed and won his lovely bride when she was in her early teens, and for many years they remained under the paternal roof. Here their three beautiful children first saw the light, and their infantile days were spent in these grand old rooms, amid the flowers of the court and surrounded by an atmosphere of beauty and refinement.

At the time of our acquaintance these favored children of a distinguished family were in the bloom of early manhood and womanhood, José Maria, the eldest, aged twenty-six; Benito, twenty-two; and Liberata, a lovely, dark-eyed girl of sixteen. She was a charming representative of her Andalusian ancestors; the graces of her person added to the beauty of her disposition. In imagination her exquisite flower-sweet face rises before me, her soft luminous eyes, shaded by lashes of wondrous length and beauty, sweeping a cheek that glowed like a luscious peach.

These friends began at once, without ceremony or ostentation, to show me the gentlest attentions, and from the unlimited treasure-house of their warm Mexican hearts they bestowed upon me a generous devotion that brightened my life and made me love and respect their land and their people for their sakes. In every circumstance they proved to be animated by the noblest impulses of our common nature, and one of the happiest discoveries I made during those days of a be-

wildering struggle with a new civilization, was that, despite the representation of many of my own countrymen, fidelity, tenderness, and untiring devotion were as truly Mexican characteristics as American. It is doubtful in my mind if the people of any country lavish upon strangers the same warmth of manner or exhibit the same readiness to serve them, as do our near-at-hand, far-away neighbors, the Mexicans.

At daylight one morning, soon after we were installed in the house of his ancestors, Don Benito, Jr., accompanied by several young friends, favored us with a delightful serenade, in which the beautiful Spanish songs were rendered with charming effect. He was an excellent sportsman, and always remembered us after his shooting excursions, while I received daily reminders of affectionate regard from Liberata, the gentle sister.

Don José Maria was a young man of varied accomplishments and acquirements, among which the knowledge of English was duly appreciated in our growing friendship. He had liberal and progressive ideas; was well versed in American literature, was a regular subscriber to the *Popular Science Monthly*, *North American Review*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's Magazine* and *Bazar*, besides others of our best periodicals —and took a lively interest in our politics.

To all these magazines we had free access through his kindness, and welcome as waters in a thirsty land were these delightful home journals, where mails were had but once or twice a week in this literary Sahara.

After the death of his mother, when Liberata was only an infant, desiring to relieve his grief-stricken father, this admirable elder brother took almost entire charge of the little creature, filling the place of mother, sister, and brother. It was to me an exquisitely pathetic story, this recital of the young brother's effort to train and care for the motherless baby girl, even superintending the buying and making of her wardrobe, which must have been the most bewildering feature of his bewildering undertaking.

Among other things he was anxious to have her become familiar with American methods of house keeping and cookery. I could but

laugh, though a tear quickly followed, when she described how her brother translated the cooking receipts in *Harper's Bazar*, and then requested her to have American dishes concocted from them; what moments of despair she had over the unfamiliar compounds, and what horrible "messes" sometimes resulted from the imperfectly understood translations.

This devotion of brother to sister often recalled a similar experience in my own life. The ideal José Maria was my brother William, who had made a like idol of me. His was then a newly made grave, and I had only time to place a flower upon it before beginning the journey to old Mexico. While I had stepped across the boundary line of ages and was endeavoring to decipher the hieroglyphics of an Aztec civilization, which were stamped upon every form and feature that I saw, here I stood face to face with a repetition of my own life. It was but following the promptings of a woman's heart to believe in these kind strangers and to cherish their friendship.

In due time I had gathered about me many kind and congenial friends, who vied with each other in contributing to my happiness. One of these, Doña Pomposita R——, without knowing my language, began to instruct me in her own. Winks, blinks, and shrugs did the most of it: but come what would, she never gave up until everything was clear. We sat in the patio on the afternoon of her first visit, and among other things was her determination that we should converse about Don Quixote, she being familiar with his story in the original and I in my own tongue. Many of the humorous adventures of the Don were called up by her in the most amusing manner. In rapid succession she mentioned the men with their "pack-staves," the "wine-bags," and was finally overcome with laughter as she said that our grand old house reminded her of the isle of Barataria, where Sancho Panza was governor.

She then sang in a low, sweet tone many operatic airs, among them, "Then You'll Remember Me," and others equally familiar, possessing an added charm in the sweet Spanish. Near night-fall she arose to go home, saying Pancho—meaning her husband—would soon be

there, and she wished him never to enter their home and find her absent. Placing her arm affectionately about my waist, in her sweet Spanish she said to me: "In my country it is very sad for you, and you are far from your home and people, but do not forget I am your friend and sister; what I can do for you shall be done as for a sister." Her husband, Don Pancho, shared fully in her professions of friendship, and on one occasion, when a hundred miles away from the city, sent us a *regalo* (gift) of a donkey-load of grapes.

In striking personal contrast were my two most intimate friends among Mexican women. Pomposita, like Liberata, had the petite figure, the dainty feet and hands peculiar to the women of that country; but unlike her, she possessed the high cheek-bones, the straight black hair, the brown skin indicating her Indian origin, of which she was justly proud.

But there was no contrast in the exhibition of their devoted kindness and friendship. Both were equally ready to assist me in adapting myself to the strange order of things and to aid in my initiation into the mysteries of their peculiar household economies. In case of sickness it seemed worth while to suffer to be the object of such exquisite tenderness, and experience the unspeakable sweetness of their sisterly ministrations.

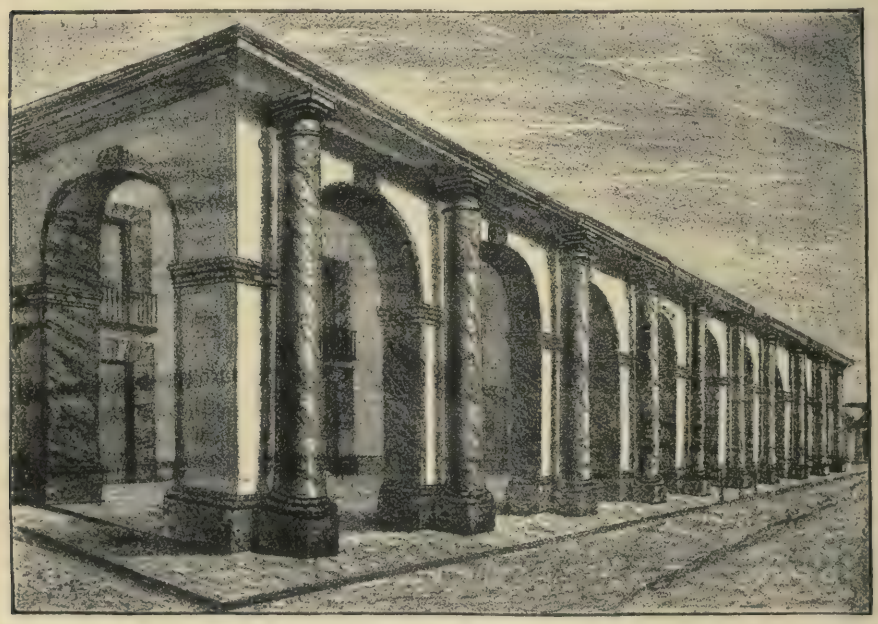
But the time came when an overwhelming affliction fell upon me, when the night with its countless stars and crescent moon told of no serene sphere where tears and grief are unknown. The shadows passed over my soul without a gleam to enlighten the gloom of the grave.

The oft-read promise to grief-stricken humanity, "Thy brother shall rise again," was powerless to console.

My sister Emma, the loveliest and most devoted of women, was suddenly called from this bright world in the summer bloom of her loving life, leaving four young and tender children, leaving all her relations and friends grief-stricken and myself in the depths of such anguish as only God and the good angels know. When we came into this world, it was in a large family of brothers who loved and petted the two wee girls with all the devotion of noble-hearted men. But

they had long gone forth into the world, our noble parents had been called to their last home, while we remained together, our hearts throbbing in unison. Now that she was taken, it seemed to me there was a void that no space nor object of the affections could fill, and the better part of my life was gone.

In these darkened and burdened days of grief I can only tell how true, loving, and tender were the hands that ministered to me. The



PORTAL IN SALTILLO.

other members of our party were absent on a journey, and these strangers nobly filled their places. In the long and painful illness that followed, Pomposita, Liberata and other friends never left me for a moment, day or night, and in deference to my sorrow all were robed in somber black. Every possible delicacy that could tempt a wayward appetite was brought ; notes and messages came daily to my door, and numberless inquiries, all expressive of sympathy and a desire to serve me, from the male relatives of my friends. These affectionate and

tender attentions could not have been exceeded by those endeared to me by ties of blood.

Pomposita, though so young, as a matron took precedence, constituting herself my special nurse, in full accord with the Gospel injunction to love her neighbor as herself. In the fevered, silent watches of the night, how gently her soft little brown hand would pass across my brow as she murmured her sweet words of endearment, and how lovingly her arms encircled me as she held me to her warm and noble heart. She constantly reminded me of her first visit and her assurance that she would be my sister.

In every way they all sought to win me from my grief. Indeed, it seemed that the ministering angels themselves had deputed their high mission to my devoted, faithful, and gratefully remembered Mexican friends.

In this land of sunshine and brightness there fell upon my heart the darkest shadow of my life, the shadow of the tomb of my sister, who slept the dreamless sleep in her far-off, lonely grave.

CHAPTER II.

IN MOTHER NOAH'S SHOES.*

THE dearth of household furniture and conveniences already mentioned, put ingenuity and will force to their utmost tension, and I felt as if transported to antediluvian days. I have a candid conviction that Mother Noah never had cooking utensils more crude, or a larder more scant, than were mine. It may be, however, that the "old man" was "good to help around the house."

This was before the time of railways in Mexico, the "Nacional Mexicano" having only penetrated a few leagues west of the Rio Grande. With the primitive modes of transportation which served in lieu of the railway it was not advisable to attempt bringing household goods so far over a trackless country. The inconveniences that followed were not peculiar to ourselves, but common to all strangers, who like us could neither anticipate nor realize the scarcity of every household appurtenance.

The natives who enjoyed the luxury of furniture—and there was a large number who had everything in elegance—had also the romantic recollection, that great old two-wheeled carts, towering almost above the house-tops, had brought it from the capital, nearly a thousand miles, or it was manufactured by the carpenters of the town.

In the division of the apartments of the house, one half was allotted to us, while our friends distributed themselves among the remaining rooms, on the opposite side of the court-yard, the drawing-

* In this, the two succeeding chapters, and wherever the common people are mentioned, the Spanish used is idiomatic, peculiar to the class it represents.

room being used in common. Mr. and Mrs. R—— employed a cook and had their own *cuisine*, the others flitted about from *fonda* to *fonda* (restaurant) in search of sustenance. In the evening of each day we would meet and compare notes on the varied and amusing experiences of the day. However, I am not relating the adventures of our friends, but will generously leave that happy task to them.

Progress in furnishing our quarters in this great massive structure was slow indeed. How I longed for the delightful furnishings of my own home, which remained just as I had left it.

Fortunately for us, a druggist had two spare, pine single bedsteads, which he kindly sold to us for the sum of forty dollars. At an American factory they would have been worth about four dollars each. One was painted a bright red, the other an uncompromising orange. They were cot-like and had flat wire springs, while Mexican blankets constituted the entire bedding, mattresses and all. Pillows were improvised from bundles of wearing apparel. Fancy how they looked, the only furniture in a gorgeously frescoed room twenty-five by thirty-five feet, and of proportionate height!

Mr. and Mrs. R—— were much less fortunate than ourselves in procuring their household comforts, or rather discomforts. They ordered two cots, which were covered with a gayly striped stuff. The brilliant dyes having impaired the strength of the material, at the first attempt to lie upon these treacherous beds, both individuals found themselves suddenly precipitated upon the stone floor. No one in the house had anything in the way of bedding to lend them, and in the darkness they betook themselves to the hotel, to occupy beds of iron, proof against collapse.

A friend lent us six hair-cloth chairs, and a table which had many years before been the operating table of his brother, a surgeon. It was long, green, and sagged in the middle. A carpenter was employed to make the remaining necessary articles of furniture. He labored on the customary *mañana* system, and while his calculations as to time ranged all the way from eight to fifteen days, I found he actually meant from six weeks to three months. He showed samples of his

workmanship, rocking-chairs with and without arms, made of pine, stained or painted or varnished, and upright chairs with cane seats. I ventured to ask when he could complete for us a dozen chairs, four rockers, and some tables. Utterly amazed, he looked at me with a smile of incredulity, as if to say, "What can you do with so much furniture?" He disapproved of my wish to have oblong and round tables, so I yielded acquiescence to the customary triangular ones which grace the corners of every parlor of respectability.

It now becomes necessary to introduce what proved to me the most peculiar and interesting feature of home-life in Mexico. This is not an article of furniture, a fresco, a pounded earthen floor, or a burro or barred casement, but the indispensable, all-pervading, and incomparable man-servant, known as the *mozo*. According to the prevailing idea, he is far more important than any of the things enumerated in my household ménage, for from first to last he played a conspicuous *rôle*.

KITCHEN NO. 1.

Forewarned—forearmed! The respectability of the household depending on his presence; one was engaged, the strongest character in his line—the never-to-be-forgotten Pancho.

It was perhaps not a just sentence to pronounce upon this individual, but circumstances seemed to warrant the comparison I involuntarily made between our watchful Pancho and a sleepless bloodhound. At night he curled himself up on a simple *petate* with no pillow and only a blanket, and was as ready to respond to our beck and call as in the day.

In this house were two kitchens, representative of that part of the country. In the center of one was a miniature circus-ring about three feet in circumference, consisting simply of a raised circle of clay

about one foot high. This constituted the range. Little fires were built within this ring, one under each of the pottery vessels used in the operations. After this uncomfortable fashion the cooking was done, the smoke circling about at its own sweet will and at length finding vent through a small door at one side, the only opening in the room.

The sole piece of furniture was a worm-eaten table supported on two legs, the inner side braced against the wall. Its decayed condition indicated that it was at least a hundred years old.

Mrs. R—— amused herself by experimenting on the circus-ring—minus the aid of horses, however—a docile native woman executing what "ground and lofty tumbling" might be required in the culinary preparations.

The second kitchen contained another style of range equally primitive in its design.

Along the wall was built a solid breastwork of *adobe*, about two feet high, two feet deep, and extending the entire length of the room. An opening was left in the roof over this structure for the escape of smoke, but the grimy walls proved that it failed to answer its purpose. Upon this ledge, projection, or whatever it may be termed, the cook places her various pottery vessels with fires made of charcoal or small bits of wood under each, and there the stewing, boiling, frying, and crying go on all day. This cook, unlike the one in kitchen No. 1, stands up in the performance of her duties.

KITCHEN NO. 2.

When I inspected these kitchens, it may be imagined that the sight was rather depressing, coupled with the certainty that I could

effect no improvement. But we had the luxury of one tiny fire-place, to which in my despair I fled for refuge. In this little treasure our scheme of housekeeping was inaugurated with results both brave and gay.

Among the latter experiences I may class my first coffee-roasting, not realizing till then that the essential feature of a mill was lacking, and that I was at least five hundred miles from any possible purchase of one.

Pancho, however, was equal to the emergency, and, going off, soon returned with a *metate*. (See upon the floor of kitchen No. 2, a portrait of this important culinary utensil.)

It was a decidedly primitive affair, and, like the mills of the gods, it ground slowly, but like them, it also ground to powder.

The *metate* is cut from a porous, volcanic rock, and is about eighteen inches long by a foot in width and eight inches in thickness. The upper surface, which is generally a little concave, is roughened with indentures; upon this the article is placed and beaten with another stone called a *mano*, resembling a rolling-pin. Almost every article of food is passed between these stones—meat, vegetables, corn, coffee, spices, chocolate—even the salt, after being washed and sun-dried, is crushed upon it. Such a luxury as "table salt" was not to be had. Previous to use these stones are hardened by being placed in the fire. The rough points become as firm as steel, and one *metate* will last through a generation.

This necessity of every-day life was a revelation to me. The color of an elephant, it was quite as unwieldy and graceless, but its importance in the homely details of the *ménage* was undeniable. It had but two competitors to divide the honors with—the maguey plant and the donkey. They were all three necessary to each other and to the commonwealth at large.

Equipped with an inconceivable amount of pottery of every shape and kind, maguey brushes, fans of plaited palm—the national bellows—wooden forks, spoons, and many other nameless primitive articles, my collection of household gods was complete.

The first meal cooked in that dainty little fire-place was more delicious than any that could be furnished at Delmonico's. In his quaint efforts to assist, Pancho perambulated around with an air as all-important as though he were *chef* of that famous *café*. But the climax of all was reached in Pancho's estimation when I put a pure white linen cloth on my green, historic table and arranged for the meal. He said over and over: "*Muy bonita cena!*" ("Very pretty supper"). But I discovered it was the attractions of my silver knives and forks

MY HOUSEHOLD GODS.

and other natty table ware from home that constituted the novelty. In his experience fingers were made before knives and forks.

I found my *major domo* knew everything and everybody; the name of every street, the price of every article to be bought or sold. My curiosity, I presume, only stimulated his imagination, and the more pleased I appeared at his recitals the more marvelous were his tales.

He gave the lineage of every family of the "*jente decente*," for generations, his unique style adding pith and point to his narrations. He told me the story of Hidalgo and Morelos and Iturbide; the coming of the Americans, the French Intervention, and all the late revolutions, until my head rang with the boom of cannon and the beat

of drum. But invariably these poetic narratives were rudely interrupted by some over-practical intrusion. In the same breath in which he completed the recital of the Emperor Iturbide, he suggested that wood was better and cheaper than charcoal for cooking.

With my approbation he went to the plaza, returning in a little while with a man who brought ten donkeys, all laden with wood packed on like saddle-bags. I asked the wood-vender to drive his vicious-looking dog out, when he complied by saying: "*Hist! hist! Sal!*" Of course I then thought the dog's name was *Sal*, but soon found the word meant "get out!" As the dog howled on being railed at, the man of importance again yelled at him, "*Callate! callate el ocico, cuele!*" ("Shut up—shut your mouth, and get out!")

Constant surprises were developed before my eyes every hour in the day. The yelks of the first eggs I bought were white—indeed, this was often the case,—which for a moment dazed me, as I had never expected to find my old friend, the hen, so different in her habits from her sisters in the States. But the qualities of the egg were identical with those familiar to me; however, yielding to prejudice, I rejoiced that eggs were not numbered among my favorite edibles.

The difficulties of all strangers not familiar with the language and idioms of the country were a part of my daily experience. Pancho was by that time master of the situation, and although evidently often amused, his thoughtfulness in relieving me of all embarrassment never failed. Though grave, he had a sense of humor. This was made evident, on one occasion, when I had been using a hot flat-iron. Having finished, I told Pancho to put it in the *cocinera*, meaning the kitchen. I heard a low chattering and smothered laughter between him and the cook. Pancho then returned to my room, and half quizzically, half serio-comically said: "Please come to the kitchen." I went, when he placed himself in front of the cook, with his left hand on her shoulder, waved his right arm around the room and said: "Señora, look; this is the *cocinera*"—(cook)—"and this," again waving the right hand around the room, "is the *cocina!* Do you want

me to put the *plancha caliente* (hot iron) in the cook, or in the kitchen?" Then with the forefinger of his right hand moving hastily before his nose, and a waggish smile on his face, the pantomime closed with, "*No usamos asi*" ("We don't use them this way").

Another ridiculous mistake I made when I wanted Pancho to buy me some cake, and told him to get four *gâteaux*, forgetting that *bizcocho* and not *gateau* was the Spanish for cake. Folding his arms, he quietly answered without a smile, if he might presume to ask the Señora what she wanted with *cuatro gatos*—(four cats!) As the house was already overrun with these animals that had flocked in from all quarters, Pancho naturally wondered why I wanted to add to my feline tenants.

Itinerant venders of every imaginable commodity were constantly passing, and nothing pleased me better than to hold conversations with them, which they too evidently enjoyed.

Soon after the episode of the flat-iron, I heard the long drawn intonation of a vender and paid little heed to him, supposing he was running off a list of his stock in trade, such as pins, needles, tape, thread and other things too numerous to mention. Wanting none of these, I replied:

"*Tenemos bastante adentro*" ("We have plenty in the house").

A roar of laughter near by, and a familiar voice interpreted the man's question humorously enough; he was only asking if I wanted a *chichi* (wet nurse).

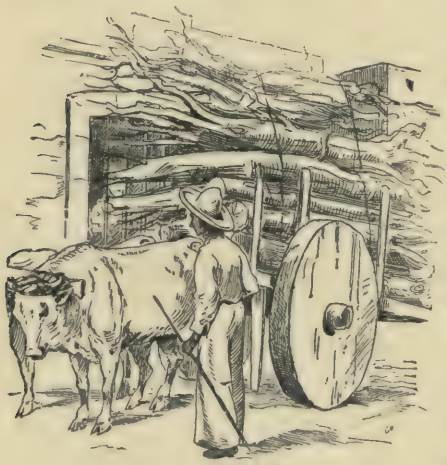
The common people of all ages were always bringing me *regalitos* (tokens of good will), and these were of every conceivable variety. A little girl whom I had often fed through the window, came into the house with her *rebozo* drawn closely about her, saying she had a *regalito* for me. I supposed it to be fruit or flowers, and so motioned to her to put it on the table in the dining-room.

In a moment she was at my side, saying:

"*No quedarse alli*" ("It will not stay there"), and going out I found a young chicken running around.

To pay fifty cents for every donkey load of wood, as I had done,

seemed preposterous; and, as Pancho knew everything, I asked him to suggest some more economical system of purchase. He recommended watching for the *carretas* at five o'clock in the morning. Promptly at the hour indicated, I was before the barred window, when I heard the awful screech, thump, bump, and rumble of the lumbering *carretas.* About a dozen in a line, they advanced slowly—their great old wooden wheels wabbling from side to side—drawn by oxen with rawhide trappings; their sturdy drivers sandal-footed and clothed in cotton cloth, with an iron-tipped goad in hand, punching and pushing the beasts at every step. Here was the wood—the entire tree, roots and all—ghosts of the forest hauled twenty-five miles, rolling down the street on an antiquated vehicle. In response to Pancho's hand-clap, the manager of the caravan demanded fifteen dollars a load, the dollars being the only part of the transaction that belonged to our age. But the wood was duly bought.



THE WOOD.

Pancho had so far held the reins as to all household purchases, but in accordance with my ideas of independence and careful management, I announced that I was going to market. He kindly told me it was not customary for ladies to go to market—"*the mozo did that*"—throwing in so many other arguments, also of a traditional nature, that I was somewhat awed by them, though not deterred. Having been accustomed to superintend personally all domestic duties, to be bolted and barred up in a house, without recreation and outdoor exercise, induced an insupportable sense of oppression.

Walking leisurely along the street, absorbed in thought, with Pancho near at hand carrying a basket, I was attracted by the sound of voices and the tramp of feet. Glancing backward, I saw a motley

procession of idlers of the lower classes following, which increased at every corner, reminding me of good old circus days, though without the blare of brass instruments, the small boys bringing up the rear. The very unusual occurrence of a lady going to market had excited their curiosity.

The market was a large, pavilion-like building, occupying the center of a spacious plaza. Little tables and bits of straw matting were distributed on all sides; and upon these the trades-people, chiefly women, displayed their wares, fruits, vegetables, nuts, and other commodities.

TAKING THEIR MEALS IN THE MARKET.

On seeing me, every vender began shouting the prices and names of articles, entreating the *señora estrangera* to buy. But the strange medley, together with their earnestness, took my breath away, and I could only stand and watch the crowd. In the fantastic scene before me, it would be impossible to tell which of the many unaccustomed features took precedence of the others in point of novelty.

Notwithstanding the crowd, there was no disorder, no loud laughter or unseemly conduct. The courteous meetings between acquaintances, the quiet hand-shakings, the tender inquiry as to the health of each other, the many forms of polite greeting, were strangely at variance with their dilapidated and tattered condition, their soiled garments, half-faded blankets, and time-stained sombreros.

Whole families seemed to have their abiding places in the market. Babies! babies! everywhere; under the tables, on mats, hanging on their mothers' backs, cuddled up in heaps among the beets, turnips, and lettuces, peeping over pumpkins larger than they; rollicking, crying, crowing, and laughing, their dancing black eyes the only clean, clear spots about them—with and without clothes—until my head and the air were vocalizing the old-time ditty of "One little, two little, three little Injuns." But instead of stopping at "ten," they bade fair to run up into the thousands.

Parrots were there by the dozen. On seeing me, some began screaming and calling in idiomatic Spanish: "Look at the señora estrangera! look! look! Señorita, tell me your name!" The rest joined in chorus, and soon an interested crowd surrounded me. They kept close at my heels, inspecting every article I bought, even commenting on my dress, the women lightly stroking it and asking me a thousand questions as to where I came from, how I liked their country, and if I was not afraid of the Mexicans, and invariably closing by saying, "She is far from her home. It is sad for her here."

SELLING THEIR LITTLE STOCKINGS AND HOODS.

Here and there the amusing spectacle presented itself of men intently engaged in the occupation among us assigned to women, that of knitting and crocheting baby hoods and stockings of bright wool, and of the funniest shapes I ever beheld!

Vegetables, fruits, and nuts of all kinds were counted out carefully in little heaps, and could only be bought in that way, by retail, wholesale rates being universally rejected. I could buy as many of these piles as I wanted, but each one was counted separately, and paid for in the same way. I offered to buy out the entire outfit of a woman

PULQUE SHOP.
SELLING FLOUR.

PATTING TORTILLAS.
NEWS-BOYS.

who had a bushel basket in reserve, even agreeing to pay her for the basket; but she only shook her head, and wagged the forefinger, saying, "*No, señora, no puedo*" —("No, madame, I cannot"). A woman held in her hand a corn husk, which she waved continuously up and down. On examination, I found it was butter rolled up snugly, which she assured me was "*fresca sin sal*"—"fresh, without salt". A new revelation, but in the course of time I learned to appreciate this primitive method, and that in this climate salt was a hindrance to its preservation for any length of time. At last I became convinced of the perfect and complete fitness of things, and of their self-vindication.

In making the *tortilla*, the corn is first soaked for several hours in a solution of lime-water, which removes the husk. Then a woman gets down upon her knees and beats it for hours on the *metate*. Small pieces of the dough are worked between the hands, tossed and patted and flattened out, until no thicker than a knife-blade, after which they are thrown upon the steaming hot *comal*, a flat, iron affair something like a griddle. They are never allowed to brown, and are without salt or seasoning of any kind; but after one becomes inducted into their merits, they prove not only palatable, but they make all other corn-bread tasteless in comparison, the slight flavor of the lime adding to the natural sweetness of the corn.

There were *tamales* rolled up in corn husks, steaming hot and sold in numbers to suit the hungry purchasers. I found that this remarkable specimen of food was made, like the *tortillas*, from macerated corn. Small portions of the dough were taken in hand and wrapped around meat which had been beaten to a jelly and highly seasoned with pepper and other condiments. The whole was then folded snugly in a corn husk and thrown into a vessel of boiling lard.

When I witnessed this operation, the woman whose enterprise it was, began singing in a cheery voice and making crosses before the fire, saying, "If I don't sing, the *tamales* will never be cooked."

In my market experiences nothing imparted a greater zest than watching the multitude of homeless poor taking their meals all around the border of the market. All the compounds they ate were complete

mysteries; but before going home I had secured many of the various receipts from the venders. I found plain *atole* much the same in appearance as gruel of Indian meal, but much better in taste, having the slight flavor of the lime with which the corn is soaked, and the advantage of being ground on the *metate*, which preserves a substance lost in grinding in a mill.

Tortillas, likewise, lose their flavor if made of ordinary meal. *Atole de leche* (milk), by adding chocolate takes the name of *champurrado;* if the bark of the *cacao* is added, it becomes *atole de cascara;* if red chili,—*chili atole.* If, instead of any of these *agua miel*, sweet water of the maguey, is added, it is called *atole de agua miel;* if *piloncillo*, the native brown sugar, again the name is modified to *atole de piñole.*

The meal is strained through a hair-cloth sieve, water being continually poured on it, until it becomes as thin as milk. It is then boiled and stirred rapidly until well cooked, when it is ready for the market. As served to the wretched-looking objects who so eagerly consume it, one felt no desire to partake, but in the houses, there is nothing more delicious and wholesome than *atole de leche.*

All the stews, fries, and great variety of other edibles were patronized and dispatched with the greatest eagerness. *Barbacoa* is one of the principal articles of food known to the Mexican market—and is good enough for the table of a king. The dexterous native takes a well-dressed mutton, properly quartered, using also head and bones. A hole is made in the ground, and a fire built in it. Stone slabs are thrown in, and the hole is covered. When thoroughly hot, a lining is made of maguey leaves, the meat put in, and covered with maguey, the top of the hole is also covered, and the process of cooking goes on all night.

The next morning it is put in a hot vessel, ready to eat—a delicious, brown, crisp, barbecued mutton.

As the process is difficult and tedious, it is not generally prepared in the families, and even the wealthiest patronize the market for this delicacy, ready cooked.

From Pancho's manner I am sure he felt as if his vocation were gone, by the way I had overleaped the bounds of custom in finding out things for myself. Nevertheless, he managed now and then to give some of the venders an account of our house, its location, and my singular management. But though looking mystified, he never left me for a moment, no matter how long I talked, or asked explanations.

We went into the stores, Pancho keeping between me and the crowd. The shopkeepers were as much surprised and as curious as the people in the streets, to see me marketing. But when the crowd of idlers closed up around me, they were polite and solicitous to know if the "procession" annoyed me.

The arrangement of the merchandise and the method of trafficking elicited an involuntary smile from me at every turn; so, if the merchants, clerks, and the "procession" found fun at my expense, I was no less amused at theirs.

Dozens of *mozos* bought from them, in my presence, a table-spoonful of lard, which the agile clerk placed on a bit of brown paper for transportation; three or four lumps of sugar, a tlaco's worth of salt, the same of pepper, were all taken from immense piles of these articles, near at hand, wrapped and ready for the purchaser.

Dainty china tea-cups hung closely together by their handles on the edge of every shelf, and up and down the walls in unbroken lines; but not a saucer was in sight, nor could a dish be had at any price.

Anticipating that I would take a tlaco, medio, and real's worth, like the *mozos*, the clerk took in his nimble fingers a few of the little packages; but my extraordinary announcement despoiled him of his ordinary sales.

Every eye was upon me when I had the temerity to ask for twenty pounds of sugar, ten pounds of coffee, and a gallon of vinegar. Sugar and coffee were abundant, but the vinegar was in bottles. He handed me one with a flourish, saying, "*Vinagre de Francia.* We have no other." I began to feel that far-away France had become my ally, having, like me, made an invasion on the "costumbres;" the

only difference being, that the vinegar bottles were jolted on the backs of meek burros, or in carts, a thousand miles, and I had arrived, safe and sound, by diligence.

I asked: "Have you ham?"—"*No hay*" (pronounced *eye*), ("There is none").

"Pickles?"—"*No hay.*"

"Powdered sugar?"—"*No hay.*"

"Crackers?"—"*Tampoco*" ("Neither").

"Salt?"—"*Si hay*" ("Yes, there is some").

"Coffee?"—"*Si hay.*"

"Frijoles?" (beans)—"*Tambien*" ("Also").

"Candles?"—"*Si hay.*"

"Potatoes?"—"*Ya no hay, se acabaron*" ("They are finished—all gone").

Going to market, a matter-of-fact affair in the United States, resolved itself into a novel adventure.

The heterogeneous assemblage of goods, and the natural and artificial products of the country, astonished me equally with the strange venders. There was so much that was at once humorous, pitiable, and grotesque, all of which was heightened when I reached home, and observed quite a number of the "procession" in the rear. Once over the threshold, Pancho slammed the door in their faces, saying, "*Son pobres todos, y sin verguenzas!*" ("They are all poor and without shame").

Every day the strange enigma unfolded itself before me, with accrued interest. My lot had been cast among these people, when in total ignorance of their habits and customs. My aim and purpose, above all things, was to establish a home among them on the basis of the one left behind. The sequel will show how well I succeeded. But while endeavoring to cope with the servants, and comprehend their peculiarities, I found nothing more amusing.

Our Mexican friends made daily visits to the house, and were always ready to enjoy with me the latest humorous episode furnished by the servants. I was often assured by these friends that the oddi-

ties of their *mozos* and other servants had not occurred to them, as so striking, until my experiences, together with my enjoyment, had presented them in a new light; and that for them I had held the mirror up to nature. This was only possible by keeping up an establishment, and making one's self part and parcel of the incidents as they occurred. From this and the two succeeding chapters, it may seem that I was constantly involved in annoyances and disagreements with the servants; but such was not the case. Inconveniences more than can be named, were mine in the Sisyphean task of establishing an American home in Mexico, but if the reader can picture a perpetual treat in noting the strict adherence of the *mozos* to inbred characteristics, surely that privilege was mine.

As time goes on, and I no longer come in actual daily contact with them, in gay retrospect I see moving about me the phantom parade of blue-rebozoed women and white-garbed *mozos*.

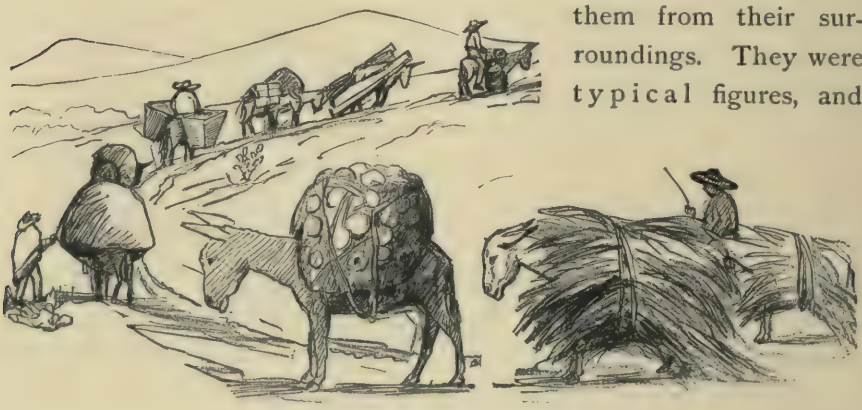
Variety of scene and character was never wanting. If the interior workings of the household failed to interest me, I had only to turn and gaze through my barred window upon the curious street scenes.

On Saturdays, beggars were always out in full force, and on these days my time was mainly occupied in conversing with them, thereby obtaining many threads in the weft I was hoping to weave. A very old man, stooped and bent with age, applied to me for alms, when I asked his age. "Eleven years," he replied. "Oh!" I said, "that is a mistake. Why do you think you are only eleven?"—"Because I was a little boy when the Americans came." From that date—as I understood it—life was over to him and mere existence remained; added years had accumulated, but he was still a boy. I soon found that this class dated every notable event from either the cholera, the advent of the French, or the coming of the Americans.

An American negro was a welcome sight on one of these occasions, and his, good old-time familiar darky dialect, together with the sight of his kinky head, was refreshing. He stopped in front of my window, saying: "Well, now, mis', what is you a doin' heah? 'Marican white ladies neber likes dis country; dey isn't yo' kin o' people."

He gave me his history in exaggerated negro style; how he had been in the war with his young master; had been taken prisoner, made to serve as cook on a Yankee gun-boat, had escaped, married a Mexican; and, after so many vicissitudes, had not forgotten his early training in his manner of addressing me.

Foremost among the objects that claimed my sympathy were the poor, over-laden, beaten donkeys; they seemed ubiquitous, and the picture my window framed never lacked a meek-eyed *burro*, until I could not separate them from their surroundings. They were typical figures, and



"THERE GOES THE MEXICAN RAILROAD."

at last I came to regard any scene from which they were absent as incomplete.

They passed in a never-ending procession, bearing every imaginable commodity. I soon noticed that if the leader or "bell-wether" of the gang stopped, the rest did the same. If goaded to desperation by the merciless driver, the only resistance they offered was to quietly but doggedly lie down.

Often dozens of them passed, with green corn on the stalks, suspended gracefully about them, and in such quantities that nothing was visible but the donkeys' heads and ears, the corn spread out in fan-shape, reminding me of a lady's train, or a peacock in full plumage. The burros moved evenly and silently along, without an un-

dulation to disturb the beauty and symmetry of the corn-stalk procession.

Pancho's knowledge of burros was as profound as of other subjects. As fifty of them were passing one morning, he happened to see me gazing on the strange scene, when the oracle broke silence by saying: "*Alli va el ferro-carril Mexicano*" ("There goes the Mexican railroad"), adding parenthetically, "*Tambien se llaman licenciados*" ("They are also called lawyers"); "*tienen cabezas muy duras*" ("they have very hard heads").

At last I was convinced that *burros* are possessed of an uncommon amount of good sense as well as much patience and meekness. Their shrewdness was intensely amusing to me when I saw how keenly they watched the *arriéro*—driver—unburden one of their *companeros*, and how quickly they jumped into the place to be also relieved of their terrible loads.

Huevos! huevos!

A man with a crate of eggs hanging from his head went trotting by, advertising his business by screaming, "*Huevos! huevos!*" in deafening tones. Pancho, at his post of duty in the zaguan, called the vender with the long tangled hair and swarthy skin. After peeping cautiously around, he entered, when I went at once to make the bargain for myself, and to turn over another leaf in the book of my experiences. I wanted to buy two dozen, and handing him fifty cents, told Pancho to count the eggs. The man turned the half-dollar over and over—looking at me and then at the half-dollar; and at last handed the money back to me, saying: "*No se venden asi*" ("They are not sold in this way")—"*solamente por reales*" ("only by reals"). I said: "You sell six for a real,

(twelve and one-half cents), it is the same at twenty-five cents a dozen." The words had hardly passed my lips, when he turned and looked me directly in the eye, with an expression which meant, "Well, now, look here, madame, you'll not take advantage of me in that way; I know the customary manner of doing business in this country, and there will be no change in selling eggs." Pancho put in a plea for him, adding: "*Es costumbre del pais*" ("It is the custom of the country"), which reconciled me.

The vender began counting slowly the fingers of his right hand with his left—"*uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco,*"—then holding up the index finger of the left hand—*seis*—and extending the six fingers, palms to the front, waved them back and forth before his determined face, as in low guttural tones that made me shiver, he said: "*No, señ-o-ri-ta, so-la-men-te á se-is por un re-al!*" ("I will only sell them at six for a real"), by dozens—never! Lifting his hat politely, he took his departure saying, "*Hasta luego!*" ("I'll come again"). But I thought he need not trouble himself.

SIX FOR A REAL.

Seeing everything and everybody so conservative, running in the groove of centuries, reminded me that I was losing sight of my own "costumbres." The little fire-place in which the cooking had been done became distasteful, and I longed for a cooking-stove. A Mexican gentleman whom I did not know, on hearing of my desire, kindly offered to lend us one that he had bought about twenty years before, but had been unable to have it used to any extent, owing to the prejudices of the servants.

With the utmost delight, I saw the *cargador* (porter) enter the big door with this time-worn rickety desire of my heart. But when he slipped it from his head, the rattle of its dilapidated parts made me quake with anxiety.

Both Pancho and the *cargador* exclaimed in one voice,

"*Caramba!*" ("Goodness gracious alive!"), gazing with puzzled expressions on the wreck.

The *cargador* was the first to break the silence that followed this ebullition of astonishment.

"*Que atroz!*" ("How atrocious!") he exclaimed.

"*Que barbaridad!*" ("How barbarous!") echoed Pancho.

"*Por supuesto que si!*" ("Well, I should say so!"), quoth the *cargador*.

"*Pos como no!*" ("Well, I'd like to know why it isn't!"), said the disgusted Pancho.

"She will never get a cook to use it, never!" The cook came into the *patio* to inspect the stove, and she too spoke in a low voice to the men, but folding her arms and emphatically raising her tone on the last word "*el higado*," which explained itself later.

As there was not a flue in the building, the stove was placed in the little fire-place. It had only two feet, which stood diagonally opposite each other, causing the stove to nod and bend in a grim, diabolic way. Being duly settled on its own responsibility by the aid of bricks, Pancho opened one of the doors, when instantly it lay full length on the floor. He walked away, looking back in disgust on the wreck. I ventured to touch the door on the opposite side, when, as if by magic, it, also, took a position on the floor as *vis-à-vis;* the servants exclaiming: "*Muy mal hecho!*" ("A very bad make, or job!"), "*tan viejo!*" ("so very old!")

"IT WILL GIVE ME DISEASE OF THE LIVER."

"*Pos como no!*" ("Well, I should say so!") they all chimed in, the cook glancing at me suspiciously, and folding her arms as she added: "No, señora, I cannot use the *estufa*."

"Why not?" I asked.

"*Porque me hace daño en el higado.*"

"Because it will give me disease of the liver; Mexican servants dislike stoves, and if you keep this one, no cook will stay here," she replied.

A blacksmith was called to renovate the treasure, but he also worked on the *mañana* system, taking weeks to do his best, and still leaving the stove dilapidated. The cook took her departure, and on Pancho's solicitation dozens came, but a glance at the stove was enough.

Politeness ruled their lives, and native courtesy was stronger than love of truth. Without saying a word about the stove, they would say, "I would like to work for you—you are *muy amable—muy simpática* —amiable and agreeable; but,"—her voice running up to a piping treble —she would add, "*tengo mi familia*"—I have my family—or, "I am now occupied," meaning employed, by Don or Doña Such-a-one.

Pancho always looked on with keen interest during such conversations, his face saying, without a word: "I told you so; these cooks will never adopt your *costumbres Americanos.*"

The stove was always falling, or some part dropping off.

At last one day I went in and saw it careened to one side—both feet off—and both doors down, suggesting that some canny hand had dismantled it. The wreck presented a picture painfully realistic; but before I had time to inquire as to the perpetrator, the stove addressed me:

"I was once an American citizen, bred and born. My pedigree is equal to any of your boasted latter-day ancestry. A residence of twenty years in Mexico has changed my habitudes and customs. You need not try to mend and fix me up—to erect your American household gods on my inanimate form. I am a naturalized Mexican, with all that is implied. I have had my freedom the greater portion of the time since they bought me from a broken-down *gringo;* for neither the señora nor the cooks would use me. I'll do you no good; if you mend and fix me up in one place, I'll break down in another. Content yourself with our *braseros* (ranges) and pottery. Accept our usages, and you will be happy in our country.

"You need not wonder at my rust-eaten and battered condition. I have lain undisturbed in the corral for nearly twenty years. During the rainy season, when the big drops pelted me unmercifully, snakes, lizards, centipedes, and tarantulas came habitually to take refuge inside my iron doors. So many different natures coming in close contact, there were frequently serious collisions. These warlike engagements have crippled and maimed me, more than the weather, or any service I have rendered. You will not find a cook who will even know how to make me hot for your use. Take me back to the corral! Take me back!"

CHAPTER III.

"NO ES COSTUMBRE." *

WE were overshadowed by the dome of a magnificent cathedral, the exterior of which was embellished with life-sized statues of saints. The interior presented a costly display of tinted walls, jeweled and bedecked images, and gilded altars. Its mammoth tower had loomed grimly under the suns and stars of a hundred years, and the solidity of its perfect masonry has so far defied the encroachments of time.

The city of our adoption boasted an Alameda, where the air was redolent of the odor of the rose and violet, and made musical with the tinkling of fountains; and where could be seen the "beauty and chivalry" of a civilization three centuries old, taking the evening air.

Plazas beautified with flowers, shrubs, and trees, upon which neither money nor pains had been spared, lent a further charm. Stores were at hand wherein could be purchased fabrics of costly texture, as well as rare jewels—in fact, a fair share of the elegant superfluities of life; and yet in the midst of so much civilization, so much art, so much luxury of a certain kind, so much wealth, I found to my dismay, upon investigation, that I was at least fifty miles from an available broom!

Imagine the dilemma, you famously neat housekeepers of the United States! A house with floors of pounded dirt, tile, brick, and cement, and no broom to be had for money, though, I am pleased to

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* The higher classes use the term "Eso no se acostumbra;" while the idiom of the common people abbreviates the expression into "No es costumbre."

add, one was finally obtained for love. My generous little Mexican neighbor and friend, Pomposita, taking pity on my despair, gave me one—which enabled me to return the half-worn borrowed broom of another friend.

Owing to the exorbitant demands of the custom-house, such humble though necessary articles were not then imported; and the untutored sons of La Republica manufactured them on haciendas, from materials crude beyond imagination.

Once or twice a year long strings of *burros* may be seen, wending their way solemnly through the streets; girt about with a burden of the most wonderful brooms.

These brooms were of two varieties; one had handles * as knotty and unwieldy as the thorny *mesquite*, while the other was still more primitive in design, and looked like old field Virginia sedge grass tied up in bundles. They were retailed by men who carried them through the streets on their backs.

For the rude character of their brooms, however, the manufacturers are not to blame, but the sterility of the country, and the failure of nature to provide suitable vegetable growths.

Every housekeeper takes advantage of the advent of the *escobero* (broom-maker), to lay in a stock of brooms sufficient to last until his next visit. It was two months before an opportunity of buying a broom, even from a "wandering Bavarian," was afforded me, and during that time I came to regard Doña Pomposita's gift as the apple of my eye.

"WILL YOU BUY A BROOM?"

"*Mer-ca-ran las es-co-bas!*" One morning a new sound assailed my ears, as it came up the street, gathering force and volume the nearer it approached. I heard it over and over without divining its meaning. But at last a man en-

* See picture of "Household gods," for the brooms with handles.

tered our portal and in a tone that made my hair stand on end and with a vim that almost shook the house, he screamed—"*Es-co-bas, Señ-o-ra!*' —drawling each word out as long as a broom-handle, then rolling it into a low hum, which finally died into a whispered—" Will you buy some brooms?" Had he known my disposition and special fondness for broom-handles—without reference to my household need—he would have brought them to me directly, dispensing with his ear-splitting medley—to a woman for three months without a broom!

On ascertaining that the *escobero* would not visit the city again for some time, I bought his entire stock, and laid them up with prudent foresight, against the possibility of another broom famine.

With a genuine American spirit, I concluded to have a general house-cleaning, and, equipped with these wonderful brooms, with Pancho's assistance the work began. The first place demanding attention was the immense parlor, with its floor of solid cement. Pancho began to sweep, but the more he swept, the worse it looked—ringed, streaked, and striped with dust. I thought he was not using his best efforts, so with a will, I took the broom and made several vigorous strokes, but to my amazement, it looked worse than ever. In my despair a friend came in, who comprehended the situation at a glance, and explained that floors of that kind could not be cleaned with a broom; that *amoli*—the root of the *ixtli* (eastly)—soap-root—applied with a wet cloth, was the medium of renovation.

The *amoli* was first macerated and soaked for some time in water. A portion of the liquid was taken in one vessel and clear water in another. The cleansing was done in small squares, the rubbing all in one direction. The effect was magical—my dingy floor being restored to its original rich Indian red.

Now and then, while on his knees, rubbing away with might and main, Pancho would throw his eyes up at me with a peculiar expression of despair, while he muttered in undertone: "*No es costumbre de los mozos lavar los suelos*" ("It is not customary for mozos to wash floors").

Insatiable curiosity is the birthright of the poor of Mexico, and on this remarkable day they gathered about the windows until not another one could find room—talking to Pancho, who looked as if already under sentence for an infraction of the criminal code. They made strange motions with their fingers, exclaiming at the same time: "*Es una verguenza el mozo hacer tales cosas!*" ("It is a shame for a mozo to do such things!") Others replied by saying: "*Es un insulto!*" ("It is an insult!"), while others took up the argument of the case by saying: "*Por supuesto que si*" ("Why, of course it is"). But all this did not cause Pancho to give me a rude look or an impertinent word.

The floor now looked red and shiny, the windows were clear and glistening, and the six hair-cloth chairs stood grimly along the wall, in deference to the custom. My little friend took her departure, and Pancho moved lamely about, as if stiffened by his arduous labor.

In all my housekeeping experiences nothing ever occurred which for novelty was comparable to the events of that morning. I felt sure that when Mother Noah descended from Mount Ararat, and assumed the responsibilities of housekeeping—or more properly tent-keeping—on the damp plain, however embarrassing the limitation of her equipments may have been, she was at least spared the provocation of a scornful and wondering audience, greeting her efforts on every side with that now unendurable remark, "*No es costumbre.*"

I afterward learned the cause of the commotion, when it transpired that such services as floor-cleaning are performed, not by the *mozo*, but by a servant hired for the occasion, outside the household.

In a few moments my *lavandera*—washerwoman—entered, accompanied by her two pretty, shy little girls. Having complimented the fresh appearance of the house,—Pancho now and then explaining what he had done,—she informed me that the following day would be the *dia de santo*—saint's day—of one of her bright-eyed *chiquitas*, and "*hay costumbre*" ("there is a custom") of receiving tokens on these days from interested friends. Acting upon this hint, I went to my bedroom, followed by Juana and the *niñas*, who displayed great surprise at every step. My red and yellow covered beds they tapped

and talked to as if they had been animate things, calling them, "*camas bonitas, coloradas y amarillas!*" ("pretty beds, red and yellow!")

I turned the bright blankets over, that they might see the springs, and the sight utterly overcame them. Their astonishment at the revelation of such mysterious and luxurious appendages made them regard me with mingled awe, astonishment, and suspicion. The mother struck the springs with her fists, and as the sound rang out and vibrated, the children retreated hastily, shaking with alarm.

Wishing to conform to the customs, and remembering Juana's hint, I unlocked my "Saratoga." The *chiquitas* stood aside, fearing, I suppose, that from the trunk some frightful apparition might spring forth. When the lid went back they exclaimed: "*Valgame Dios!*" ("Help me, God"), and crossed themselves hastily, as if to be prepared for the worst. I invited them to come near, at the same time opening a compartment filled with bright flowers and ribbons.

This was a magnet they could not resist, and overcoming their fears, they came and stood close to the trunk, now and then touching the pretty things I exhibited to their wondering eyes. I gave each of them a gay ribbon, and while they were talking delightedly and caressing the pretty trifles, by some mischance the fastening of the upper tray lost its hold. Down it came with a crash—being still heavily packed—and away went the children, screaming and crying, one taking one direction, the other another.

We went in pursuit of them, and when found, one was crouching down in the court-yard under a rose-bush, while the other stood in terror behind the heavy parlor door. Both were shaking, their teeth chattering, while they muttered something about "*el diablo! el diablo!*"

By this time I understood the line which people of this class in Mexico unflinchingly draw between their own humble station and mine, yet I felt moved to treat the frightened children with the same hospitality which in my own land would have proved soothing under similar circumstances. Acting upon this inspiration, I went quickly and brought a basin of water to wash their tear-stained faces.

To my utter surprise, they exclaimed in the same breath: "*No lo permito!*" ("We cannot permit it!") "*No es costumbre.*"

"NO ES COSTUMBRE."

The mother approached me with an expression of deep concern and seriousness in her eyes, and with her forefinger raised in gentle admonition. Looking me earnestly in the face, she began moving her finger slowly from side to side directly before my eyes, saying: "*Oiga, Señorita, sepa V. que en esta tierra, cuando nosotros los Mexicanos*" (referring of course to her own class) "*tenemos el catarro*" (emphasizing the last word on G sharp), "*nunca nos lavamos las caras*" ("Listen to me, my good lady, in this country, when we have the catarrh (meaning a bad cold), we never put water on our faces").

"Why not?" I asked.

"*Porque no estamos acostumbradas, y por el clima, sale más mala la enfermedad*" ("Because we are not accustomed to it, and on account of the climate, the sickness is made worse").

Thus ended the dialogue. But the children did not hold me responsible for their fright, and bade me a kindly *adios*, promising to return again, a promise fulfilled every week, but on no account would they ever venture near *that* trunk again.

Pancho was determined to give to us and our belongings, as far as possible, the exterior appearance of the "*costumbres.*" On entering my room after a little absence, one day, I found him straining every nerve and panting for breath. He had made a low bench, and was trying to place my Saratoga on it, but his strength was not equal to the task. The explanation came voluntarily that, on account of the

animalitos, it was customary for families to keep trunks on benches or tables. I soon found the *animalitos* had reference to the various bugs and scorpions which infest the houses, and all trunks were really kept as Pancho said.

As time passed, Pancho constituted himself our instructor and guide in every matter possible, including both diet and health. He warned us against the evil effects of walking out in the sun after ten o'clock in the morning, and especially enjoined upon us not to drink water or wash our faces on returning, as catarrh and headache would be sure to follow. Supposing this only the superstition of an ignorant servant, I took a special delight in taking just such walks, and violating these rules, but every time I paid the forfeit in a cold and headache, according to prediction. I was now satisfied that Pancho was not only wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove, blest with a keen eye of discrimination, but also a first-class health officer, and in the movement of his forefinger lay tomes of reason and good sense. But I had soon to discover that he would have no infringement of his privileges; and, come what would, he was determined to have his *pilon* in the market.

The servants who came and went often warned me that under no consideration must I go to market, but this was one of my home customs, and I could see no reason for its discontinuance. The system of giving the *pilon* (fee) to the servants, by merchants and market-people, as I already knew, would be a stumbling-block in my way. I had discussed in Pancho's presence my determination to go regularly, when I fancied I saw a strange light come into his eyes, which soon explained itself. He came humbly before me, in a short time, hat in hand, his face bearing the sorrowful, woe-begone look of one in the depths of an overwhelming calamity, saying, that a cart had run over his grandmother, and he would have to leave. He had been so kind and considerate in every way—never tiring of any task he had to perform—and so faithful, that I would prove my sympathy and good will to him by an extra sum—outside his wages—which might be a blessing, and aid in restoring his aged grandmother. He

A TYPICAL MARKET SCENE.

walked off, as if distressed beyond measure, at the same time assuring me that he would send his *comadrita* (little godmother of his children) and her husband, who would serve me well.

They came, but it was unfortunate for Pancho. The woman was an inveterate talker, and soon informed me that she was not the *comadrita* of his children; nor had a cart run over his grandmother; in fact, he had none, as she had died before Pancho was born. This was a new phase of the subject, but I was not long in solving the enigma. He had been goaded long enough by my American methods; he had become the butt of ridicule from his friends, and now he would assert himself.

However well he was treated in our house, to be called upon to surrender the most precious boon of all his "*costumbres*"—the market fees—never! But to wound my feelings in leaving was far from his wishes, so he shrewdly planned and carried out the tragic story of the mishap to his grandmother.

The *comadrita* introduced herself with chastened dignity as Jesusita Lopez; but with head loftily erect, and an air of much consequence, informed me that the name of her *marido*—(husband)—was Don Juan Bautista (John the Baptist), *servidores de V.*—("your obedient servants").

She smiled at every word, a way she had of assuring me of her delight in being allowed to serve me, but at the same time, glanced ominously at the cooking-stove. The smile lengthened into a broad grin when Don Juan Bautista came in sight; in her eyes he was "kingdoms, principalities, and powers." Together they examined the stove —talking in undertone—stooping low and scrutinizing every compartment. At last Don Juan Bautista arose, and turning to me said, "Jesusita cannot cook on this *máquina Americana*" (American machine).

"Why?" I asked. He straightened himself up to the highest point, half on tip toe, at the same time nodding his head, and pointing his forefinger at Jesusita, emphatically replied:

"Because it will give her disease of the liver—*como siempre*—as always, with the servants here."

On going to the kitchen a little later, I was surprised to see the gentle Jesusita seated in the middle of the floor, by a charcoal fire, with all my pottery vessels in a heap beside her. Meats, vegetables, and water were all at hand, and she was busily engaged in preparations for dinner. I told her to come and see how well she could cook on that American machine, but she only answered, "*No es costumbre;*" besides, "Don Juan Bautista said it would give her the *enfermedad*, or sickness, before mentioned—and no man knew more than he"—which meant I should use my own machine.

I called upon Don Juan Bautista to go with me to market, when he at once entered into a lengthy discourse about ladies going to such places; that the *jente decente* (people of pedigree) never did such things; that "the people in the streets and markets would talk much and say many things." But of this I had already had a foretaste.

A HUNGRY PURCHASER.

I was about to lead the way through the big door, when Jesusita came forward and laid her soft hand upon me, saying: "Señora, *do* not go; Juan knows better than you about such business. In this country ladies like you send the *mozo*." But I was proof against her persuasive eloquence. To surrender my entire nationality and individuality was not possible for a good American.

The pair talked aside in low undertone, which I watched with feigned indifference and half-closed eyes. Jesusita glanced commiseratively at me, as if she had used her best efforts to no purpose;

but Don Juan Bautista threw his most determined and unrelenting expression upon me, as if to say: "Well, she has had enough warning; now the responsibility rests on her own shoulders!"

He looked back at Jesusita as he stepped from the door, nodding his head—"Well,—I will go; but she will wish she had not gone!"

In the market Juan Bautista never left me for a moment, inspecting closely everything I bought—now and then throwing in a word when he thought I was paying too much. He counted every cent as fast as I paid it out, and noted every article placed in the basket. I had nearly completed my purchases, and was talking to a woman about the prospect for butter—regretting the difficulty of getting it,—when she leaned across the table, waggling that tireless forefinger at me, saying, "*En este tiempo ya no hay, no es costumbre*" ("At this time of the year there is none"), Juan Bautista chiming in (with the interminable waggle of his forefinger also), "*No! no hay!*" ("No, indeed, there is none").

The last purchase was made, and I was about closing my purse, when glancing up, I saw Juan Bautista's great merciless eyes fixed upon me, while he said in a firm voice: "But, *mi pilon*, Señora!" This is the custom of the country. If you stay at home, I get my *pilon* from the merchants and market people; if you come—I must have it anyhow. A wrangle was impossible, and handing him *dos reales* (twenty-five cents), I went home a far wiser woman.

NO! NO HAY: (THERE IS NONE.)

Jesusita looked proudly upon the towering form of Juan Bautista as he entered the portal—basket in one hand, *dos reales* in the other. Not a word was spoken between them, but looks told volumes. *She* knew what Juan could do, and *he* had proved to her his ability to cope with the stranger from any part of the world. To myself I confessed

that in Don Juan Bautista I had found a foeman worthy of my steel.

I asked him to light the fire in the stove and I would make another effort to instruct Jesusita in its management. He went about it, while I withdrew for a few moments to my room. Very soon I noticed that the house was full of smoke. Supposing it to be on fire, I ran to the kitchen, which was in a dense fog, but no fire visible. Nor was Jesusita or Don Juan Bautista to be found. The cause of the smoke was soon discovered. He had built the fire in the oven, and closed the doors!

I clapped my hands for them, according to custom; but they came not. I then found them sitting in the shady court; Jesusita's right arm lay confidingly on Juan Bautista's big left shoulder, as she looked up entreatingly at the harsh countenance of the arbiter of her fate.

I gleaned from their conversation that she wished to remain, but her *marido* was evidently bent on going. On my approach they rose politely, and Juan Bautista delivered the valedictory, assuring me in pleasant terms of their good-will; and it was not the *pilon* business—*that* had been settled—but the certainty that Jesusita's health would be injured by using the cooking-stove decided him.

He said they would go to their "*pobre casa*"—I knew they had none; then gathering up their goods and chattels, with the unvarying politeness of the country, "*Hasta otro vista*" ("Until I see you again"), *Vaya V. con Dios!*" ("May God be with you!"), they stepped lightly over the threshold—looked up and down the street, uncertain which way to go—then out they went into the great busy world. Thus disappeared forever from my sight Pancho's *comadrita*.

In every new servant we employed new characteristics were developed. All agreed in their leading *costumbres*, yet differed in the manner of carrying them into effect, while their quaintness and individuality afforded me constant entertainment. Some came humbly, giving only one name, while others used much formality, never failing to give the prefix Don or Doña.

Their names were as puzzling as their hereditary customs. I found

that while the Southern negro had been shrewd in appropriating the names of such great men as George Washington, Henry Clay, and Thomas Jefferson, the Mexican servants had likewise availed themselves of the names of their own great men. I hired Miguel Hidalgo twice, Porfirio Diaz once, Manuel Gonzales three times, as also numerous others. But when a little, old, weazened, solemn-looking man, with a face as sanctimonious as an Aztec deity, wanted employment, and gave his name as "Pio Quinto" (Pius V.), assuring me he would guard well my front door, he quite took my breath away.

PIO QUINTO (PIUS V.) AS A DOOR-KEEPER.

Among the many who came immediately under my observation was a newly married pair who had walked a hundred miles, seeking employment. They had neither beds nor bedding; nor, in fact, anything save the soiled, tattered clothing they wore.

The wife's name was Juanita, and knowing that Juan meant John, I then supposed that the addition of the *ita*, signifying little, made it Little John; but a further knowledge of names and idioms revealed the fact that Juana was Jane, and Juanita little Jane. But I began by calling her Little John, and so continued as long as she was in my employ. The diminutive was peculiarly appropriate. I see her now—this patient, docile, helpful child-woman. Her wealth of shining black hair hung in a long plait; her eyes, soft, yet glowing with a strange, peculiar, half-human, half-animal fire.

When the *rebozo* fell from her shoulders, a dainty figure was revealed—the contour exquisitely rounded. Her hand and arm would have delighted an artist for a model. Her step on the stone floor was light and free—noiseless as that of a kitten. Her voice was plaintive, sweet, and low, accompanied by a manner so gentle, so humble—ex-

pressing without saying, "May I do something for you?" If I were sick, Little John would take her place on the floor by the bedside, hold my hands, stroking them tenderly, bathe my brow and feet, murmuring in pathetic tones, "*Mi pobre Señora!*" ("My poor lady or madame"), which finally died away on half-parted lips, with "*Pobrecita!*" ("Poor little thing!")

I was curious about her family ties, and asked her of her people, a hundred miles away. "Have you a father and mother?" said I one day. The little form swayed back and forth. She made a low wail—the most pitiful heart-cry—a smothered pent-up sob, laden with

A STREET SCENE.

all the griefs of Little John's orphaned life. With tearful eyes and bowed head, clasping my hands, she wailed out again and again, "*Muertos!*" ("Dead!") "*No tengo mas que mi marido!*" ("I have only my husband"). The poor little creature's story was told.

In consideration of my many difficulties in this line, I was glad to give them employment, when, according to custom, they solicited a portion of their wages in advance. Having received it, the wife, ignoring her own great needs, bought material for clothing for her husband. She borrowed my scissors; and I, curious to see how she would manage the cutting, went to her room to note the process.

As thought Pancho about "fingers having been made before knives

and forks," so thought this young *pobre* about seats, as she sat, tailor fashion, on the dirt floor.

Such measuring and calculating as she had, in order to get two shirts out of three yards and a half! I laughed until I cried over her dilemma, as well as over the solicitude of her spouse about the result. He was evidently deeply interested.

She was only fourteen years of age, which gave an additional interest and a touching pathos to her anxious devotion. I thought to myself: "Woman-like, you will give your last farthing, take sleep from your eyes, even die, for the man you love!"

She finally cut out the shirts, the material being heavy brown domestic, and with the same untiring earnestness drew threads, made tiny tucks in the bosom, and when they were completed, brought them to me for inspection. More exquisite stitching or more perfectly made garments I never saw; but, as might be imagined, they would have been a close fit on a mere boy. This, however, was no impediment to the enthusiastic zeal of this interesting pair, and the shirts were duly worn by his lordship.

All the money which they earned jointly, with commendable unselfishness on her part went for his adornment, she continuing, with the aid of a calico dress which I gave her, the possessor of one suit and a half. With the same ever predominating feminine instinct, shoes were purchased for the husband; and very soon he was strutting about the premises as if monarch of all he surveyed.

In every possible way he made pretexts for errands that he might show off his clothes. His peacock strut was inimitably funny, and caused me unending amusement, though the smile was often checked by the thought of the poor little wife's unselfishness. The heart of woman is, after all, everywhere the same, and too frequently her devotion must be its own and sole reward.

One of his edicts was, that his wife should not dress fowls. The custom of skinning instead of plucking fowls exists in Mexico. But I was leaving nothing untried to have everything done according to my notions. One day, when he was detained away for several hours,

I ordered a pair of chickens for dinner, and directed poor Little Johnny how to prepare them. Without remonstrance she went willingly at the task; but before the chickens were ready for cooking, *señor*, the husband, returned.

I was watching with bated breath, feeling sure there would be a tempest. He did not intend I should witness the *dénoûment*, but I was determined to see the fun.

Without speaking audibly, he passed by where she was standing, wrenched from her hands the partly dressed fowls, and in a moment more disappeared in the *corral*.

I took another route to find my chickens, and instinct led me to the spot. On going to the carriage-house, I found them with strong cords tied around their necks, suspended from the old vehicle. By hanging the poor dead chickens, he retaliated for my presumption in directing his wife to prepare them without his consent and in his absence.

My curiosity next led me to see whether he had hanged his wife, or was erecting a gallows for me. Searching about the garden and out-houses, I found the couple in an unfrequented walk. She was wringing her hands and crying, while he stood bolt upright, bestowing upon her every severe expression and word of chastisement at his command. His jetty, straight hair stood up all over his head, his eyes glittered with rage, his brown lips were white, and his teeth champed viciously! All this was accompanied by the popping of his fists together, in the most effective manner. Every time this tragic part of the perform-

"OH! FORGIVE ME, I'LL NEVER DO SO AGAIN."

ance was executed, she would jump, and give a fresh howl of agony over the disobedience she had so innocently practiced, saying: "*Perdóname, no lo vuelvo á hacer*" ("Oh, forgive me, I won't do it again").

The end of all this was that they took up their pallets of maguey and walked, leaving me to a pious meditation on the frailties and foibles of human nature in general, and on the peculiarities of Mexican servants in particular; and also to the disagreeable necessity of cutting the chickens down, and preparing my dinner single-handed.

The meek little wife, guarded by her grim liege, looked back at me askant, slyly kissed her hand, and smiled. This was the last I saw of Juanita.

The *mozo*, of all the various servants, was daily becoming more and more a vexatious problem. Indispensable, but to the last degree puzzling, I was anxious to know at what point in my experience the tol erated or "customary" labors of this individual would be introduced The time had now come when, as I feared, his entire vocabulary would narrow down to this one familiar sentence, "*No es costumbre*," and he would assume the immovable and useless position of a mere figure-head. My imagination was wrought to an exalted state of anticipation, and I knew not what a day would bring forth. Every day carried me nearer to the time of Mother Noah, and to a world of chance. Wood, when not in small pieces and sold from the backs of burros, brought root, branch, and top, on ancient carts with wooden wheels, larger than the Aztec calendar; dogs called "Sal" regardless of sex; the yellow of the egg white; corn husks sold by the hundred; vinegar from France; and the tomato, our delicious vegetable, here assuming the masculine prefix he-tomato (spelled *jitomati*); all these things formed a grotesque panorama of curious contradictions all safely fortified behind the cast-iron "*Costumbres.*"

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOAN OF A MOZO, AND A TRIP TO PALOMAS.

I THOUGHT I had heard of every loan known to man, even of the dire necessity of borrowing a broom, but to have reached the climax of borrowing a man-servant was a supreme pinnacle of glory, to which even the loftiest flights of my vanity had never hoped to soar.

No high words nor outspoken disagreement ever occurred between the departing servants and myself, but the fact began to dawn upon me that they did not intend that their Mexican customs should ever be engrafted upon my American tree of knowledge.

Without a murmur of complaint, in almost every instance, these meek-voiced, studiously polite *hombres* would inform me that sickness in their families required their immediate presence. If I ventured to ask where their families resided, their replies varied according to the state of the weather or their good will to me. Frequently the answer would be, in Guadalajara, Zacatecas, or San Luis Potosi, neither of which places was nearer than three hundred miles.

In time I came to observe every mood and gesture, and could generally detect, some days ahead, the indications of a contemplated departure. I remember Don Miguel Rodriguez, as he called himself, who was determined to go away so silently that I should not suspect his heartless intention.

He had given me the gratifying information that he had no family, but, as the event proved, my hold on him was no stronger for this circumstance. He now looked at me as if to say: "Well, now, Señora, you need not suppose that I do not understand your ways as

well as our own customs. You have had no fewer than twenty *mozos*, and while they have all left you without the least disagreement, *I*, *Don Miguel Rodriguez*, could explain all. I know why they have gone, but you don't. I am far ahead of you, poor ignorant *gringo!* Some day you'll know more than you do now!"

Each one in turn seemed to regret going, but at the same time showed plainly that my ideas of life and of the management of a household were far removed from his own. But without a note of warning, or an intimation of his purpose, Don Miguel took his hat in hand, turned his head across his shoulder, while the most cynical expression that could have been depicted on the face of a human being, or of a *mozo*, played about his eyes and mouth as I anticipated his movements, and awoke to the certainty that another faithful one had gone to join the band of invincibles.

"WELL, NOW, I'M GOING."

The word *pues* is thrown in between sentences so generally, and has so many significations, such as, "well," "then," "therefore," "since," "surely," and many others, that it is not always easy for a stranger to settle the point. The servants, however, in pronouncing this word make an amusing abbreviation of it into "*pos*." And so it was that Miguel only said, "*Pos entonces yo me voy*" ("Well, now, I am going"), but his face and figure spoke volumes. I learned from each one of them in a different way, the hopelessness and folly of any attempt to

change their hereditary customs or invest them with new ideas. Good and faithful enough they were until the impression was fixed upon them, that they were losing their national "*costumbres.*"

A gentleman who often visited our house, and who had been long a resident of the country, and who knew full well the importance of the *mozo*, and that the respectability of our household was at a low ebb without that all-important adjunct, kindly loaned us one of his trusties. Many times we were the recipients from him of this order of hospitality.

I used to think there could be no better opening for a good, paying business than for some enterprising Mexican to establish an employment bureau for *mozos*, and exact of them that their families reside in the same city.

Cosme, our borrowed *mozo*, was duly installed, with highly gratifying results. He was several degrees above the common herd, and more trusty than the best, having been trained by Doña Angelina, the wife of our friend. Cosme had a most benignant face, with an open, beaming countenance, and every duty he performed was done with the zeal and alacrity which had characterized no other *mozo*, within the range of my experience. The wish in my heart that took precedence of all others, at this time, was, that I should not be forced to the necessity of hearing from him that forever emphatic avowal which had ere now well-nigh crazed me, "*No es costumbre!*" I knew, if he once began, my peace of mind and happiness were gone.

To prevent it, every species of a now highly cultivated ingenuity was called to my assistance. The possibility began to haunt me like a grim specter. It was ever present day or night, awake or asleep. It never relinquished its hold upon my faculties. It was written on the wall, look where I would. It stalked up and down the street defiantly. It was astride every *burro*, and waved its hands at me, every turn I made in the house. My brain was on fire, my senses dazed. Where fly for relief? One could hope for a respite from the haunting custom officials, but this, all-pervading, deep-seated, and

A COUNTRY STORE.

irrepressible, had screwed its courage to the sticking-place and would not down. My only hope was in Cosme.

Things moved pleasantly enough for the first few days, in which Cosme charmed us by his kindness and watchfulness of the premises. I let him have his own way, about the manner in which his various labors were performed. I remained away from where he was, and not once had the dreaded expression fallen from his lips within my hearing, prior to our trip to Palomas. "The things which try people show what is in them." It so proved with Cosme.

Business called us to Palomas for a day. It was settled that we should go in a carriage drawn by a spirited pair of dark mahogany thorough-breds, which had never been known to let anything pass them but a *mozo.*

Cosme was up betimes on this particular morning. He was more nimble and ready than ever before, in contemplation of the pleasure of an airing in the country. He gave his own characteristic toilet many extra touches. He washed his face and combed his hair, and even borrowed the blacking, in order, as he said: "*Para dar negro a las botas*" ("black his boots"). So excited was he that he partook of little breakfast. The gray dawn silently melted into bright streaks of purple and amber, and the gorgeous rays of the sun threw a genial halo over the quiet city, as he made his happy preparations. When the *mozo* is promoted to the honor of an equestrian, his name changes to that of "*peon de estribo*" ("slave of the stirrup"). This will better describe Cosme's services on this occasion than to be known as simply a *mozo.* His was no ordinary service.

Custom requires the *mozo* to lead the way for vehicles, to look out for intruders, ward off interlopers, and to be on hand in case of accident. During long journeys, where the travelers camp out, or stop in *mésons*, the *mozo* goes ahead and arranges for the accommodation of the entire party. Not even a drive within the city limits, is contemplated without the *mozo* leading the way, although every route is thoroughly understood by the driver, He is to be relied upon in his representation as to the safety or expediency of any route or méson.

On this particular morning we went all around our half of the castle, bolting and barring windows and doors, so that even a cat might not intrude during our absence.

A first-class riding horse of large size was scarce indeed, although it was hard to find a really bad-looking one, for, owing to their Andalusian blood, they were all graceful and spirited. It had been our good fortune to procure a large, magnificent animal to be used solely for this purpose. His flowing tail touched the ground, and his mane was long and glossy. He was docile, and frequently ate sugar or salt from my hand. At a moderate speed his gait was easy and comfortable for the rider, but when urged to unusual exertion, it became something terrible. This horse Cosme mounted. Never did *mozo* start out with prospects more flattering for a pleasant canter over the smooth roads, than did Cosme on that 18th day of September.

"PULQUE IN SHEEP-SKINS, FILLED EVEN TO THE FEET."

After passing through the narrow streets, our road lay for the most part across the usual Sahara-like expanse of country, only varied by the line of mountains on one hand, and on the other by several cotton factories, with their groves of cedar and other evergreens. They were not imposing, but by comparison with the neighboring monotony, to my tired eyes, were as interesting as the most famous castle on the Rhine.

Once or twice we passed strings of *burros*, overladen with marketable commodities—pulque in sheep-skins, filled even to the feet with the favorite beverage; also wood, stone for building purposes; and whole families of human beings were sometimes perched upon one of these weary animals.

By far the most charming sights were several beautiful mountain cascades which gushed at intervals from the rocks in clear streams of sparkling purity. Far up in the ledge of a precipice or declivity, a spring burst forth suddenly, then dropping in a glistening fall, broke away down the scraggy mountain side in a foaming cascade, and, having disported itself in a thousand lights and shapes of beauty, quietly gathered itself together, and flowed away, a musical murmuring brook.

But Cosme took heed to none of these agreeable interludes in the monotony, nor of the monotony itself. He was otherwise engrossed. Intent upon keeping bravely in front of us, where custom had placed him, it became necessary for him to travel faster and faster, until his gallant steed was finally dashing along at the maddest possible rate. There was no restraining our fiery team, and, of course the faster they traveled the worse for poor Cosme. Oblivious to passing objects, the merciless animal bounced Cosme up and down, but he held on bravely, his arms broadly akimbo, his linen blouse floating out in horizontal lines, his sombrero dancing up and down, as if to keep pace with himself. He swayed backward and forward, jolted and jostled as he kept up his wild career! Now and again he ventured to turn and look back, as if to implore us not to go so fast; but our horses' spirits could not be checked; there was no help for Cosme!

BOUND FOR PALOMAS.

Once, when hedged in by an impassable barrier of stone on one side, and a line of determined *burros* on the other, we were near enough to call aloud: "Cosme, go more slowly! ride in the rear!" The temptation and pressure of circumstances were too great, and once again, after an interval of rest, my ears were greeted by the

feeble, halting voice of Cosme, uttering in hollow accents: "*Pos no es costumbre!*"

That grim specter of departed *mozos* was again thrust at me. But what recourse had I?—what vengeance dared I seek upon this poor untutored boy, for his deep devotion to what he considered the duty of his office? If Cosme had died on the road, or a hundred robbers had surrounded and threatened his life and property, except he rode in the rear of the carriage, he would have forfeited his all, and his body would have been found, where all good *mozos* like to be—in front.

When Palomas was reached, and our horses were reined in preparatory to halting in front of the house where we were to spend the day, an amusing spectacle greeted us. Faithful Cosme was lying on the ground. The whites of his eyes only were visible; he quaked and shook, as if in convulsion; his tongue lolled from his mouth, and his whole attitude bespoke utter prostration. On stepping from the carriage, I ventured to go near him, and inquire as to the nature and extent of his injuries. Between chattering teeth and spasmodic jerks he raised himself on his elbow, saying: "*El caballo anda muy duro*" ("The horse goes very hard")—"*y tengo mucho dolor de cabeza*" ("and I have a bad headache"). Shortly afterwards when he appeared before me again, he had a green leaf pasted on either temple—the sovereign remedy of the common people for headache.

A PICTURESQUE TRAVELER.

Palomas is a small village, with little to recommend it save that it is picturesquely situated in a pass — Cañon de las Palomas (Pass of the Doves)—in the Sierra Madre Mountains, which here separate the valley of Saltillo from the table-lands leading to San Luis Potosi. It has a thousand inhabitants, consisting for the most

part of persons employed in the cotton factory, the leading industry, shepherds and laborers on the adjacent farms.

Rising somewhere amid the heights which frown down upon the inoffensive village a stream of pure, sparkling water resolves itself into quite an imposing cascade, making, at one jump, a fall of perhaps fifty feet, thence flowing, broken and frothing, along its tortuous way through the pass. Here the stream is deflected from its natural bed into a ditch to furnish water-power for a cotton factory of one hundred looms, and having served this purpose, it is taken through irrigating ditches, and spread over the corn and wheat fields of the Saltillo valley. The falling stream is hemmed in on one side by the jagged gray rocks, which rise up, naked and solemn, to grand heights—speaking, in their stern silence, unutterable things.

On the other side, we beheld the verdure of the native grasses, which lent beauty and color to the landscape after the destitution of the bare scenery of our monotonous sixteen-mile ride, and a touch of gentleness to this otherwise rugged and awe-inspiring scene. My imagination readily saw in the crags and serried peaks the likeness to some towering cathedral, and I almost heard the chimes from its turret. In fancy the silent multitude passed in and out at the doors of this imaginary temple, to whisper their petitions, and then disappear in the deep recesses of the rocks.

It was through the Cañon de Palomas that General Minon, who commanded a wing of Santa Anna's cavalry during the American war, was sent to flank General Taylor, from the Agua Nueva, on the day of the battle of Buena Vista. Had General Taylor met with defeat, this cavalry force would have been in Saltillo almost as soon as Taylor's army.

The neighboring mountains are covered with extensive pineries, yielding large quantities of lumber, tar, pitch, and turpentine, which find a market near home.

The house of the *hacendado*, where we spent the day, was typical of all houses in the towns and villages—a plain adobe structure, low, flat, and with simple pounded, earthen floors. We had scarcely

entered the best room of the house, when one of my favorite Mexican processions approached the big door. A string of fifteen meek-looking donkeys laden with wood marched solemnly through the main hall just as they did in my own house, followed closely by the driver, uttering his characteristic "tschew! tschew! — and punching them at every step.

The parlor had its line of plain home-manufactured chairs, arranged methodically around the sides of the room, as close together as they could possibly be placed. At the extreme end, farthest from the door, was a home-contrived sofa, or divan, which extended almost the entire length of the room. It was built into the wall, having only the front legs visible. Its height was nearly two feet from the floor. At either end were seven hard stiff cotton pillows elaborated with Mexican lace, the product of a universal feminine instinct. The covering was a gay chintz, which was fastened to the framework as a cushion, and the upholstering was completed below by a valance of the same fabric.

AS I LOOKED WHEN MOUNTED UPON THE SOFACITA.

The rocking-chairs, — home-manufactured also—occupied their normal attitudes as vis-à-vis, at either end of the sofa. I was tired from the long drive, and the rocking-chairs had an inviting look, so without ceremony I ventured to take one. Instantly three women came to me, all laying their hands tenderly about me, and with one voice insisted that I must occupy the sofa. To ascend this wonderful structure —"la sofacita," as it was called—I found it necessary to give a spring and a leap, almost as if vaulting into a saddle.

An unusual bustle and commotion about the house, and the continual passing back and forth of so many people, made it evident that some exciting event was about to take place. Two doctors were to perform some surgical operations. About half a dozen girls were

suffering from enlarged tonsils, which it had become necessary to remove. The girls belonged to different families, and this fact set me to speculating as to whether enlarged tonsils were contagious, customary, or due to the climate. Having already received so many proofs of their martyr-like devotion to their customs, I was prepared to adopt the second hypothesis upon the slightest evidence. When the surgeons were ready, the father of the eldest girl, with great tenderness, placed her in a chair. The mother fled to the corral to avoid the sight of her child's distress and pain. As soon as the girl was in a position ready for the instrument, she would jump, and wring her hands, crying and solemnly declaring, she could not, and would not, submit to the operation. All the neighbors came in to look on, and with difficulty she was finally held down by the strong arms of her father and one of the surgeons,—and the work was done. The father with deep concern, murmured something, to my ear almost inaudible, but he kissed the girl again and again ; and at last the words came : " My poor child ! my baby ! my sweet, good girl ! "

The other girls were soon induced, by the gay spirits and complacence of the first, to be seated and have a similar operation performed. I thought of the well-known fable of the fox, when the tree had fallen on his tail, depriving him of that useful appendage, when with characteristic cunning, he told the other foxes that to wear no tail was the mode, and thereupon no-tailed foxes at once became the prevailing style. An old woman, who looked like a servant, came in and performed various, and, to me, amusing incantations with the forefinger of her right hand ; keeping up at the same time a continuous mumbling of some incoherences peculiar to her class.

The curiosity that was manifested by the crowd, and the earnest inspections that took place after the operations were made, and the vigilance with which the girls watched the disposition of their bereft members provoked a smile. It reminded me of childhood days, when we jealously guarded a tooth when it fell out, for fear that a pig might get it, and the dire consequence follow of a pig's tooth taking the place of the lost one.

If one thing more than another surprised me, it was the fact that almost without exception, all the family and the people gathered at the house of our host were afflicted with a distressing form of catarrh.

At such an altitude and in a clime so salubrious and bracing, high up in the mountains, with an atmosphere dry and pure, that either lung, nasal, or throat troubles should exist, afforded food for reflection.

Cosme, although sadly battered and bruised, managed to creep to the window, and look on at the result of the operations. On seeing what was going on, he muttered indistinctly: "*Caramba!*" (Good gracious!) —"*Por Dios santo!*" The painful experiences of his ride established a community of suffering between himself and the damsels, which gave intense pathos to his words.

About fifty persons had assembled in the house, or hung about the windows. I was so intensely absorbed in studying the strange dark faces and party-colored costumes that it was some time before it dawned upon me that I was, if possible, an object of still greater interest to them than they to me. I spoke to one or two of the women, and reassured by my friendly tones, they approached me. Soon others followed, when I became the center of an extended group—every one regarding me with almost unappeasable curiosity.

Everything about me, to the most trifling detail, filled them with childish astonishment. As their shyness vanished, they became as familiar as children. They toyed with the banged hair on my forehead, saying in amused tones: "*Que bonitas estan!*" "*Que chulas!*" ("How pretty they are!")

They took off my hat gently, and tried it on, one after another. They felt the texture of my dress—a very simple, navy blue nun's veiling—evidently regarding it as something unapproachably splendid. Then my fan caught their attention. It was the color of the dress, and strewn with red roses. They held it close to the dress, then to the hat, comparing them, and the fact that all three corresponded in color, struck them immediately as decidedly the proper thing. "She has good taste!" they said approvingly to one another,—"Yes, very good taste!—very good manners!—a very fine lady!"

AT HOME UNDER THE ACQUEDUCT.

One of them fingered a knot of red and blue ribbons at my throat, saying: "From France? No such fine things here!"—Everything fine, in their estimation, comes from France. They seemed incredulous, when I patriotically informed them that the United States, and not France, had furnished me forth in all this astonishing glory. Before I knew it, one had picked the bow to pieces, and drawn the ribbons out, to see how long they were. Another called attention to the Newport ties on my feet, and compared them, with much curiosity, and some envy, with her own shoes, which, after the fashion of the country, were sharply pointed. All appreciated the greater comfort of the American-made shoe, but ended by shaking their heads—"Very nice—very pretty—but"—and what an execrable *but!* "*No es costumbre Mexicana!*"

They were equally curious about my family relations, asking me the number of my brothers and sisters, nieces, nephews, cousins, and aunts—never stopping until I had named them all, their location and business. When I mentioned a name, they immediately caught it up, and tried to translate it into Spanish, showing much satisfaction when successful. Their efforts in this direction were laughable.

They translated readily Willie, Guillermo; Fanny, Panchita; Richard, Ricardo; Andrew, Andres; but Walter was a stumbling-block, they neither translated nor pronounced it. They asked me if in our country we had houses of *adobe* and windows like theirs with wooden rods outside? Their eyes opened wide and wider, as I described our houses as from two stories in height, to five, eight, ten and thirteen. They evidently thought I was drawing on my imagination.

When asked if in our country we used carriages, goats, and burros—had haciendas, ranches, factories, and mills, I described as well as I could our resources. They were convulsed when I told them that until I came to Mexico, I had never seen in my whole life more than six burros. They appreciated and sympathized with my lack of education on the burro question; for to be beyond the sight of a line of them was equivalent to being out of the republic.

Every one of the various persons with whom I chatted asked me

if it were not very sad for me in their country. But I had not the courage to tell them it was sad for me; in truth I was so intensely interested in them, and their peculiarities, there was no room for dwelling on myself.

They evidently appreciated my friendly spirit and the willingness with which I allowed them to examine my toilet, not even resenting the liberty of one, somewhat more inquisitive than the rest, who lifted my dress a little to explore my hose, on which they murmured repeatedly: "She is very *simpática*," a word for which we have no exact equivalent in English, but which perhaps explains itself.

It was among these country people that I first observed any departure from the national type of feature and complexion. Some of them had glossy brown hair, gray eyes, and skin as fair as an Anglo-Saxon; while others had red hair, freckled faces, and pale blue eyes. The parents of one of these was pointed out to me. They were of swarthy brown complexion, with black hair, dark eyes, and in fact, all the characteristics which I had come to regard as typically Mexican. Among them all I observed the same gentleness of demeanor, and courteous bearing, which had already so forcibly impressed me in the city, among all classes.

Birth and education had nothing to do with it. It was an exquisite instinct, common to the people as a nation. Even here in Palomas, among a plain untutored population, of the laboring class, especially among the ignorant, wondering women who had dissected my toilet with such innocent complacency, it struck me, for in spite of their unconventional behavior, they were as gentle and courteous as royal duchesses.

About twelve o'clock, the family began making preparations for serving dinner, which I watched with keen interest. One of the daughters of the *hacendado* came into the parlor, and mounting a chair, on which she had placed a box, opened a small door high up in the wall, which I had not before observed. From this snug retreat—the *alhacena*—she carefully drew forth cups and saucers of exquisite china, as fragile as egg-shells, and beautifully ornamented. When she had

taken out four of each, she gently closed the door and left me wondering if it had an "open sesame" spring in the bolt; for I looked in vain for the little door, which when closed became invisible. I concluded it was a safe retreat for such articles of value in case of a revolution.

The table was spread in a bed room. We took our seats, the host at the head, but his wife did not put in an appearance, nor indeed did any other member of the family. First of all, soup was served from the kitchen in quaint, glazed pottery bowls, elaborately ornamented on the outside with vines and flowers, and on top of each bowl was a hot tortilla. Next the national *puchero* was brought in on plates, the tortilla in this instance, being slapped down by our plates from a fork. This removed, a kind of stew, perhaps *chile guisado*, which I had seen in the market—was served on plates with a narrow green rim around them, and on each was placed another hot tortilla. The next course was roast mutton, served on plates which this time had a red rim—and again a tortilla. Next came a roast of pork, filled with spices and pepper. While hot enough to make one scream, it was nevertheless, delicious. With all these courses, we were served with *salsa de chili bravo* (green pepper-sauce). Our host took great pains to initiate me into the merits of this sauce, but I could scarcely look at it without shedding tears copiously over its pungency. We had no vegetables, save the puchero which is described in another place; but when the last meat course was removed, we were served with a delicious quince jelly, which ended this excellent and hospitably served repast.

When dinner was over, and I was gratifying an idle curiosity by looking about the rooms, the eldest girl came in, and took her position on the floor, unrolling, as she did so, a handsome pair of slippers which she was embroidering. How strangely out of place they looked to me, in the hands of the girl seated on the earthen floor! I wondered who would be the one about those premises to wear them. But the design and the manner in which the work was executed would have been creditable in any country.

The extreme nicety and regularity with which the Mexican women,

even in the plainest walks of life, carry out any contemplated design, with needle and thread, on linen or cotton, is quite remarkable. Time seems to have no value. It is the custom in many places, for girls to learn all the dainty stitches, and while yet in their teens, begin to prepare spreads, table-covers, napkins, and mats, which when they are married will constitute a part of their household goods.

When the wife of our host came in, she found me intently engaged in scrutinizing the bedspread, and began at once explaining its history. She said it was the work of her grandmother, who began it when a girl. It had been a part of her bridal outfit, and afterwards descended to her mother, then to herself. The material was bleached domestic, but the design was at once unique and ingenious. In the center was a large pattern of flowers and fruits, with the daintiest vines, leaves, arteries, and traceries to be imagined—all done by means of drawn threads and spool cotton. Around the entire spread was a valance wrought in the same exquisite manner. The space adjoining the border of plain domestic, above the valance, was a kind of insertion, filled in with figures of girls and boys swinging and dancing, women carrying water on their heads, shepherds with their crooks, and donkeys with their burdens—all truly represented by deft fingers, guided by shrewd feminine observation. A long flat cotton bolster had a case with several subdivisions at equal distances apart, filled in with fine crochet insertion. The bolster had first a covering of red, then the case stretched on, skin-tight, thus exhibiting the pattern of the lace. Laid pyramid-like upon each other were ten pillows, each one a little smaller than the other, and all decorated with the same lace. The spread and pillow-cases represented years of untiring, earnest labor, and also an inconceivable amount of precious eyesight, which these people evidently regarded as a mere nothing.

Altogether the day spent at Palomas was a most agreeable one, and even now to recall it affords a high degree of satisfaction. It opened to an appreciative eye the inner workings of the home life of the plain country people, in their original simplicity. Ah! peaceful Palomas!—"Pass of the Doves"—name unique and suggestive, for

their softly-melancholy coo! coo! coo! penetrated this humble home from the clumps of trees near by. May no ruthless innovator remodel your simple adobes! no insatiate gringo invade and despoil your sacred domain! But throughout all time, may you and your honest people continue to live out your lives, undismayed and undisturbed by any progressive, distracting or contaminating influence! In primitive blissful ignorance and innocence may your children live out their allotment of three-score-and-ten years, bare-footed, bare-headed, and unsullied by contact with modern galvanized institutions!

I watched Cosme with a humorous interest while he was preparing

SWEET CONTENTMENT AT THE PASS OF THE DOVES.

for our return home. He looked at his valiant steed now and again furtively, shaking his head and muttering something about not going so fast on our return. Poor Cosme! It was the old story of man proposing and a higher power disposing. The air was fine and bracing, and when we were all in our proper places for the homeward journey, I will confess to no small amount of uneasiness concerning Cosme.

The numerous and long-continued adios of our kind host and his family, and their friends, were wafted to our ears by the evening breeze, and in a twinkling we were out of sight of the house and dashing along the highway toward home. The horses attached to our vehicle, were apparently fresher than when we started in the morning,

and if we went out rapidly, the return was more rapid still. Cosme's horse dashed along before us with lightning speed, and soon made his hapless rider but a vanishing speck in the dim distance. The trip home was accomplished in almost half the time required in the morning.

On the outskirts of the city we halted for a few moments, in conversation with a friend, and Cosme, not knowing it, preceded us to the house. On arriving we found he had opened the great door, and there, on the bench in the hall, he was stretched full length, the most utterly exhausted, bruised and aching martyr that ever suffered for a cherished principle. In spite of the irresistibly comic nature of it all, I could not help feeling an acute sympathy for my poor servant, and Cosme, seeing it, was duly grateful. The horse he had ridden was walking about the court at will.

My dear little friend, Pomposita, had watched for our coming, and I had scarcely alighted from the carriage ere she came over and gathered me in her arms, saying that the day had seemed to her like a week, as she watched and waited for my return with feverish impatience. She clapped her hands, and laughed immoderately, when I related to her the amusing incidents of our trip to Palomas.

The next day Cosme appeared before me limping, while his countenance was indeed crestfallen and sorrowful as he said that he would have to leave our service, adding in a conciliatory way that it was not because he did not like us and our mode of life, nor that he would not willingly serve us until the end of his days, but he wished to learn the trade of a blacksmith.

The dreadful suspicion dawned upon me, that as I could not Americanize the *mozo* I would have to Mexicanize myself and household. Faithful Cosme! How sorry I was to lose him! At last I knew enough of the characteristics of the *mozo* to shrewdly suspect that his excuse was only a polite cover for his deep consciousness of the sufferings he had endured in our service the previous day. He did not intend to serve in a household where such an occurrence might be indefinitely repeated. He would be a *mozo* for the house; for the highway—never!

I made every effort to conciliate him—"never again would his services be demanded on such a ride." I walked about the court disconsolately, talking kindly to him. Nearer and nearer he approached the door. I followed, entreating him not to go; well knowing that if I lost Cosme—and all the other *mozos* had gone to San Luis Potosi, or some other far-away city, to see their families,—not a shadow of opportunity remained to procure another.

An admirable feature in Cosme's composition was his love of truth. He had never heard the story of the cherry tree and the little hatchet, but his innate veracity was not to be outdone by anybody. Somehow I always felt that when Cosme did go he would express the real cause of his leaving and not quote, like his predecessors, a mythical family's imaginary demands. Nor was I mistaken. When the poor boy reached the door he halted, turned and looked mournfully at me, as though imploring me not to ask him to stay longer, while in pathetic tones he murmured, "*Pos entonces yo me voy; adios, Señorita*" ("Well, now, I'm going; good-by, Señorita").

He stood on the threshold, perhaps for the last time, when I again ventured to remonstrate, "Well, now, Cosme, why won't you stay?" Almost closing the heavy doors as if to prevent another appeal, and tossing his hat far back on his head, his eyes rolling, his face ashen but determined, he made the final *pièce de resistance* with admirable *finesse*. Catching the huge key and closing the door, so that he barely had a view of my face, while one foot halted on the threshold, with bent figure and eyes beaming kindly regret upon

"YOUR AMERICAN CUSTOMS ARE TOO HARD ON ME."

me, there came the inevitable movement of the forefinger before the nose as he faintly replied, "*Porque tan fuertas son las costumbres Americanos me molestan y cargan mucho y tan pesadas que no puedo vivir bajo de ellos*" ("Your American customs are too troublesome and too heavy a load for me to carry; I can't live under them").

The last that I heard from Cosme was one of the invariable parting salutations, "*Hasta luego*" ("I'll see you again"), followed by the invocation, "*Queda con Dios! no puedo estar mas*" ("May God be with you! for I can't stay any longer").

OLD STONE CHURCH AT EL PASO, TEXAS.

CHAPTER V.

FROM BORDER TO CAPITAL ALONG THE MEXICAN CENTRAL.

AMONOS!" shouts the smartly uniformed American conductor in the *estacion* on the further bank of the Rio Grande. This rhythmical Spanish word affords a pleasing contrast to its sharp prosaic equivalent known to us as "*All aboard!*" The bell rings, the engine shrieks and hisses, then smoothly we glide along in that crowning luxury of civilization — a Pullman car—into the "land of the cactus and sweet cacao."

The open plain stretched afar on this glorious, full-moon night, and seemed, like the ocean, to blend its horizon with the heavens. No sound broke the stillness save the rumble of the train or the occasional shriek of the locomotive with its warning to the loitering cattle on the road-bed, all unconscious of their danger.

The location of El Paso, whose lights were fast fading in the distance behind us, is in every way desirable, being the connecting point of the Mexican Central with the railways of the United States. Five connecting lines of railway enter the city: the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio; the Southern Pacific; the Texan Pacific; the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, with good prospects for another. There can be no doubt but that it will be a great railroad center and distributing point for the Southwest.

The town hugs the river closely and nestles snugly in a fertile valley, perhaps fifty miles long, in which, where irrigating facilities are obtained, wheat and corn are produced in great abundance. Its alti-

tude is about three thousand five hundred feet above sea level, and the climate bears a strong resemblance to that of the table-lands of Mexico. The same irrigating ditches, lined on either side by stately cotton-wood trees, are serving the same purpose as when first constructed by the Jesuit missionaries, more than three hundred years ago. A circle of mountains to the north and east affords protection to the city from the sharp, penetrating winds that sweep over Texas from the plains of Kansas.

El Paso can boast of excellent hotels, the best being the Grand Central, and the possession of the only international street railway bridge in the world; also an interesting old church about three hundred years old. The greatest drawbacks, as a place of residence, are the clouds and columns of dust that for a great part of the year drive through the streets, entering the houses, and penetrating every nook and cranny.

The old town of Paso del Norte is the Mexican El Paso, as Nuevo Laredo is the Mexican Laredo. Each one is a necessary complement to the other. Paso del Norte has, however, great advantage in point of age, having been founded about the year 1680. The town to-day bears the imprint of all Mexican architecture. The cathedral, once a stately and imposing structure, even now, when bereft of the greater part of its interior adornments, speaks volumes of the lapse and the inroads of time. The nave, chancel, altar, and ceilings bear traces of exquisite and masterly workmanship, but tell a mournful tale of decay and faded grandeur.

The famous grapes that are grown at Paso del Norte are perhaps the most prolific and delicious known to us, and in that genial soil, where irrigation is so skillfully employed, they are produced in quantities, and shipped to all parts of the country.

Curious fences inclose the farms and gardens—a boxing of cotton-wood poles filled in with mud or an earthen cement, making not only a secure, but a durable fence.

The country for perhaps two hundred miles on the west side of the Rio Bravo is but a counterpart of its neighbor, on the east or Texas side, for the same distance. Chihuahua, the first city on the Mexican

Central, has become a prominent point for mining operations, and probably a larger number of Americans are congregated there than at any place outside the capital. It has a fine climate, is situated in a beautiful and fertile valley, with all the accessories of a healthful and thrifty population. One hundred years ago, however, Chihuahua was larger than New York; to-day the population does not exceed thirty

THE STREET OF GUADALUPE, CHIHUAHUA.

thousand. But it still has the beautiful cathedral and ancient aqueduct, and must always be important as a mining center. A branch of the Mexican mint is also established there.

The sleepy old town of Santa Rosalia, with a population of about seven thousand, is the next. It has known no change for nearly a half-century, though situated in the midst of a fine agricultural region, and having an industrious, orderly population.

Dr. Charles E. Tarver, with his wife and five children, has resided

here for a number of years on account of the extreme healthfulness of the climate and the benefits the doctor has received for his protracted lung troubles. As their guest during my stay in Santa Rosalia nothing was more interesting than to watch these genuine American children transformed into veritable Mexicans. So thoroughly identified were these little people with the land of their adoption that in their daily play not one word of English was spoken; every movement, tone, gesture, and expression was entirely Mexican, even to their games and plays and *reboso*-wrapped dolls. The baby, christened Charles, repudiated his baptismal name and clung with infantile pertinacity to its Mexican synonym of Carlos, refusing to answer to any other. The next in age, Marianita, a little tot of three and a half years, interested me greatly with her wealth of golden curls and roguish face. She would sit on my lap by the hour entertaining me with the most amusing translations of Spanish into English and *vice versa*.

One day her father returned from the barber's with head so closely shaven as to attract the attention of Marianita. Climbing upon his chair the closer to observe the result of this tonsorial manipulation, she exclaimed, to the amusement of us all: "*Mi cabeza peloncita*" ("My bald-headed squash")!

Within a few years, warm springs have been discovered, that are said to possess wonderful healing properties.

My desire was intense to visit these springs, which must eventually prove a great health resort, but the difficulties attending such an undertaking were inconceivable.

The Rio Concha, which it was necessary to cross in order to reach the springs, was, at that time, out of its banks, and the only substitute for a boat, excepting the railway bridge, was an ordinary dry goods box manned by a brawny Indian. If we embarked at Santa Rosalia the prospects were fair of our disembarking ten or twenty miles below that point, so swift was the current; or, worse still, our primitive bark might be upset in mid-stream and ourselves and poor "Lo" left struggling in the muddy water. As the chances of so disastrous a termination to the voyage were very great, we concluded to forego the trip.

The remains of an old *adobe* fort that was captured by Donaphan when he was *en route* to join General Taylor are still standing.

Santa Rosalia is a fair representative of a country town. But though its resources are limited, the inhabitants are not without their national recreations, having a pretty little plaza, in which twice a week the band plays. Especially do they celebrate the 5th of May and the 16th of September.

I enjoyed the latter occasion with them, and attended the grand *baile* (ball) in the evening, for which extensive preparations were made. The lack of ball-room or public hall formed no impediment, merely permitting the exercise of their ingenuity.

The open *patio* of the city hall was utilized for this purpose, first excavating about four feet of uneven earth, and refilling with good soil, adding, when leveled, great square stone slabs—placing straw thickly on these, with *manta* (brown domestic) stretched tightly over. And the floor of no salon could have been smoother for dancing. Lace curtains hung at each opening, mirrors and paintings alternating around the room, and garlands of the rich dark leaves of the cotton-wood, tied with the national colors, filled the spaces between. A cover of *manta*, held firmly in place by maguey ropes, formed the ceiling of this unique ball-room, and numerous chandeliers illuminated the scene. When the *baile* opened and the gayly dressed *señoritas* and *caballeros* began the intoxicating movements of the *danza*, exhilarated by the excellent music, it was an enchanted bower.

The Santa Rosalians are a kind and hospitable people, but very fastidious in the observance of their social laws and obligations. On the night of the ball we went at half past eleven, but still the citizens had not arrived. The cotton-clad *mozos*, however, were going back and forth from the ball-room to the houses. I ascertained that the object of their stepping so cautiously to the front door, and peeping in, was to find out if any of the aristocracy had yet made their appearance. At twelve o'clock the labors of the *mozo* ceased, and with the rustle of silk and lace beauty and fashion entered. On the

faces of all satisfaction was evident that one belle had not arrived before the others.

The Rio Concho and the Rio Florida flank Santa Rosalia on either side, and from them open ditches run through the town, supplying water for domestic purposes. Policemen are stationed at intervals to prevent children from playing in the water, the water-carrier here as elsewhere being an important factor of domestic happiness and comfort. The Rio Concho is so well utilized for irrigating purposes

WATER-CARRIER OF SANTA ROSALIA.

that the haciendas for thirty miles on either side are amply supplied with water. The absence of timber along the streams is noteworthy, the only forest tree in this section being the cotton-wood. This fortunately occurs in abundance, and furnishes fuel.

In towns the size of Santa Rosalia, hotels are not yet considered necessary to the well-being of the inhabitants, the *méson* supplying their place. Below will be found the "Notice to Travelers," as I saw it in that old *adobe* town. This and the water-spouts jutting out like giant arms across the street, afforded equal diversion.

"NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

"Persons who wish to lodge in this *méson* will subject themselves to the following rules:

"1st. The house is opened at 5 o'clock A. M., and closed at 10 P. M. Only in urgent cases will these hours be altered.

"2d. Feed for animals will be supplied at reasonable prices, but outside animals will not be received.

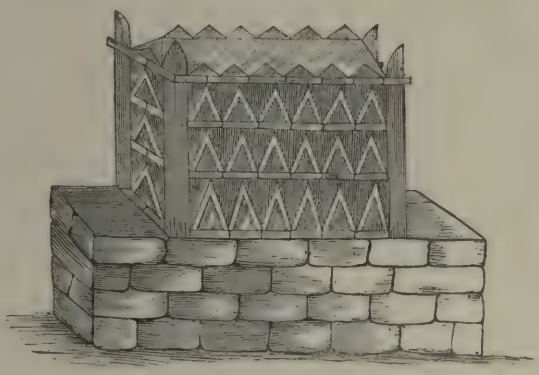
"3d. The prices for rooms are—for single rooms three reals per day, for double rooms four reals (fifty cents) per day. For each room, guests are entitled to two animals; all in excess of two will be charged three and a quarter cents per head per day for each animal. This charge is for standing room only, feed being extra.

"Carriages, wagons, and other vehicles will be charged one real per day, each.

"4th. The owner of this establishment is not responsible for objects lost from the rooms of travelers, or animals, or anything else, unless directly delivered to the care of the manager or left in the house."

The rooms at three reals per day were in front, and those for four, in the rear, near the horses.

The *patio* of this *méson* had numerous posts in the ground, which I was assured were placed there for theatrical purposes. In the center of the open square was the only public hall of the town, and at the end, quite near the horses, a stage had been constructed with movable scenery, having its sills lashed to the floor by maguey ropes. On gala nights a canvas is stretched over the poles, as a cover; and with numerous lights, and the customary decorations, a brilliant effect is produced.



TOP OF KITCHEN CHIMNEY IN SANTA ROSALIA.

With many regrets my two weeks' delightful sojourn at the hospit-

able home of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Tarver terminated, and the journey to the capital continued.

Jimenez is the first station, situated in the midst of a vast plain, and contains but one or two solitary houses. Parral, a fine mining district, is about fifty miles distant, and has already attracted the attention of American enterprise.

Villa Lerdo is the next station; the town proper, however, is located about two miles distant, but conveyances are always there to transport passengers on the arrival of trains, and the railroad company has a fine eating-house there. It is located in the State of Durango, in the "Laguna Country," generally known as the best cotton-producing region, the soil and climate being so favorable that the plants need renewal only once in several years. From thirty to forty thousand bales of cotton are annually shipped.

The capital of the State is Durango, more than one hundred miles away.

After leaving Villa Lerdo, we have more green valleys, more water, and stronger evidences of the fertility of the country. Both the types of people and the face of the country change as we go farther inland. More of the pure Indian blood is visible.

Boundary landmarks are seen on either side of the railway, two or three feet high, built of adobe or stone, and having octagonal-shaped, bright-painted caps. They more resembled grim tombstones, leaving off the colored caps, than the purpose for which they were constructed.

As we speed along the vast table-lands, over the smooth broad-gauge Central, all looks restful in its solitude. But such dreary stretches of country, without apparently an inhabitant! Now and then an Indian, black as charcoal, stands motionless, crook in hand, in the midst of his little flock, gazing at the swiftly advancing and receding train—his big hat tilted back, framing his face—his clothing of *manta* giving him a ghost-like appearance.

For centuries the table-lands have been the chief highways and avenues of commerce. They are strangely modeled, and extend over a territory perhaps fifty to one hundred miles in width from El Paso

WENDING THEIR WEARY WAY.

to the *tierra caliente*, near two thousand miles, as smooth as a floor, broken only now and then by a river or *arroya* or *barranca*. Mountains on either side rise and tower nearer or more remote as the table-land narrows or widens. The mountains are dome-shaped and suggest a striking analogy between nature's economy and the structural skill displayed by man. Mountains and churches are alike dome-shaped.

There is an absence of large and navigable rivers, inland lakes and other water-courses. But there are many beautiful valleys. After a dreary desert of alkaline sand, parched by scorching winds, round the turn of the road appears a lovely vision of a sweet and peaceful valley, with a picturesque village or city resting in it like a jewel in its setting.

After leaving Fresnillo, a once widely known mining community, now in disuse, we come upon Zacatecas, the highest point and the largest city between El Paso and the capital, having an altitude of about nine thousand feet, and containing nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants. Having crept, as it were, along the smooth table-lands, not suspecting the nearness of this grand old city, its sudden appearance was a revelation to us, with its towering domes and glistening turrets, its lofty chimneys announcing its vast industries of silver mining and coining.

The principal streets run through a deep ravine, following its widenings. Cross streets, lined with domes and spires, and picturesque dwellings, climb the mountain sides. The houses are built of stone, brick, or adobe; all except those of cut stone being frescoed in bright colors which contrast strangely with the substantial character of the buildings. The Cathedral has an elaborately carved façade. The Mint, the Custom-House, and many business houses are of cut stone, porphyry being mostly used. The Alameda has two drives and two promenades, the latter in the center with rows of trees between and stone seats along the outer lines.

This distinctively Mexican city has now been invaded by the American innovations, street railways, telephones, and electric lights.

The Hotel Zacatano was formerly a convent, being a portion of the church property confiscated in 1859 by Juarez. It is a beautiful specimen of Moorish architecture about three centuries old, having been begun in 1576, and completed twenty years later. It is built around an open *patio*, and entered through an arched carriage-way. The church adjoining formerly belonged to the convent, but, with a portion of the building in front, has been purchased by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions for $24,000. The church has a membership of two hundred and seventy-five, besides a mission school.

Zacatecas is perhaps the greatest mining camp in the world, about fifteen thousand men being now employed. A thousand millions of dollars is said to have been the value of the output here in the last three centuries. Most of the mines are now owned and worked by large companies.

The Spaniards commenced working the mines about 1540; but they had then been operated for an unknown period by the Indians. When the conquerors learned of their incredible richness, they dispatched five thousand Mexican colonists, with a strong military force, to take possession of the region. The Indians were driven to the southwest, but the name of their chief, Zacatecas, was given to both camp and province.

Two miles north, at Oraso, the site of the St. Bernabe Mine, is an old chapel—the Capilla de Bracho—dating back to the earliest days of the Spaniards.

Further to the north is the Veta Grande Mine, opened by Tolsa in 1846, and named the "Alvarado." Great fortunes have been made out of this mine, and it still yields immense quantities of ore, fifteen millions of dollars' worth having been taken from one shaft in about ten months. The Acacio Company, whose members reside in Spain, own two thirds of this immense property, which covers fifty-five square miles. At the beginning of this century, the San Acacio had already produced $140,000,000, and so far from being exhausted, is now producing more richly than ever.

CITY OF ZACATECAS.

The great mine of the Mala Noche was operated for centuries, but is not now worked—though the name survives—the Mexican owners not having capital to cope with the water. The La Plata, lying between the Mala Noche and the Veta Grande, is also owned by Mexicans. Its ore now yields $800 to the ton.

The Cantara Lode is an immense ridge, running along the face of La Bufa, a mountain five hundred feet in height, overlooking the town, its crest crowned with a quaint, historic old church. In this and its principal branch, the Quebradilla vein, are situated some of the most productive mines, the workings of which extend under the city in all directions.

The suburban town of Guadalupe, five miles distant from Zacatecas, is reached by street-cars run by gravity. The mules which draw the cars to the city are unhitched, and the return is made, *sin mulas* ("without mules"), with startling velocity down the steep incline.

My impressions on entering Zacatecas were vivid, and what I saw of this interesting city will remain indelibly impressed on my memory, but on leaving it I found that the bounteous hand of Nature held in reserve a vision of exquisite beauty. The results of the highest human effort often bring disappointment to the beholder, but the works of the Divine Architect never! In the early morning a capricious veil of mist almost obscured the sun, but now and then its genial rays pushed through this curtain, disclosing a towering mountain peak, crowned with a gorgeous rainbow. Instantly upon an opposite height appeared a mellow neutral-tinted bow, bending like a "triumphal arch" over mountain and plain carpeted with tender verdure.

> "—Faithful to its sacred page,
> Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
> Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
> That first spoke peace to man."

The rainbow tints upon the mountains were reflected in the valley, in the characteristic and peculiar dress of the hundreds of busy

workers, mostly Indians, far below us assorting ores. Red and plaid *serapes*, more than rainbow-hued, were tossed carelessly, but with artistic effect, upon the shoulders of the men, while countless women and children with gay skirts, naked feet, blue *rebozos*, jetty hair either flowing or in plaits, moved about with unstudied grace. Nature, too, contributed her fairest to the scene. As we whirled around the dizzy height, the train, forming loop after loop, as we headed the frightful *barrancas*, and circled among the clouds, we saw sparkling waters leaping and dashing from high summits; then the gladdening view, when we had gone higher than the clouds, and beheld a sky more blue than Italy ever boasted! Finally, the salient point of every rustic scene, the *lavendaras*, with their flowing black hair and red petticoats, washing along the mountain streams, filled the landscape with peasant life and homely color. Our spiral windings around this mountain can be compared to nothing less than a revolving panorama, in which both the object and spectator moved. Once seen it is never forgotten.

Thirty miles southwest of Zacatecas, at Quemada, are interesting ruins, supposed to mark one of the resting places of the Aztecs in their march to the valley of Mexico. A citadel is in the center of a walled inclosure containing about six acres, with still an outer wall of unhewn stone, eight feet thick and eighteen feet high. Several pyramids and immense pillars are also within the inclosure.

Aguas Calientes ("Hot Waters") derives its name from the medicinal springs in its vicinity. The waters are extremely efficacious in rheumatism and skin diseases. For centuries people have resorted to them, and still their virtues are undiminished.

There are two sets of bath-houses—the old, in the town, to which the water is conveyed in conduits; the new, a half-mile distant at the springs. Street-cars run out to them through an avenue of cottonwood trees, extending along an *acequia* (ditch) which carries away the waste waters from the springs.

The common people avail themselves of the open *acequia*, to freely indulge in the customary luxury of the bath. A fine view

was obtained of this interesting pastime, as we halted for dinner at the station. They plunged and leaped wildly in the rushing waters —men pulling women headlong—their hair white with soap, recalling a pet poodle—and *vice versa*—children screaming, dogs barking—the sides of the ditches closely lined by people of the same class, in full enjoyment of the scene.

Aguas Calientes is distant about seventy-five miles from Zacate-

THE NATIONAL PALACE AT AGUAS CALIENTES.

cas, and was founded in 1575 on a grant made by Philip II. of Spain, with a view to rendering the country safe for travelers to and from the mining regions. The grant extended five leagues on all sides from the first chapel erected. This was a small adobe building on the site of the church of San Diego, an ancient edifice with a convent adjoining, which is now converted into a scientific and literary institute.

Under the streets it is said that extensive ruins exist, the origin of which is lost in the mists of antiquity, no mention of them being made in the traditions of either Toltec or Aztec. They probably date back to a period before the coming of these races, and may even belong to the civilization which left the famous ruins of Uxmal and Palenque in Yucatan.

The city—six thousand feet above sea level—has a population of forty thousand; streets well paved and swept, and an excellent manufacturing interest in woolens of fine quality.

The State of Aguas Calientes was originally a part of Nueva Galicia, but in 1835 was created into a separate State. It has a delightful climate, is a fine farming country, and has a great variety of delicious fruits, both temperate and tropical.

As we move onward, the picturesque life of the country stands forth in inimitable representation at every station, large or small. Groups of horsemen, with gay blankets, bright silken sashes, and broad hats adorned with silver, curvet around on their high-mettled steeds, unconscious of the host of beggars who solicit alms from the passengers. A little removed are carriages containing dark-eyed, raven-tressed señoritas, with all the accompaniments of wealth and fashion, leaning idly back, and, like the rest of the crowd, waiting to see the cars. Thus "the rich and the poor are met together"—poverty in its most abject form stands side by side with the highest development of Aztec civilization.

At Aguas Calientes the great Central branches off towards San Luis Potosi, ending at Tampico on the Gulf, a distance of about 400 miles. Its western branch, now under construction, will extend from Irapuato to Guadalajara, and on to San Blas on the Pacific coast. Commencing at the extreme northern limit of the republic, and terminating at its capital, its arms stretching from gulf to ocean, this great iron road must inevitably remain the great international highway, and prove a boon to Mexico, developing her richest resources, and inviting the tourist to take advantage of the unrivaled facilities it offers in the comforts and luxuries of modern travel. Its steel rails and iron

bridges and every convenience and appliance for safety are unsurpassed.

Not the least among its inducements are the excellent eating-houses on the line. Here the traveler may feel indeed "at home," surrounded by the familiar sights and sounds and dishes of his native land —not omitting the inevitable "Twenty minutes for refreshments!"

THE PUENTE ENCARNACION.

Boston capitalists are to be commended for the inception and execution of this, one of the grandest railway schemes on the continent. With an unstinted expenditure of money they have made a road unsurpassed by any for comfort and convenience, and display an enterprise and energy worthy of the spirit of New England.

And that lawless element which so often finds security and a home in isolated districts, difficult of access, is now, owing to this road,

within easy range of military rule. Thus it was that the backbone of revolutionary spirit was broken.

At Encarnacion we cross the longest bridge on the road, a marvel of engineering skill. On our right we catch glimpses of the beautiful little city nestled among the trees whose soft green foliage is bathed in the simultaneous light of falling rain and dazzling sunshine.

At the various stations we partake of all sorts of Mexican dishes from the hands of unwashed and half-nude venders, but the interchange of familiar, idiomatic expressions, and their evident delight at hearing them from the stranger, equalize many differences.

Great plantations of cacti are laden with their thorny fruits, and as these industrious people rapidly peel them, the passengers enjoy their delicious flavor.

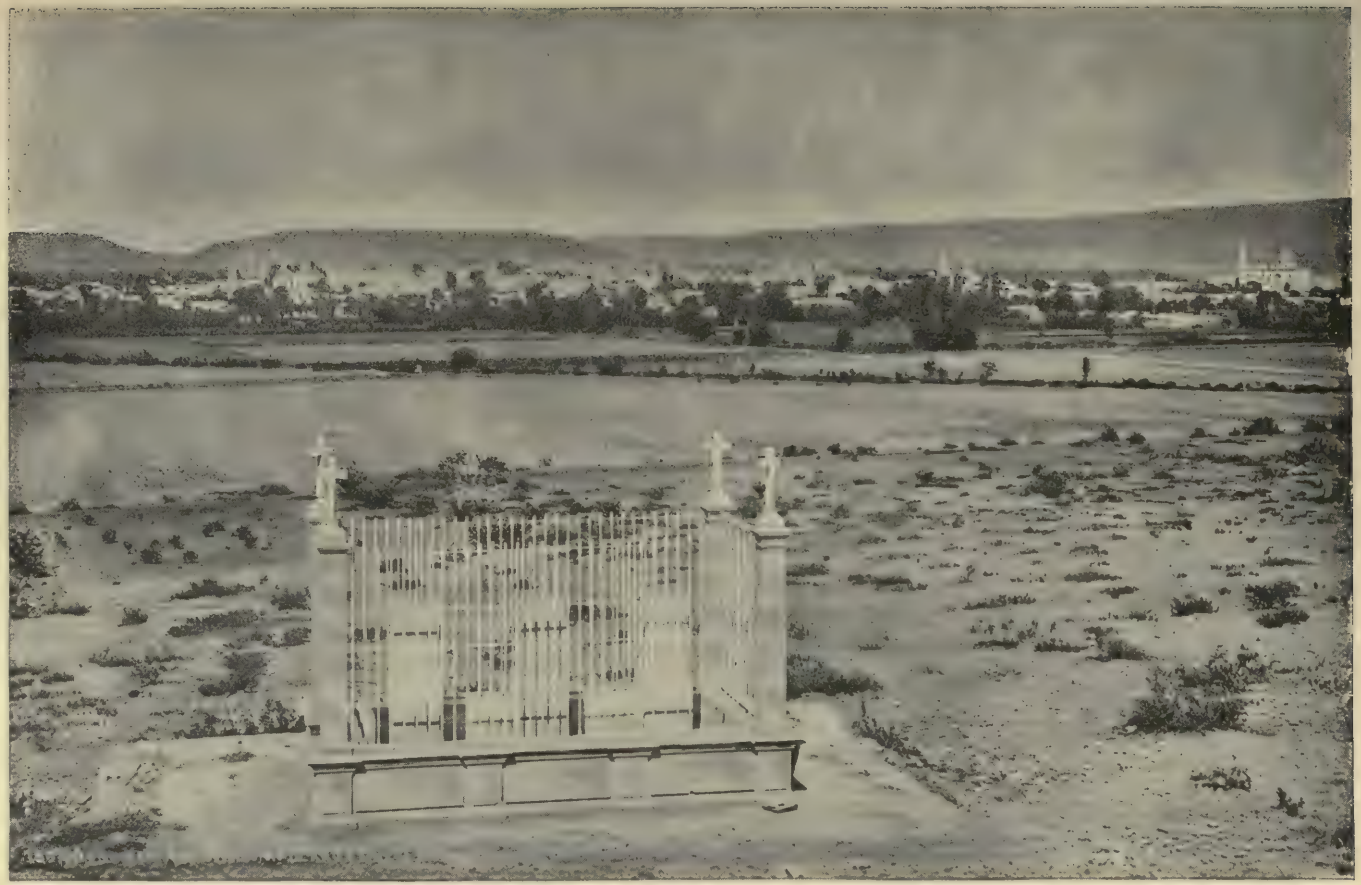
Tempting strawberries in pretty baskets are purchased, but, sad to relate, they prove to be mostly cabbage leaves, with which the basket is lined until there is only room for a few dozen berries.

I omitted to mention the Mapirmi desert, through which we pass, some four hundred miles from Chihuahua. It was then covered with grass, several inches in height, and herds of sleek cattle browsed about; but I was told that after the rainy season the cattle withdrew to better watered localities, and the birds, also, flew away, but the grass still stood dry and motionless on the desolate plain.

Lagos, a city of perhaps forty thousand inhabitants, is the seat of extensive manufactures, and especially important as the central station, whence branch lines will extend to the famous mining cities of San Luis Potosi on the east and Guadalajara on the west.

The largest manufacturing city in the republic is Leon. Its population is one hundred thousand, and the principal manufactures are cottons and woolens, hats, boots and shoes, and cutlery.

Silao is beautifully situated in a fertile valley. It has extensive mills, and is the junction of the branch line to Guanajuato, that famous city nestling in the mountains full of patriotic and historic associations. The branch extends from Silao to Marfil, about twelve miles; and three miles further, up a steep and rugged mountain, the



MONUMENT TO MAXIMILIAN AT QUERETARO.

tram connects with the city. The inhabitants are mostly engaged in silver mining.

Passing Irapuato, Salamanca, and Celaya, we come to Querétaro—capital of the State of that name—a beautiful and interesting city—familiar to all as the place where Maximilian, Miramon, and Mejia were executed. The place is marked by three crosses.

Along the line of the railway, as elsewhere, many memorial crosses may be seen. Sometimes they mark the scene of deadly combat, and again, point the traveler to the spot where a murder has been com-

WATER-CARRIER OF QUERETARO.

mitted, and ask the prayers of the faithful for the repose of the soul thus violently launched into eternity without the last rites of the Church. The piles of stones about the crosses represent the petitions that have been offered up, and, judging from the heaps we saw, the mute appeal must be seldom disregarded.

San Juan del Rio is reached, and we ascend from its lovely and picturesque valley and along the elevated region to Marquez. We then descend into the beautiful Tula Valley, with its varied scenery and tropical growths. Every village has its history, with traditions older still.

Our reflections are broken and we are warned of the approaching

end of the journey by the announcement that we are nearing the great Nochistongo *Pass* Originally this was a tunnel, but now it has more the appearance of a vast chasm rent in the earth by a mighty volcanic upheaval. The railway is constructed upon its very border, and often it seems as if the train would leap across this yawning aperture. Two centuries of time, and millions of dollars, were expended upon its construction. Beyond all doubt it was one of the most stupendous hydraulic enterprises ever undertaken by mortal man. Under the Spanish dominion the Aztec system of dikes was done away with, and in 1607, the scheme of draining the city by a tunnel was commenced. The tunnel was twenty-one thousand six hundred and fifty feet long, but it fell in, and consequently the whole valley was inundated. The Spaniards, to prevent the city being drowned out, recommenced the laborious task on the Nochistongo, converting it into an open channel, four miles long. This great trench was completed in 1739, and thousands of Indians perished in the work.

As it now stands, the Nochistongo is the original tunnel with the earth removed from the mountains, making an open channel for the water. It winds through the mountains with a slight incline—a frightful spectacle, three hundred and sixty-two feet in breadth, about one hundred and sixty-four in depth, and extends twelve and a half miles; but, though centuries have elapsed, it is still unfinished.

A few more turns of the road, a shrill whistle, a general movement on the part of the passengers, and we come to a halt in the handsome depot of the Mexican Central. Carriages are drawn up in line, their swarthy Jehus filling the air with their peculiar idioms. In one of them we were borne along through grand old historic streets to the Hotel San Carlos.

Once inside its massive doors the visitor finds himself initiated into still stranger "*costumbres*." He is registered by the *administrador* (manager), and is then consigned to the *camarista* (a male chambermaid), and together they toil up one flight of stairs to where the master of keys and letter-boxes—a pure Indian—gracefully performs his part of the business. Glance downward over your shoulder and

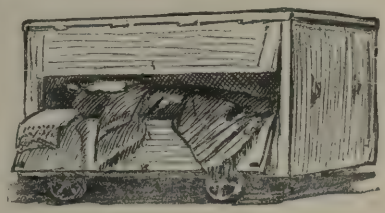
THE GREAT NOCHISTOOGO PASS.

you will see your name enrolled on an enormous blackboard, from which any visitor may read your arrival without the trouble of investigating the register or questioning the *administrador*.

We found ourselves at last upon the third corridor, No. 54, in a grand old room with a fine view from the front window of the bustling Calle del Coliseo below, while through the door opening upon the inner galleries an enchanting prospect is afforded of a court filled with gorgeous flowers and tropical plants flooded with silvery sunshine.

The *camarista* manifested his pleasure in serving me and in due form of courtesy introduced himself as Pomposo Vazques, "*Elscriado de V.*" ("Your obedient servant"). On entering the room, he directed attention to the placard of printed rules and to the bell—insisting that he should be called at any time. In the evening a gentle tap at the door, to which I responded, showed me the full-length figure of Pomposo, in all his dignity. He wished to know if I needed anything, on which I asked for matches. With arms pinioned to his sides, hands thrown upward above his shoulders, digits outspread, with eyes serious, mouth drawn to one side and head shaking ominously, he informed me: "*En este hotel siempre faltan cerillos y jabon!*" ("In this hotel we never furnish matches and soap"). After this speech he moved backward step by step, like a grand chamberlain retiring from the presence of royalty, until his grotesque figure reached the doorway and disappeared in the corridor.

About nine o'clock I heard an awful rumbling and shaking of the building, as if the whole structure was toppling over. No solution came that night, but next morning when Pomposo came on his rounds, I ascertained that it was the *mozo* rolling his strangely constructed bed to the front door, where, snugly ensconced, he could, at a moment's notice, admit a lodger or ward off an intruder.



THE "HOME, SWEET HOME" OF THE MOZO OF SAN CARLOS.

Before entering on my more serious labors, I recall an amusing incident in which Pomposo figures as principal. Like all the other hotels at the capital, the San Carlos is kept on the European plan, which made it necessary for guests to pass through an open *patio* to the restaurant. On one occasion, when going down to dinner, I encountered Pomposo at the head of the stairway. He came rapidly toward me, flourishing his arms, as if the house were on fire or Popocatapetl had made a fresh outbreak, and almost out of breath, exclaimed: "Porfirio! Porfirio! Porfirio!"

"Who is Porfirio? and what is the matter?" I asked. Completely overcome, he sat down, and, not comprehending my lack of understanding, continued breathlessly: "In the grand dining-room down stairs, Porfirio has sixteen friends; they are eating; hush! Do you not hear the music?" I still asked to be enlightened as to the august Porfirio, whose name had cast a spell on Pomposo.

"WE NEVER FURNISH SOAP AND MATCHES IN THIS HOTEL."

"Do you not know General Porfirio Diaz, our President?" And without waiting for an answer, added, "Don't go down till later, *por Dios Santo!*"

CHAPTER VI.

TENOCHTITLAN—THE AZTEC CAPITAL.

AMONG the many northern tribes which invaded the lovely valley of Anahuac in the twelfth century were the Aztecs or Mexicans. After leading a nomadic life for more than a century—weary from their wanderings—they rested on the borders of Lake Tezcuco. The remarkable revelation of an eagle with outspread wings, standing upon a *tunal* that grew from a fissure in a rock on the water's edge, holding in his talons a serpent, impressed them as a favorable omen of future sovereignty, and indicated this spot as a permanent abiding place. At once they began preparations for building their city. Upon a slender foundation of reeds, rushes, and piles in the spongy marshes of Tezcuco the Aztecs built their huts, to be replaced in time by the solid structures which adorned the city at the coming of the Spaniards. This was the beginning of *Tenochtitlan* ("cactus on a stone"), named in honor of its supernatural origin—the capital of the most powerful empire of the Western world. To-day the hoary superstition is sacredly embodied as the national emblem on the escutcheon of Mexico.

From these humble beginnings, by subjugations of the weak and alliances with the strong, this Indian empire extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from unknown limits on the north to the Gulf.

This city was the great center of government, law, and religion to

this vast sovereignty, and had a population about the same as to-day. The wondrous tale of its wealth and grandeur and imposing magnificence has been often told; also how it was razed to the ground by the conquerors, and its canals filled with the débris of temple and palace. It was then rebuilt, and rose from its ashes exceeding its original splendor; and to-day—having withstood sieges, and witnessed the rise and fall of rulers, from the Spanish viceroys to the Habsburg—it stands in unrivaled beauty, the capital of the Mexican Republic.

Wonderful impressions present themselves to a thoughtful mind on entering for the first time this great metropolis, where every foot of ground is historic—the Rome of America, once the Venice. At the time of the conquest, in 1519, every street was a canal, thronged with Indians, peculiarly attired, paddling along in their canoes, conducting the entire commercial and agricultural business of the valley of Anahuac! "How gay and picturesque must have been the aspect of the lake in those days," says Prescott, "with its shining cities and flowering islets rocking, as it were at anchor, on the fair bosom of its waters!"

The ancient city had then three distinct avenues or causeways which connected it with the mainland, and to which is attached much historic interest.

The Spaniards first entered the city at its southern extremity by the causeway of Iztapalapan. The Tepeyac is on the northern boundary, and is connected with the first-mentioned causeway by a long street. It was on the hill Tepeyac that the Virgin Guadalupe appeared to Juan Diego. Owing to this, Tepeyac is also known as Guadalupe. It is three miles from the city. The third causeway, Tlacopan, is quite as memorably historic. The Calle de Tacuba is the ancient causeway of Tlacopan. It was here that the Spaniards were defeated by the Aztecs, and, as is related by all historians, here also Pedro Alvarado made his famous leap, on the terrible night of July 1, 1520—the *Noche Triste*. It must have been indeed a night of sorrow for the conquerors. A pitiless rain poured down upon the invaders. Neither starlight nor moonlight lent their gentle radiance to a scene

so terrible. But to remain at that point was not possible; accordingly one of Cortez's most faithful soldiers, Sandoval, led the now dismayed Spaniards. Forty men carried a wooden bridge, by which the troops might cross the ditches and canals, otherwise impassable.

All crossed safely; the sentinels on duty were easily silenced, but the ever-wakeful priests in the temple, also on watch, were attracted by the unusual noise.

Instantly the cry "To arms!" was raised, the trumpets were sounded, and the inhabitants aroused from their peaceful slumbers. By the time the Spaniards had reached the second canal, they were entirely surrounded by water, and the groans of the dead and dying mingled strangely with the beating of the rain and the fury of the wind. The third canal was reached, but in attempting to cross, the few remaining soldiers were killed, and Alvarado the fearless was left alone.

Resting his lance in the bottom of the canal, he gave a spring and was landed safely on the opposite bank.

When the Indians beheld this feat, they ate handful after handful of dirt, and exclaimed: "Truly this man is the offspring of the sun!" Since that time the place has borne the name of "*El Salto de Alvarado.*"*

At Popotla, somewhat over two miles from the capital, still stands in reasonable preservation the celebrated "*Arbol de la Noche Triste*" ("Tree of the Sad Night"), against which Cortez leant and wept on the night of his defeat by the Aztecs.

Only a short distance beyond Popotla is Atzcapotzalco. In Aztec days this town was their great slave market, and on each recurring sale-day the Indian maidens were decked out in all their bewitching adornments to dance and sing, in order to please those who might become purchasers.

The city of Mexico, which stands on the site of the ancient city, is one of the finest and best built cities on the continent. The architecture

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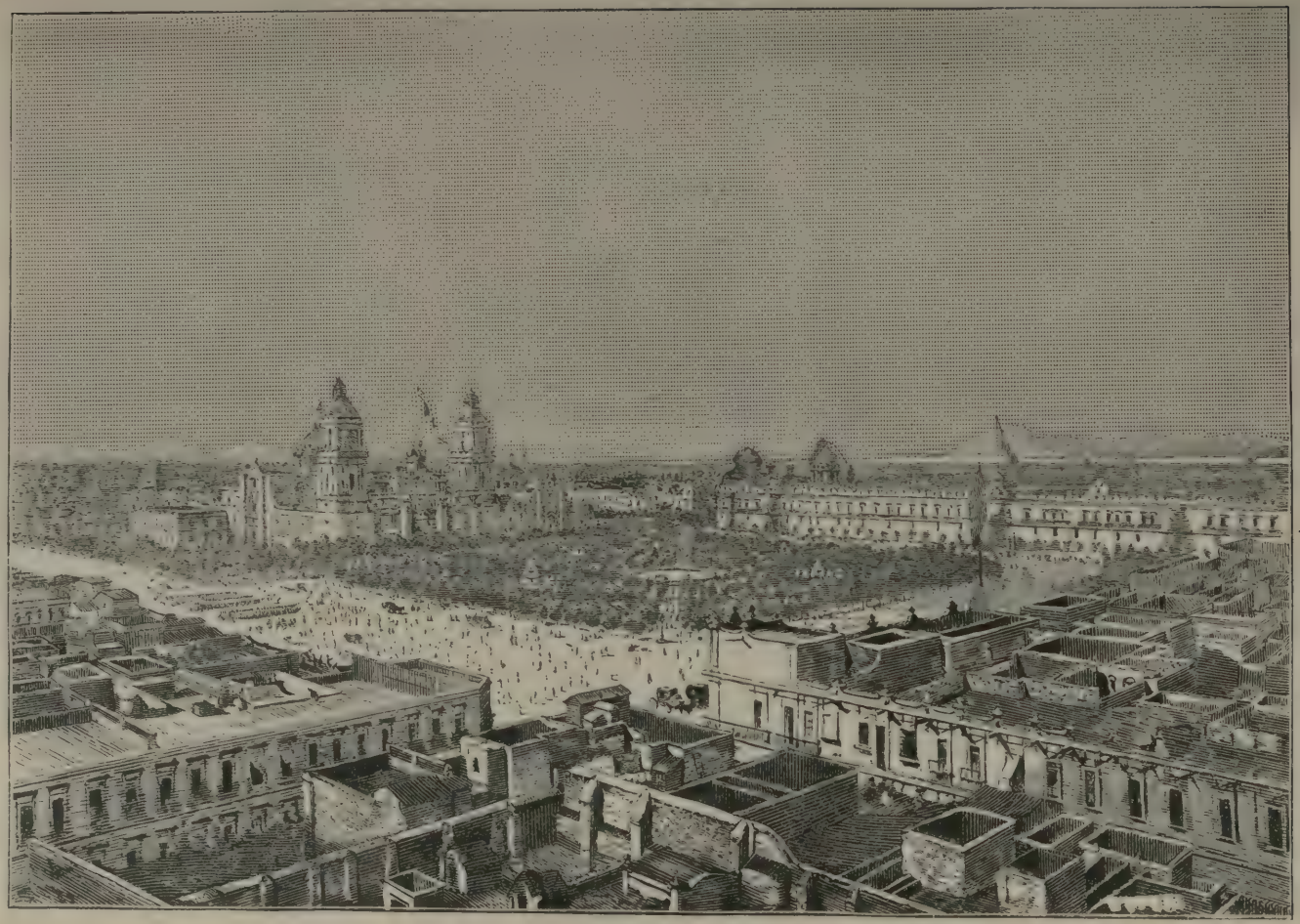
* Bernal Diaz discredits as impossible this exploit.

is grand and massive rather than diversified and ornate. The monotony of solid walls and high-arched portals at first strikes the stranger with a feeling akin to disappointment, but familiarity brings only a deeper consciousness of the grandeur of the whole. A singular and impressive feature is the fact that not only is the site that of the ancient Aztec capital, but the general style of the buildings remains the same. The flat roof, the *azotea*, the square surrounding the *patio*, all belong to the past as to the present.

The *Plaza Mayor*, or Zócalo, is said to be unequaled anywhere. One entire side is covered by the cathedral, which occupies the site of the temple of the Aztec war-god. The National Palace, formerly the residence of the viceroys, covers another side, and stands on the veritable site of the Halls of the Montezumas. The other two sides are occupied by the shady portals.

The great causeways are still in use as leading highways, and the streets are laid out in symmetrical lines, running at right angles—north and south, east and west. Each side of a block has its individual name, but often the same is applied to three or four squares consecutively—as the three San Franciscos, the two Calles Plateros, "streets of the silversmiths," and the first, second, third, and fourth Providencias. A narrow street is called a *callejon*. An effort has recently been made to change this puzzling method by giving the same name to a street throughout its entire length.

I was much interested in the tradition of the "*Calle del Indio Triste*" ("Street of the Sad Indian"). A wealthy Indian cacique established his home there, and then became a spy upon his own tribe, steadily informing the viceroy of all their plans and intentions. He failed from some cause to make known to the latter a mutiny which was in process of execution. This gave the viceroy a pretext for the confiscation of his property. Poor and despised by his own people and held in contempt by the Spaniards, he took his seat on the corner of the street, weeping and distressed, refusing food or comfort, and finally, in this melancholy attitude, he breathed his last. His property passed to the crown, and with a view to teaching



THE ZOCALO.

the Indians a lesson, the viceroy had erected the statue of an Indian weeping, in the same attitude as the real one, sitting with his back to the wall, which remained there until the house was demolished, when the statue was sent to the museum. But the street did not change its name.

The street-car system is admirable. First and second-class cars are yellow and green, and every ten, fifteen, thirty, or sixty minutes they leave the Zócalo all in a line, one after another, on their rounds, some of which include a radius of from ten to twenty miles.

Every moment in the day the ear is regaled with the unmelodious tooting of a cow's horn in the hands of the car driver. These men manage to extract more muscular exertion from their *mulas* than ever did a hard-hearted Sambo.

As the street-car lines have their second and third-class lines, with prices to correspond, so also is the cab system regulated.

The distinction in prices is indicated by flags. Carriages bearing a blue flag are first class, and may be had for $1.00 an hour, while a red flag is second class and costs 75 cents; a white flag shows a third-class coach, price 50 cents an hour. No deviation from these rules is allowed save on feast-days. But as those who dance must pay the piper, so, also, he who rides in a Mexican cab must pay the driver his fee of a *medio* for his *pulque*.

One great convenience in these cabs is a cord which is worn on the arm of the driver, one end being in the carriage, so that the passenger may at any time call an instantaneous halt without exhausting his lungs.

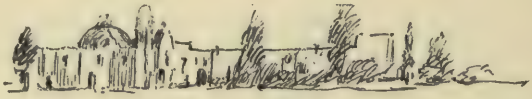
The iron-handed law at the Federal capital is unrelenting toward cabmen, and as the rates are posted in each vehicle and the drivers are all numbered, there is no necessity for an over-charge. Americans, with their profligacy in small change, are the most easily imposed upon, but if they make complaint the abuse is at once corrected, and the driver stands a chance of losing his position.

There is no fire department to speak of: as the buildings are either of stone or some other fire-proof substance, a conflagration is

of rare occurrence, and is a notable event of an ordinary life-time. There is but one fire-engine in the city, and perhaps in the republic, counting upon its venerable cogs and wheels at least forty summers.

Another machine, equally primitive, is the only water-sprinkler. Its operations are chiefly confined to the Paseo; but it has many sturdy competitors in the *mozos* in white who throw bucketful after bucketful of water before their masters' doors.

No city is more peaceful after night-fall. Pulque shops, by order of the government, close at six o'clock in the evening, and are opened



THE NEW AND THE OLD.

at the same hour in the morning. The city is so well patrolled that one may perambulate the streets at any hour of the night without fear of encountering rudeness. Little or no drunkenness is seen, though more than 250,000 pints of the beverage are daily consumed. The imbibers go at once to their homes, there to sleep off the effects of their indulgence.

The city lies in the lowest part of the valley of Mexico, like a deep-set jewel. From its location, and other unexplained causes, it

has several times been visited with frightful inundations, which have threatened to wash it from the earth. Of these the most wonderful was known as the "Fountain of Acucasexcatl," which sprang spontaneously from the ground during the reign of Ahuizotl. Another was the "Torrent," which, like the fountain, spread over the valley in the lowest places to the depth of about nine feet of water on the ordinary level. The death rate from drowning and disease, superinduced by the long-standing water, was terrible.

The chief cause of these inundations is believed to be the proximity of the lakes, which lie at unequal heights around the city. When the summer rains filled the highest, Lake Zumpango, it would overflow into the next, Lake of San Cristobal, and when that was full it in turn disgorged into a lower one, Texcoco, and so on until the waters overflowed into the plains of San Lazaro, and thence penetrated into the city. There is no danger from lakes Xochimilco and Chalco except in case of melting snows from Popocatapetl.

Seven times within the knowledge of man the city of Mexico has been inundated. Four times the calamitous visitation came in one century, twice in a brief interval of only three years; the latest occurred in 1629.

The finest engineering talent in the republic has been called into requisition to devise a system of drainage, but a wide difference of opinion as to the best means still prevails. Some favor a tunnel, but as the soil is spongy and treacherous, there could be no guarantee against its sinking. This, together with the prospect at any time of an earthquake, forbids the plan. Others recommend the extension of the Nochistongo, which is now utilized, and is partially effective.

Several engineering companies from our northern States have attempted to investigate the gigantic and dangerous task of draining the city, and if the problem be finally solved it will probably be by means of Yankee ingenuity and machinery.

When the great earthquake of 1882 visited the capital, it is claimed that the nearness of the water to the surface of the earth saved it from destruction. The opinion prevails amongst intelligent

people that a thorough drainage of the city would increase the danger from this source.

The foundations of a large proportion of the houses are laid either in water or in marshy flats; and I have often seen a loaded wagon, carriage, or cart perceptibly shake a two-story house. The School of Mines, a massive and immense structure, has sunk more than six feet in the earth within forty years, so I was informed by Professor Costillo, of that institution.

Mexico has been termed the Rome of America, not only because of its temples and palaces, but also on account of its churches and other ecclesiastical buildings; but many of the latter are alienated from their original use, while of the one hundred church buildings, only half this number are now devoted to religious services. The grand Gothic cathedral rises majestically above all surrounding objects, the most conspicuous feature in the architecture of the metropolis. It is built of unhewn stone, and is five hundred feet in length by four hundred and twenty in width. The walls are several feet in thickness. This great building was completed in 1667, nearly one hundred years after its foundation, at a cost of two million dollars. Its exterior is majestic and imposing, and the interior gorgeously painted and decorated, its altars enriched with gold, silver, and jewels.

But with all its grandeur the cathedral is anything but a choice place for devotional exercises. True democracy is the rule, and the most degraded, unclean *lepero* has as much space allotted to him as the grandest lady or gentleman. This is undoubtedly the true spirit and intent of Christianity, but one cannot help being a little fastidious. I have seen men most earnestly engaged in their devotions, with dozens of chickens, and as many turkeys as they could carry, suspended from their persons; women with burro loads of vegetables on their shoulders, others with one or two pappooses screaming and wiggling in their mothers' *rebozos*, all in such numbers as to forbid pious meditations.

Skirting the west side of the cathedral is a shady garden with fountains and seats, terminating in a most unique and choice flower market. At the corner, facing the Zócalo, there is a heap of curiously

carved stones and broken columns, and, pushing aside the gorgeous screen of flowers and vines, the inscription may be read: "Stones from the bloody sacrificial altar of Huitzilopotztli, used afterward in the first temple that the Spaniards erected to the Christian faith."

The church of Santa Brigida (St. Bridget's) is the most modern in its interior arrangements, having comfortable pews and carpeted aisles. But Santa Teresa, with its exquisitely painted interior; San Hipolito, with the exterior of its dome of glittering porcelain mosaic; and grand old San Fernando, with illustrious memories and associations, whose time-worn floors have echoed the footsteps of generations — these speak volumes in their silence and mellow gloom.

Of public monuments and statues there are five—the most noteworthy that of Carlos IV. at the head of the Paseo, which, with the exception of that of Marcus Aurelius at Rome, is perhaps the largest in the world. It was cast in Mexico, the first in the Western hemisphere. The statues of Christopher Columbus, President Juarez, and Cuatimotzin, the last of the Aztec kings, are all marvels of beauty and finish, and adorn the Paseo de la Reforma—the grand avenue or boulevard of the capital. This noble drive extends about three miles from the Alameda to Chapultepec, and is broad enough for six carriages to drive abreast. But usually they are driven in line, while the gayly equipped *caballeros* curvet in the opposite direction. Policemen are stationed every few yards. On either side the sidewalks are lined with pedestrians, in their "Sunday best"—groups of beautifully dressed children indulge in childish sports, the band plays, and all Mexico is jubilant.

There are five public markets. The principal one covers an entire block, but, despite its wealth of fruits, vegetables, game, fish and meat, is a wretchedly forlorn place, having no building, but merely a collection of huts, booths, and tents, which are most uninviting to the stranger.

The public gardens number twelve, the chief of which is the Alameda, and are all laid out in truly Parisian style.

Excellent educational facilities are afforded at the capital. Among them are the School of Arts and Professions for Women, Industrial

Schools for Men, the Academy of Fine Arts, Conservatory of Music, School of Mines or Engineering, School of Jurisprudence, Military Institute, Medical Institute, Commercial College, Girls' College, Preparatory Institute for Boys (equal to one of our best colleges), Deaf and Dumb, and Blind Institutes, the National Museum, and a superb Public Library with one hundred and sixty thousand volumes.

For the National Schools, President Diaz has prescribed a course of study for seven years in agriculture and engineering. The latter includes French, English, German, Greek and Latin roots, geography, drafting, meteorology, chemistry, botany, geology, architecture, agriculture, technology, surveying, book-keeping, and political economy. The medical course also covers seven years, and includes, in addition to the above, all the branches requisite to the profession. Thoroughness is required in everything, no diplomas being granted without proficiency.

I visited many of these public institutions of learning, and found them admirably conducted. I was especially interested in the School for the Blind, and surprised to find the pupils outnumber the teachers only a little more than two to one—the former numbering sixty-seven, the latter thirty-one. The salaries of teachers range from twenty to seventy dollars per month. On entering the school a photograph is taken of each pupil and pasted in a large book. By its side is placed a full description, with age, date, and place of birth, and quantity and quality of clothing. The object of the photograph is to prevent a possible substitution of one for another, and preserve the identity of each pupil.

Musical culture is the leading feature here, as in every institution of learning in the country. The orchestra played, and a young girl of sixteen sang for us, in a rich, mellow contralto which filled the building, selections from *Il Trovatore*. Another was asked by her teacher to read for us. She began in a clear voice reading an account of the entrance of General Scott into the city of Mexico. When she read "he entered *sin valor*" ("without courage"), the teacher gently interposed, and requested her to read in another place, which she

THE CATHEDRAL.

did, to my serious disappointment, for I was anxious to know in what spirit even a blind Mexican would read the history of that war.

The School for the Deaf and Dumb is conducted after the most modern methods, the pupils being taught articulation, only the older ones using manual signs. Many of the teachers have received a European education.

The noblest institution that I visited was the "*Escuela de Artes y Oficios para las Mujeres*" ("School of Arts and Trades for Women"), of which Juarez was the founder and benefactor. It gives to poor girls unequaled advantages for learning, without fear of the absence of their "daily bread," to make themselves independent of want. The government gives them comfortable rooms, two good meals a day, and furnishes many of the poorer pupils with clothing. Each girl wears a long, brown holland apron; their faces are clean, hair neatly braided, and every care taken that they may make, at all times, a neat appearance. Several hours daily are devoted to the acquirement of a practical education. Bookbinding, printing, book-keeping, drawing, painting, music, embroidery are taught; also the manufacture of picture-frames, and, on cunning little hand-looms, cords and fringes of all colors for decorative purposes. The pupils upholster skillfully and artistically furniture that would adorn a mansion. There is a neat store in the building, belonging to the institution, in which the work of the pupils is disposed of for their benefit. They conduct a neatly printed weekly newspaper, consisting of four sheets, and called *La Mujer*.

In all the wise concepts of her Indian chief, Mexico has no higher monument to his greatness than this industrial school for the elevation of her women.

There are three hundred and sixty-eight pupils receiving the benefits of this institution, from misses of twelve years to demure matrons in middle life.

The public schools are numerous and well patronized. I was pleased to see the eagerness with which the pupils seized their opportunities for gaining knowledge. My American friend, Mrs. C——,

has classes in English in several of these institutions, where I heard them reciting fluently in my own tongue. It is estimated that fully eight thousand people are now studying English at the capital.

The public charitable institutions are also numerous, and include the Insane Asylum, Foundling Hospital, House of Maternity, founded by Carlotta; Poor-House, Leper Institute, and several hospitals.

The *Monte de Piedad*, or pawnshop, founded by Count Regla, is one of the noblest benefactions, enabling those whom misfortune has visited to realize or receive advances upon valuables without the risk of losing them. These pawnshops exist all over the country, and all classes can alike avail themselves of their advantages.

WATER-CARRIER AT THE CAPITAL.

The city has four large theaters, the National being the second largest on the Western continent, but its interior furnishings are but a mockery in this age of elegance and luxury. Once gorgeous in their rich gildings and fanciful upholstery, they now appear in a sad state of dilapidation. There are many hotels, all kept upon the European plan, and the *Concordia*, which is the Delmonico of the capital.

The mercantile establishments do not generally possess in their exterior the attractions of those of our own cities. It is but a short time since a few of the leading merchants have had recourse to show-windows, but in these now are exhibited the choicest wares of home and foreign production—exquisitely set diamonds, rare jewels of all kinds, bronzes, statuary and French china. Added to these are displayed laces, velvets, silks, and Parisian dresses, and an endless variety of foreign importations, including French dolls, the prettiest I ever saw. Once inside the stores, the activity and agility of the clerks, in

their eagerness to wait upon you, are equaled only by their lack of system and business management. Be sure, however, that you will have an opportunity of purchasing some of the rarest and most costly dress fabrics upon which one's eyes ever rested.

The *Monterilla*, the stores along the *portales*, are the "Sixth Avenue" of the capital. The same classes of goods are kept as on *Plateros*, and for a much less price, a fact which holds in check the charges in the latter.

I saw comparatively few of our American dress fabrics in any of the stores; only domestics, prints, and goods of low grade. But there is no question in my mind that American silks, hats, ribbons and woolens, as well as almost every kind of ready-made goods, would find a profitable market if only properly introduced. The *portales* is the place of all others to buy curios of every possible description.

A few practical words must be given as to the general lives of the people of the capital—the method of house-renting, and the forms to be complied with before establishing a home there. Agencies for the leasing and renting of houses, accompanied by our modern advertising, are unknown. To secure a house, one must tramp up and down the streets looking for pieces of paper pinned to the iron rods of the windows. On finding one that suits, he must strain his neck out of the socket and wear out his shoes searching for owner or agent. Then he must procure a *fiador*—generally a merchant or man of business, who will act as security and assume responsibility in case of a possible delinquency. The contract is well worthy of attention. It is almost enveloped in stamps, and bulky enough for a treaty between foreign nations. After much delay and formality, this document is duly signed, and you are put in possession of your new domicile.

The familiar phrase, that "Three moves are equal to a fire," is here emphasized. One's earthly goods must be carried either on the backs of men or on the street-cars. If the first mode of transportation be resorted to, it is generally necessary to dispatch a trusty serv-

ant of the household with each load of goods, lest the *cargador* find it convenient to take his departure, with your valuables, for some unknown locality.

Houses are generally constructed on the *vivienda* plan; that is, on one floor there may be from four to six establishments containing from two to six or eight rooms. But such smaller conveniences as closets are unknown.

Rents are high at all times, and in desirable localities excessive. Inside apartments, with five rooms facing the court, rent for $40 per month; of the same size, with one to four windows opening on the street, from $60 to $80, according to location. Houses are, generally, two and three stories in height, and the higher one goes, the more rent is demanded. For health's sake, the sunny side of the building is absolutely necessary—a fact considered by the owner in his assessment of rents.

Greater attention is now paid than formerly to the plumbing, ventilation and general sanitation of the houses, but still there remains much to be desired. The drainage of the city is so very imperfect that it will be long, if ever, before the houses built many years ago can be made to fulfill modern requirements.

Many well-to-do families occupy apartments over business houses, and sometimes over *pulque* shops. The *portero* may be either a man or woman, who resides with his or her family in a little dark, damp apartment under the stairs. I have sometimes counted two or three turkeys, several chickens, a pig or two, dogs without number, and endless children, besides all the cooking and sleeping arrangements of the whole family, in one small room. When you ascend the stairs, the transformation is complete. Blooming plants, singing birds, carpeted halls and stairways, curtained windows and shaded balconies afford a striking contrast.

I wish that space would admit of an extended mention of the Mexican flora, the variety and gorgeousness of which must be seen to be appreciated. The most striking characteristic of the Mexican flowers is their deep, rich coloring. If red, it is the most glowing and

MEXICO CITY.

Some fragrant trees
By flower-sown seas
Where boats go up and down,
And a sense of rest
To the tired breast
In this beauteous Aztec town.

But the terrible thing in this Aztec town,
That will blow men's rest into stormiest skies,
Or whether they journey or they lie down—
These wide and these wonderful Spanish eyes!

Great walls about,
Gate posts without,
That prop these sapphire skies;
Two huge gate posts
Snow white, like ghosts—
Gate posts to this Paradise!

But, oh! turn back from the high-walled town;
There is trouble enough in this world, I surmise,
Without men riding in regiments down
To die by those perilous Spanish eyes!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

intense; if yellow or purple, the richest; if white or pink, the purest and most delicate.

There is not a day in the year when fresh and lovely flowers may not be purchased for a mere trifle—roses, with great soft petals folded over each other, vie in loveliness with pansies as large as a dollar; calla lilies, the size of a fan, bloom luxuriant in every ditch; geraniums as tall as a man; sweet pea, heliotropes, camellias, and magnificent poppies, so enormous that one will cover a plate, and so resplendent in color as to rival the far-famed poppy fields of India.

The most remarkable of all the flowers is "*el arbol de las manitas*" ("tree of the little hands"), *cheirostemon platonides*, a native of cold lands. The bright-red flowers are well-defined, miniature hands. It has the leaf of the platonos tree, which is common in European gardens. The flower is a popular remedy with the Indians for heart disease. It grows wild, but is very scarce, there being only one in the National Palace Gardens, one in San Francisco Garden, and a few in the valley of Tohica. It has a black seed, smaller than a pea, is very slow of growth, and at ninety years of age has attained no remarkable size or height.

Tulipan—botanical name *Hibiscus rosa sinensis*, a native of East India. The flowers are both single and double, are scarlet, pale yellow, and chocolate-colored—three varieties. They are indigenous to hot countries, and serve no purpose save ornamentation. The leaf is a beautiful dark green, resembling that of the orange; altogether, it is one of the most gorgeous of all the flowers that are seen in Mexico.

"*Flor de noche buena*," or Christmas flower (*Poinsittia pulcherrima*), belongs to the tribe of Euphorbia. It grows about four meters high; the leaves are large and of a dark, lusterless green. When the plant stops blooming the leaves put forth. The flower itself is insignificant, but around it are several bracteas, large, and of a brilliant scarlet color. It begins to bloom at Christmas and ceases in about two months. It is also used by the Indians as a remedy for some of their numerous maladies. It can be grown from cuttings.

Another remarkable plant that blooms in the hot countries as early

as January, February, or March, and in colder climates later, is called *plumeria*. In the stem and leaves it contains a white milky juice. It grows to several yards in height. Some bear rose-colored flowers, others white, and others yellow, which have a powerful but pleasant odor. The Aztec name is *cacolox ochitt*, which means the flower of the raven. It is indigenous to the country, and is propagated from branches.

The Valley of Mexico is the valley of the lily, although the lily of the valley, as I am told, does not grow there. But there are above fifty varieties, no two alike, blooming on mountain, crag, or plain, which for beauty and coloring are unequaled.

ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM.

A visit to the Academy of Fine Arts should not be omitted. Hours may be profitably employed there, and one will come away with the desire to examine further its impressive treasures.

The native talent is unquestionably fine. But, though fostered and encouraged by the government, it lacks the stimulus of popular appreciation and demand. Thus it happens that some of the most accomplished artists suffer for the essentials of life, or, as an alternative, expend their skill upon the gay interiors of *pulque* shops.

In the great National Academy of San Carlos, one may see drawings that would reflect credit on any school of art. They display a soft and delicate touch, with much attention to the most minute details of finish.

In painting, as in drawing, the art school chooses an over-smooth finish ; in this differing from the general modern style.

Few of the pupils seem to have been inspired by the beautiful natural objects of their own country. Indeed, with the exception of Velasco, who takes precedence in landscape, and whose subject is the Valley of Mexico, no one has given any attention worthy the name to Mexican scenery. Of Sr. José M. Velasco, Professor of Perspective and Landscape in the Academy, Señor Landesio, in 1867, in a

work entitled *Landscape Painting and Perspective in the National Academy*, says: "This young artist, who already is strong in himself, warrants the highest hopes, and will do great honor to his country, contributing efficaciously to this high end by his noble efforts."

His paintings have taken premiums in the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and in the Paris Exposition, and occupy prominent places in the National Academy. The world may unite in raving over its exquisite beauties, but the average native artist seeks his inspiration from other sources.

There is something mediæval in their so frequent choice of religious themes.

Some of the most interesting works in the collection are those by the early masters of the Spanish-Mexican school, to whom must be accorded precedence.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, Baltazar Echave put in the initiatory strokes. All the works of this time have a mellow richness and an even distribution of color that bespeak a broad and vigorous thought. Gay colors fill the canvas smoothly and harmoniously.

Luis Juarez has many wonderful exhibitions of his great genius. In none is it more clearly expressed than in his St. Ildefonso. The scene represents the saint having conferred upon him by angel hands the robes of office of a bishop. A virgin and angel heads fill the upper space of the canvas, the whole imparting a sweet and touching impression.

Nicolas and Juan Rodriguez, as also other contemporaries, have exhibited an equal genius and care in the execution of their work.

Cabrera and Ibarra are the most prominent figures of the second period of Mexican art, but they are not the equals, either in concep tion or execution, of the earlier masters.

Of the moderns, one of the noblest of all the paintings in the Academy is that of "Las Casas" (a priest) "Protecting the Aztecs from Slaughter by the Spaniards." It is the work of Felix Parra, and

any art gallery in the world might deem its possession a treasure, and the artist accomplished the great task before he had made a visit to the art galleries of Europe.

The next most touching to me was the "Death of Atala," which expresses a divine inspiration and is pathetic to the last degree. In

THE AZTEC CALENDAR STONE.

addition to the works of native artists, the gallery is enriched by many original paintings of the great masters of Europe. But more time cannot be given to one of the most interesting of all the public institutions of Mexico.

Mexican antiquities constitute in themselves a world of thought and research. We read of their spoliation and destruction by vandal

hands, but it seems almost incredible when a visit is made to the National Museum.

A wide difference of opinion prevails amongst archæologists and antiquarians as to the deductions on Mexican antiquities. So far, nothing is shrouded in greater mystery and to the future we must look for a solution.

Until 1884 there was no catalogue by which English-speaking tourists might enjoy the relics of antiquity in the museum. Mr. W. W. Blake, an accomplished scholar and gentleman, has recently arranged and published an excellent catalogue which unlocks a hidden world of knowledge to all who desire enlightenment. Space does not admit a mention befitting the subject, and a mere glance at a few of its leading objects must suffice.

The Aztec Calendar Stone is of solid basalt, porous but fine. It is 12 feet in diameter, and its weight is 53,790 pounds. After the conquerors leveled all the temples of Indian worship, this stone was imbedded a half yard in the marshy earth. It was exhumed in 1790. A Mexican year contained eighteen months, and these were arranged in symbolical representations upon this great stone. Some such names as these are found upon it: Sea Animal, Lizard, Death, Path of the Sun, and others of like order; until one finds himself lost in the mazes of the great barbaric puzzle.

TOLTEC—COLOSSAL HEAD IN DIORITE.

The Sacrificial Stone is a religious symbol as

well as an historical monument. Its diameter is about two and one-half meters—seven and one-half feet, while its height is perhaps four-fifths of the diameter. This stone was exhumed in 1791, about one year after the Calendar Stone. It was dedicated to the sun, and has a sculptured image of the luminary on its upper face. Groups of people are seen on its convex sides, but it is blood-curdling to see that some of these are held by the hair.

In the days of its use, it is said that from twenty to fifty thousand persons were annually sacrificed on it. Prisoners of war were usually chosen as a proper sacrifice. Arrayed in gorgeous apparel, decked with flowers, and bearing in his hands musical instruments, the victim ascended the steps of the temple. He was made the bearer of orders and messages to the sun, and when at last the stone was reached five priests bound and laid him on it, while a sixth, with a "scarlet mantle, emblematic of his bloody office, dexterously opened the breast of the wretched victim with a sharp razor, made of *itztli*, a volcanic substance, hard as flint, and inserting his hand. tore out the palpitating heart."

HUITZILOPOTCHLI, THE AZTEC GOD OF WAR.

As this ancient relic now stands in the National Museum, one may recall a long past scene, by inspecting the canal cut across the top and down one side, for the blood to pass from the victim, yet writhing in his death agony.

In close proximity to the Sacrificial Stone, the Mexican Mars (called by the euphonious name of *Huitzilopotchli*) rears his monstrous head.

In the historical part are relics of the noted men of the past, Hidalgo, Guerrero, Santa Anna, and the Emperor Iturbide. Of the latter ill-fated monarch there are ten pieces of glass showing excellent photographs.

There are about thirty pieces of Spanish armor, two of the pieces having engraved upon them the name of Pedro Alvarado. The plate of Maximilian and also his bust are here.

In the archæological department are paintings, Aztec weapons, musical instruments, wedges, spindles, idols of stone and clay, and so on, *ad fin.*

Each of the beautiful environs of the Mexican capital has its picturesque little plaza, sparkling fountain, gay flowers, and many national embellishments. A perfect street-car system, stretching over thirty-three leagues, enables the tourist to observe at leisure these towns, several of which were in existence before the conquest.

A charming day may be spent by taking a car at the Zócalo for Tacubaya, the Versailles of Mexico, thence to San Angel, where if you have not provided your own picnic dinner, you can dine at one of the comfortable *fondas.* The air is delightful here, and fruits and flowers are in abundance. Take another tram-car, from which you gain enchanting views of field, forest and glen, passing the shady picturesque village of Coyacuan, and "*El Arbol Bendito*"—a grand old tree, centuries old. Not far off may be seen the first church built by Cortez, near the capital, and the monument at Churubusco. Near this, the tram passes from Mexico. Taking it, you soon find yourself at the charming suburban town of Tlalpam—seventeen miles from the city—lying peacefully on the spurs and foot-hills of the lofty Cordilleras. With delightful impressions of the excursion you return to the city, reaching it about seven o'clock in the evening.

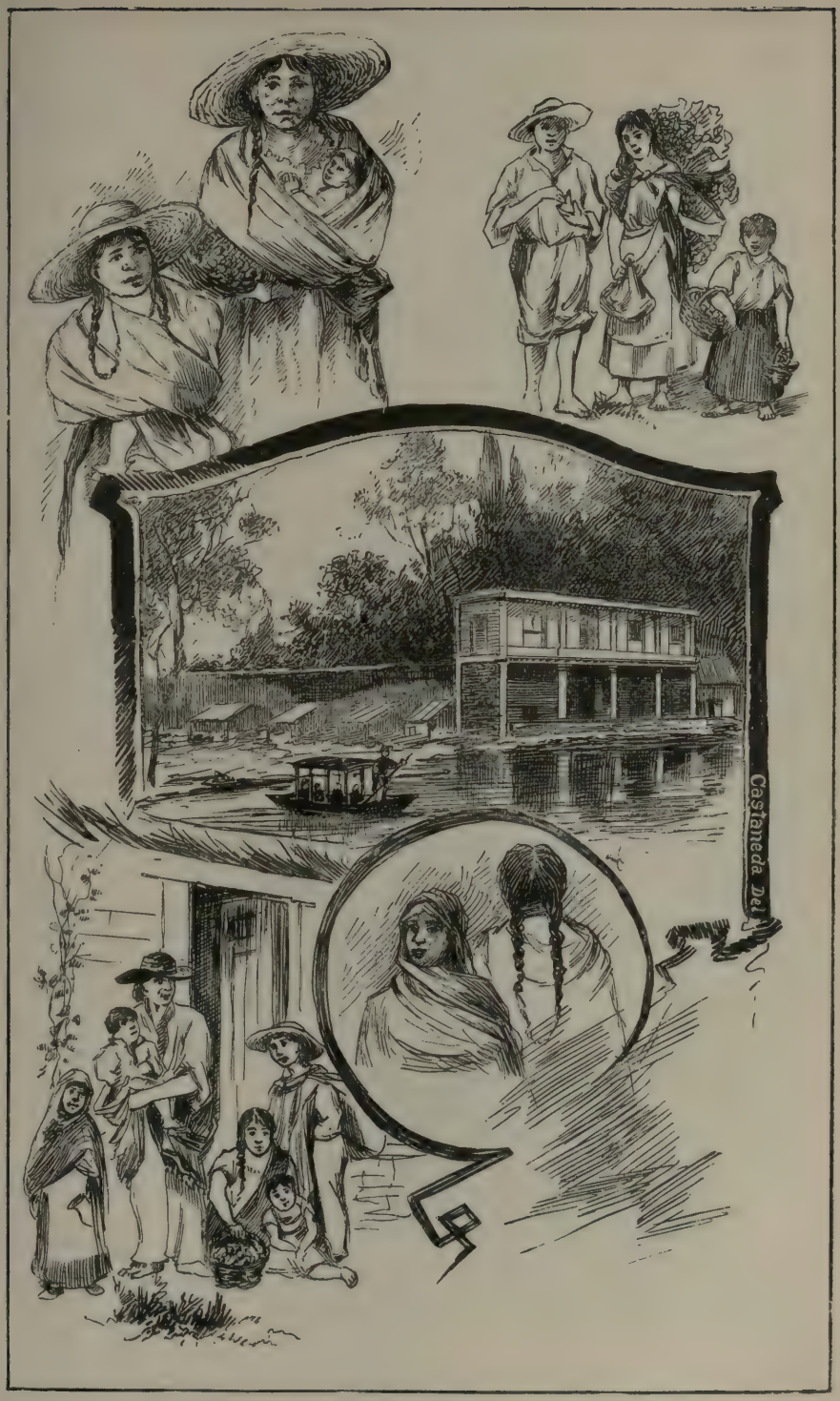
Another excursion of equal interest may be made, which includes a pilgrimage to the most sacred shrine of Mexico. Turn northward toward Lake Tezenco, still by tram, and you soon reach Cerro del Tepayac, historic ground from the days of the conquest. From this point you may survey the identical route taken by the conquerors on

entering the capital. Here also, in the *cuartel* of the soldiers, the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo was signed between the United States and Mexico, which closed the war of 1846–48.

Returing, pass along to the Viga boulevard, bordering the canal of the same name, and, leaving the car, hire a boat for a small sum and proceed down the canal to the *Chinampas*, the legendary floating gardens. The water has not a ripple, save what is made by the oars, and the big-hatted boatman gracefully swings them until you come suddenly upon the village of Santa Anita. Here you may refresh yourself with a Mexican luncheon. Lake Xochimilco, sixteen miles distant, is the main outlet of this canal. But we may come and go as oft as we will, and still find the floating gardens purely legendary. The nearest approach to a realization of the legend consists of a space of earth forming a bed for vegetables, fruits, and flowers, having on either side a ditch from which the garden is irrigated.

Humboldt says with regard to floating gardens, commonly known as the *Chinampas:* "There are two sorts of them, of which the one is movable and driven about by the winds, and the other fixed and attached to shore. The first, alone, merit the denomination of floating gardens.

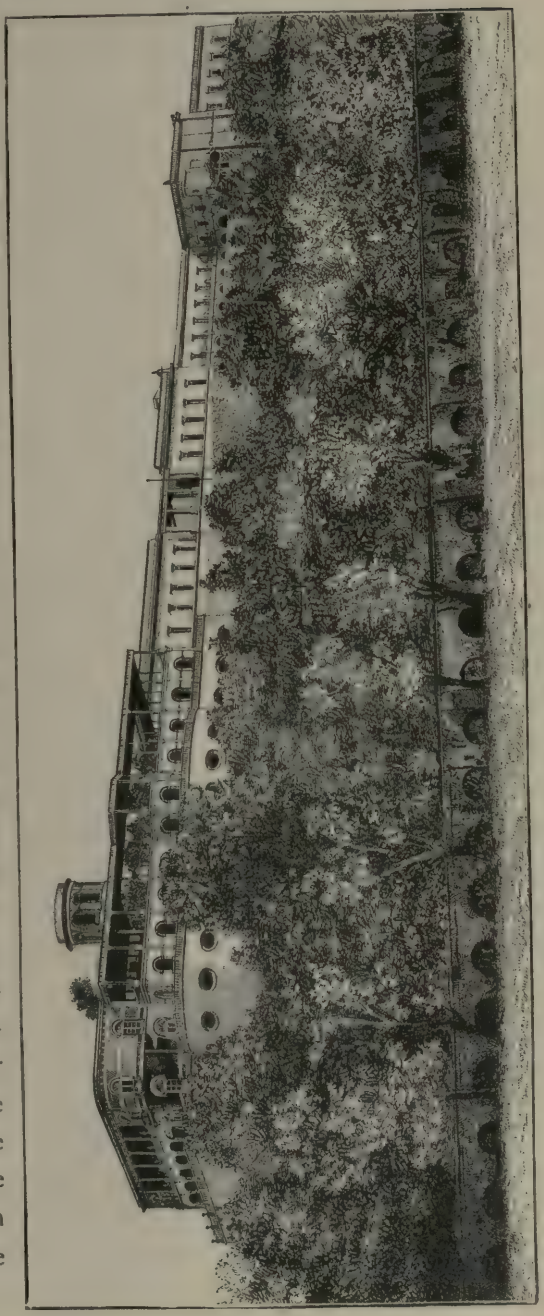
"The ingenious invention of *Chinampas* appears to go back to the end of the fourteenth century. It had its origin in the extraordinary situation of a people surrounded with enemies and compelled to live in the midst of a lake, little abounding in fish, who were forced to fall upon every means of procuring subsistence. It is even probable that nature herself suggested to the Aztecs the first idea of floating gardens. On the marshy banks of the lakes Xochimilco and Chaleo, the agitated water, in time of the great rises, carries away pieces of earth covered with herbs and bound together by roots. These, floating about for a long time and driven by the wind, sometimes unite into small islands. A tribe of men, too weak to defend themselves on the continent, would take advantage of these portions of ground which accident put within their reach, and of which no enemy disputed the property. . . . In proportion as the fresh-water lake has



AN ANCIENT HOUSE ON THE VIGA CANAL, AND A FEW OF THE PASSERS-BY.

become more distant from the salt-water lake, the movable *Chinampas* have become more fixed. . . . Every *Chinampa* forms a parallelogram of 100 meters in length, and five or six meters in breadth (328 × 16 or 19 feet). Beans, peppers, potatoes, and a magnificent variety of vegetables are cultivated on them, and every border, almost, is hedged by lovely, bright flowers."

But chief in historic interest of the sights in the vicinity of the capital, is the grand old fortress of Chapultepec. It is reached by either a pleasant stroll of three miles, by tram, or by carriage on the Paseo, and at last we rest beneath the shade of stately old trees, with their clinging drapery of white moss; some of these trees are reputed to have been in existence fifteen hundred years, and are known as *ahuchuetes*.



CHAPULTEPEC, WITH VIEW OF MILITARY COLLEGE IN THE EXTENSION.

According to Humboldt, Chapultepec rises above the plain to the remarkable height of 7,626 feet. "It was chosen by the young viceroy, Galvez, as the site of a villa (*Chateau de Plaisance*) for himself and his successors.

"Of the fifty viceroys who have governed Mexico from 1535 to 1808, one alone was born in America, the Peruvian, Don Juan de Auiña de Casa Fuerte (1722--1734), a disinterested man and good administrator. Some of my readers," he continues, "will perhaps be interested in knowing that a descendant of Christopher Columbus and a descendant of King Montezuma were among the viceroys of Spain. Don Pedro Nuño Colon, Duke of Veraguas, made his entry at Mexico in 1673, and died six weeks afterward. The viceroy, Don Joseph Sarmiento Valladares, Count de Montezuma, governed from 1697 to 1701."

A glance either way revives a history which fills the mind with thoughts too sad for utterance. This noble hill of solid porphyry was the country place of Montezuma and his ancestors; and since then no marked event has ever occurred, within access of it, in which the grand old castle has not played a prominent part. On entering the gates, turn to the right and you are soon far around the circle, where the sweet, soft air sighs through the cypress trees, and seems to speak in broken accents of the "voiceless past."

Near at hand is the aqueduct, built by Montezuma, now bordered with long grass and wild-flowers with their heads drooping downward, and through which, despite the decay and havoc of centuries, the water trickles, sweet as ever.

Turn another way, and see the stone steps which Montezuma had carved in the hill, then the only mode of ascent; and his cave, said to have no termination. Near this point begins the drive constructed by Maximilian, winding around the mountain, and greatly facilitating access to the castle—now the residence of the President, and the West Point of Mexico.

The architecture of the fortress is grand and imposing. With immense portholes in its circular towers, and with its massive rounded

corners, it recalls the feudal castles of the middle ages. The extensive wings constitute the military schools.

The castle is fitted up and decorated in a manner worthy of its present occupants, having been frescoed by Casarin, a pupil of Meissonier. The wood-work in the President's room is of ebony inlaid with gold. The walls of the drawing-room are covered with satin damask, while the carpet alone cost $2,000. Beyond all question it can be surpassed by few, if any, royal residences in the world.

Three hundred and fifty handsome, manly young fellows receive, in the Academy at Chapultepec, a scientific and military education, free of all charges. It was my pleasure, on one occasion, to witness the drilling of these young cadets; and I must say that they went through their evolutions with an ease and familiarity that would have reflected credit on our own cadets of West Point.

Passing Montezuma's spring and the grand old tree under which he sat, at a short distance and in full view is Molino del Rey, where another sanguinary battle was fought. Within stone's-throw stands the monument which a generous people permitted our government to erect to the memory of the soldiers who fell there.

On the eastern and most inaccessible part of the hill is where the American forces stormed the fortress. At this point stands a beautiful monument, on which I read the following inscription: "To the Memory of the Scholars of the Military School, who died like heroes in the North American invasion 13th September, 1847."

Every day in the year the students tenderly lay upon it fresh flowers and green garlands in honor of their dead compatriots.

Before the battle the cadets formed a sacred compact between themselves never to surrender save in death. Their ages were from fourteen to eighteen years. But they fought like heroes—first one, then another taking the flag, until, still standing and fighting, the last of the gallant forty-eight surrendered his young life in defense of his country.

The climate, of which so much has been written, is exceptionally agreeable, yet difficult to describe. If one can conceive the delights

of a crisp day in October, united to the brightness of a clear day in January, but without snow or ice, and, mingled with these, the life-giving air of a balmy day in May, and then imagine twelve months of such weather, some idea may be had of this enchanting clime.

When Joaquin Miller was asked his opinion of Mexico, he replied enthusiastically: "Mexico! Why, it is Italy and France and the best part of Spain tied up together in one bunch of rapturous fragrance. . . . There are no such skies as has Mexico. People have got into the habit of talking about the sapphire blue that domes Italy. But it is because travelers, as a rule, go there by way of misty, foggy England, and the contrast is so great as to enchant them. But right here among the grand, restful mountains which rim this valley, I have seen the brightest skies in all my life; here, six days from Chicago and eight days from Boston, is more than Italy can give. I have seen the cattle and the stars sleep side by side on the mountains! Let me explain. There is generally a mist crowning every mountain peak which shuts out the stars. Here, how different! In my ramblings over the valley at night, the misty curtain is swept away and the stars can be seen all along the ridges. They stand out brilliant in this clear atmosphere. No such atmosphere can be met near Naples or Florence."

At the capital I observed the peculiar tints that settle over the mountain peaks in the late evenings. Looking upward from one street, the gazer sees a clear gray; from another, a liquid blue; from another, a bright rose or amber or gorgeous orange; all floating and blending together until the entire heavens are lit up by a bewitching roseate glow, which seems to vibrate gently to and fro in the thin air, while the whole superb canopy is gemmed with stars, which partake of the glowing tints surrounding them.

Later in the night, I have gazed in rapt admiration on the changing of this roseate hue into one so deeply, darkly blue, that to my vision the sky appeared a dome of jetty black, from which myriads of refulgent jewels shone out.

The contrast between the works of the Great Architect of the

Universe and those of man never seemed greater than on turning from this celestial view to the mundane scene below. From my point of observation in the Zócalo, where both our modern gas and electric lights flashed their brilliant rays across the wide streets, I could see the sleeping-place of a large proportion of the poorer denizens of the city—their roof, the broad expanse of heaven—their bed, the stone pavement, or at most a *petate*—the *rebozo* or *serape* forming their sole covering. Here, without inconvenience, these contented people

SCENE IN THE ALAMEDA.

slept, cuddled up, undisturbed by the gay throngs who walked back and forth around and among them.

Everywhere in the republic this out-door life exists. How different in the northern part of the United States! When the people there are shivering from intense cold, and all the avenues of travel are blocked with snow and ice, here are perpetual sunshine and flowers.

Every climate in the world may be experienced between the sea-shore at Vera Cruz and the capital. Eternal snows lie upon the one

hand; on the other, verdant plains and fertile valleys. Even the summer heat and drought on the table-lands are mitigated by the advent of the rainy season, which begins in May and ends with November. It is not continuous. The sun may be shining brightly, when suddenly the sky is overcast, and the rain descends in torrents, to be succeeded by sunshine. If two cloudy or rainy days come consecutively, the people find themselves quite aggrieved, and complain of the awful weather. But the rain usually comes late in the evening or at night; then the streets, ditches and canals overflow their banks and become merged in an open sea; but in the morning the water has disappeared; the sun comes out in all his splendor and cheering rays; the blue sky smiles, and all nature rejoices.

At the capital thereare three distinct temperatures—that of the sunny side of the street, that of the shady side, and that in the house. In the morning, walk as early as ten o'clock, on the sunny side of the street, the heat will be almost overpowering. On making a change to the shady side, the difference will be so great as to produce a severe cold, while the light wrap, worn with comfort in the street, will be found insufficient in the house.

On reaching an altitude of four thousand feet and upward, strangers, and especially ladies, experience a peculiar dizziness, which continues for several days, after which they usually return to their normal condition. At the capital the elevation above sea-level is 7,349 feet, and during the first week after my arrival I was almost prostrated from this dizziness.

Another peculiarity of the climate consists in the fact that it is considered by many to be dangerous to pass suddenly from a closed room to the white light and open air outside. I saw several instances in which incurable blindness was said to be produced in this way. The natives understand the importance of moving about the house before going abruptly into the open air.

Still another climatic effect is, that the uncovering of the head is apt to produce a severe catarrhal cold. For this reason gentlemen never remove their hats for any length of time when out of doors.

According to the *Observador Medico*, the death rate of the city for 1885 was 13,008, of which 6,431 were females, and 5,577 males. The most frequent causes of death were pulmonary and tuberculous affections, which, with pneumonia and bronchitis, made up an alarming mortality of 4,292—about one-third of the whole. Contrary to what might be expected, only 179 deaths occurred from small-pox, while typhus and intermittent and malignant fevers claimed but a small number of victims. After lung diseases, diarrhea and dysentery were the most fatal, running up to 2,866. Allowing that the city of Mexico has a population of 350,000, the annual death rate is a trifle over 37 per 1,000. But if we consider that annually thousands of poor Indians from the hot regions come to Mexico and die from exposure and hardship, the real death rate will not exceed from two to three per cent. From its high rate of mortality arises the reputation of the capital for extreme unhealthiness; but with its primitive system of sewerage, imperfect drainage, and poor ventilation of the houses, no surprise should be felt. Any one who witnesses the repairing and cleansing of the immense sewer canals that are covered over in the middle of the streets, will certainly wonder that the death rate is not higher.

The number of funerals consequent upon such a large mortality is only equaled by the strange manner in which they are conducted. The highest dignitaries of the land and the humblest peon share equal honors in the mode of transit employed in conveying their lifeless remains to their

IDLERS IN THE ZOCALO.

last resting-places. It was an astute nineteenth century schemer who conceived the idea of employing the street railways as the best method of transporting the dead to the cemeteries. One man owned all the lines of street railway, and in order to carry out his purposes, he bought up all the hearses and their equipments, and thus compelled the public to accept his plan. It works admirably so far. The wealthy may indulge a hearse car, plumed, draped, liveried, and lackeyed, for $120, with an additional one, or perhaps two, for friends. The plainer cars, drawn by one mule, may be procured for $3, while others reach from $12 to $30, including one or two cars, neatly draped, for mourners. But to the stranger eye, accustomed to seeing the long cortége moving solemnly along the streets, with its hearse and weeping mourners, the Mexican plan seems repulsive and devoid of that respect which we pay to the lifeless clay of our loved ones. It reminds one irresistibly of Thomas Noel's famous couplet:

> "Rattle his bones over the stones!
> He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!" *

A short sojourn, however, serves to convince the most skeptical of the "fitness of things," the Mexican method being far more expeditious and, it is claimed, less expensive than the old plan.

Any day in the week one may take a car for Tacubaya, and there see the Indians transporting their dead to Dolores Cemetery. I have seen four men bearing on their heads the coffin containing its dead occupant. For miles they tramp steadily along, themselves the only hearse, horses, cortége, or mourners.

> "In the darkness of the forest boughs,"

with the muffled tread of naked feet, they journey with their dead. At other times one may see a poor woman, bearing upon her head a plain little open coffin, containing her dead child, with eyes wide open and a profusion of gay flowers covering the tiny form. What volumes it tells of the sweetly poetic thoughts, implanted by a divine hand in the heart of a poverty-stricken, bereaved Indian mother!

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* *The Pauper's Ride.*

TOPOCATEPETL AND IZTACCIHUATL.

The Valley of Mexico is a basin, elliptical in form, about forty miles long by thirty wide. It is rimmed by mountains of porphyry, and its surface is diversified with lakes and hills. The scenery is unrivaled now as when it first met the enraptured gaze of the Spaniards, who in their enthusiasm exclaimed: "It is the promised land!"

The valley is watered by lakes, both of fresh and salt water. Lake Tezcuco, whose waters once surrounded the capital, has now retreated three miles.

A great portion of the valley was once a vast forest, which was denuded by the vandal conquerors. Hardly a vestige remains to tell of past glories save the grove of ancient cypresses at Chapultepec festooned with their melancholy moss.

In every direction one may gaze on scenes of beauty and grandeur, while in the distance, but ever in view, are the majestic Popocatapetl towering 17,720 feet over the surrounding mountains—and his less familiar but no less sublime consort, *Iztaccihuatl*, pronounced *ēs-täk-sē-hwät'l.*

Popocatapetl ("Smoking Mountain"), with his tall peak, stands side by side with Iztaccihuatl, familiarly called *La Mujer Blanca*, or the Woman in White. The two mountains unite in forming a feature of intense interest to every stranger. The grand old mountain, lifting his imposing volcanic cone thousands of feet into the clear sky, seems to keep a majestic watch over the motionless slumbers of the Woman in White. The Smoking Mountain is silent now; but who can predict that the sleeping citizens of Mexico will never more be rudely awakened by his convulsive shakings and awful thunders?

The Indians, with their endless legends and traditions, wove a romantic story of these mountains. With their love for the marvelous, they attribute the Titanic mutterings of Popocatapetl to grief for his beautiful Iztaccihuatl, who sleeps on regardless of his thunderous tones.

The Woman in White lies stretched out as in a long and peaceful slumber—the rugged brow of the mountain forming the bier upon which she rests.

The Toltecs, the Chichimicas, and the Acolhuaus may have pitched

their tents, and wandered under the shadows, and looked in awe on the grand entombment under the open heavens, of the dead woman. They have come and gone, disappeared forever from the sight of man, but, clad in her garments of perpetual snow, lying on her grand bier, through summer suns and winter frosts, Iztaccihuatl sleeps on.

With her arms folded over her ice-clad breast—her knees drawn slightly upward, with the limbs gracefully sloping, the figure of the sleeping woman is completely outlined on the mountain top. Her icy tresses flow unconfined over the dark mountain sides. Thrown over all is a winding-sheet, which falls in graceful folds, covering the dead, frozen woman.

Often, when the sun is descending behind the last dome on the western range, she may be seen, with a golden, cloud-made scarf, shaded to pale pink, that finally melts into a gauzy *serape*, which heightens the mystical charm of this fascinating mountain. The handmaidens of the sky who imperceptibly decorate this sleeping lady live and float afar off in the realms of eternal blue; and by mysterious instinct seem to know when she will look more lovely with a change of her dainty draperies. Stretching down their shadowy fingers, these ministering spirits catch up the fleecy masses of clouds as they hurry swiftly along, envelop her in their vapory shroud, and imprint kisses on her placid brow, and, whispering mournful words of endearment, pass silently back to their heavenly home.

Once, on a visit to Tlalpam * I glanced into the clear waters of a shimmering lake. Reflected on its glassy bosom were these two mountains—peaceful, snow-clad, and as exquisitely limned under the matchless sky as though the water was a canvas, and a giant master-painter had planned and painted the whole grand scene.

The immutable laws of God create sublime works of sculpture and sublime paintings. Stand afar from Smoking Mountain and the Woman in White. Stand in their shadows, when the sun is sinking behind their lofty summits. The one rises, bold, rugged, misshapen,

* There is no natural lake at this point, but the heavy rains had filled the valley with water.

and chaotic. It may be, perchance, once on a time, that he was linked with the snow-white and pure Iztaccihuatl; and charmed the eye as he nobly towered over her—the two one. But his rude, tumultuous violence severed from his side, nevermore to again return, the Woman in White, who was once a part of his soulless self. His mutterings were heard for a time; but the fabled anguish that once found vent is no longer heard; his grief for his once loved Iztaccihuatl is hushed. Men suffer and are silent, mountains are silent but suffer not. Men and mountains may never grieve, because they may be alike soulless. Contrasting with the dark, gloomy cone that seems to scowl on the scene, ever ready to break out into angry thunders, and startle the sleeping world, is clearly outlined against the sky the Woman in White at rest upon her couch in the peaceful sleep of the just or the dead. Her face is upturned to heaven, white, cold, beautiful, looking into the great unknown depths of the sky, smiling in her hopes of the great hereafter, unmindful of the grim, misshapen cone that towers from afar.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MEXICANS IN THEIR HOMES.

F the Mexicans Brantz Mayer wrote as follows: "I have found them kind, gentle, hospitable, intelligent, benevolent, and brave. . . . In fact, regard them in any way, and they will be found to possess the elements of a fine people, who want but peace and the stimulus of foreign emulation to bring them forward among the nations of the earth with great distinction. . . . There are of course in Mexico, as in all countries, specimens of egotism, selfishness, haughtiness, ill-breeding and loose morals, both among the men and the women; but, although we find these floating, like bubbles, on the top of society, they must not therefore be considered the characteristics of the country. . . . With domestic virtue, genius, and patriotism, no people need despair; and it should be the prayer of every republican that enough of these still remain in Mexico to reconstruct their government and society."

In speaking of their politeness, Mayer continues: "The 'old school' seems to have taken refuge among the Mexicans. They are formally, and, I think, substantially, the politest people I have met with. The respect for age, the sincerity of friendship, the results of reading and education, and the honest, unpretending *naturalness* of

character, for which, over all other people I have ever met, I think the best of them are remarkable." . . . "The fine benevolence of ancient friendship, the universal respect for genius, a competent knowledge of the laws and institutions of other countries, a perfect acquaintance with the cause of Mexican decadence, and a charming regard for all those domestic rites which cement the affections of a home circle may all be observed and admired within the walls of a Mexican dwelling."

* Brantz Mayer, above all other writers, not even excepting Madame Calderon de la Barca, has observed more closely and written more sympathetically and faithfully of Mexican characteristics. In dealing with this subject, it will be understood that reference is had only to the higher and more cultured classes of society.

During the more than forty years intervening since this distinguished writer gave expression to these views, ten years only of which have brought to Mexico the precious boon of peace, the changes occurring and the onward march of events in that country have proved the correctness of his assertions. With every possible distracting cause, calculated to foster and encourage ignoble traits and retrograde ideas, they have not only continued brave and patriotic, but their social and domestic institutions have remained sacredly intact. Let the unsympathizing comment as they may upon the hapless fate of poor Mexico, it is not to be gainsaid that perhaps no country in the world has politically presented a more desolate picture, nor yet one that speaks a nobler lesson.

But by sympathetic intuition a woman attributes to the women of Mexico that undercurrent of social and domestic regeneration which has purified and preserved her institutions. While the men have been engrossed in war and revolution, with their train of direful results, the women, in the seclusion of their homes, have kept an ever-

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* *Mexico as it Was and as it Is*, by Mayer, and Madame Barca's *Life in Mexico*, were published about the same time, the former in 1844, Madame B.'s in 1843. Mayer was Secretary of the American Legation under the Hon. Powhatan Ellis, and the latter was the wife of the first Spanish Minister who was sent to Mexico after the War of Independence.

faithful watch over the domestic virtues, and the happiness and welfare of those whom God has given them.

In repose, there is in the eye of every Mexican an expression of deep sadness which is hardly accounted for by recent history, however tragic, and must have been transmitted to the race through the miseries of martial conquests.

It has occurred to me that the women have inherited a larger portion of this constitutional melancholy than the men. I have been more convinced of it on meeting and conversing with them in their own homes. When the death of a member of the family was referred to, which had taken place years before—perhaps a son or a husband killed in battle—the grief seemed as deep and uncontrollable as if it had happened on that day. They are all patriotic, and if the country suffers, it is a part of themselves, and is reflected in their lives.

The Mexicans are by nature close observers of physiognomy, and, though shy, are sharp critics of the bearing of strangers. Their extreme isolation has probably added to the natural impulse. It does not follow that they criticise adversely; but they weigh one's lightest syllable in their own balances. Upon their first coming in contact with a stranger, they expect him to look them clearly in the face; and be sure they are watching every movement and expression with the keenest suspicion. Whatever may be their own failings, they are wonderfully endowed with the power to "fix you with the eye;" and you are expected to meet it bravely, and not to quail under the penetrating glance. To an infinite degree are the women expert in reading character, probably more so than our own more world-experienced and educated countrywomen.

It is no matter of surprise that they are distrustful of strangers, when the most they have known of them has been in the way of armed forces seeking to crush out their national existence. Their hospitality, too, having so often met with unwarrantable criticism personally and in the press, they cannot be expected to welcome the stranger over their threshold without caution and misgiving.

A kindly and sympathetic warmth is always heartily reciprocated, while coldness at once repels. To desire their friendship is to deserve it, especially if the wish be tempered by the observance of the golden rule. No people are better aware of their national, political, and social defects, but, being sensitive, nervous, and very proud, an adverse criticism from the thoughtless and ungenerous stranger naturally wounds, and induces that reserve which is so largely national, and which it is so difficult to overcome. When a disposition is manifested to meet them on equal terms of friendly good-will, and proper deference is shown to their customs, it will be found that no people are more delightful, socially, more faithful as friends, or more ready to serve the stranger from whatever land, than the Mexicans.

Hospitality is one of the national characteristics, but it is of a nature peculiar to itself, and, contrary to our customs, the latch-string hangs on the inside, for the court circles of Europe are not more exclusive than the higher classes of society in Mexico. The architecture of the houses—their barred windows and well-guarded doors, which prevent intrusion from prying curiosity—together with the climate and customs, conspire to incline the people to lead exclusive lives. It is manifested even in the choice of vehicles, closed carriage being almost invariably used, though with such air and skies the reverse might naturally be expected. The first aspiration, with them, is to make home beautiful, and to this end every element of a cultured and refined taste is duly provided and cared for within the massive doors. The exquisite beauty of the rare and gorgeous flowers in the *patios* affords constant pleasure by day, while by night they have only to glance upward to obtain wondrous visions of a star-gemmed firmament.

Letters of introduction, even, will not always secure access to the inner circle of the home life. Comparatively speaking, few are accorded this privilege. But when once admitted by personal friends, especially if accompanied by them on the first visit, all formality and reserve are at an end, and the most gracious attentions are freely be-

stowed, the veriest stranger feeling that he is no longer such. A genuine glow of pleasure has often been mine on finding that their inborn distrust of foreigners had melted away in my first intercourse with them. On passing many handsome houses in the large cities, and halting to admire the beauty and luxuriance of the flowers in the court, on seeing me the gentle voice of the *dueña de la casa* (lady of the house) would bid me enter and inspect them to my satisfaction. When this was done, and my hands filled with flowers, I was invited to the *sala*, chocolate ordered, and on departing—certain we would never meet again—a warm embrace, a cordial shake of the hand, and a "*Vaya V. con Dios!*" ("God be with you"), heartily given.

They are endowed by nature with a highly nervous and sensitive organization, with jealousy for a birthright; and amongst intimate friends of their own nationality they are easily offended, but less so with foreigners. And I have observed that the higher the altitude the more evident are these tendencies, attributable, probably, to both climate and elevation.

Much as the Mexicans love their homes, their language contains no word expressive of the meaning of the word "home." They have only *casa* (house), and *hogar*, but little used and lacking euphony. Another fact—the absence of chimneys, depriving them of the pleasures of the fireside, renders it only natural that they should seek diversion outside. The balmy air invites them to life al fresco, consequently the morning promenade, which usually includes the mass at church, the afternoon drive, and perhaps the theater at night, constitute their chief sources of outdoor recreation and amusement.

No people more eminently possess the faculty of entertaining their friends in a royally hospitable way. An assemblage of five hundred guests is as well taken care of as fifty, and no one feels neglected. They are convivial and joyous, mingling freely with one and all; gay sallies of wit and sparkling repartee rule the hour. But, at the same time, a remarkable dignity characterizes their every movement.

In the majority of the towns and cities the ringing of the cathedral bells, at ten o'clock, calls the people from their places of recrea-

ENTRANCE TO A MEXICAN HOME.

tion to their homes, and the streets become as quiet and silent as the *campo santo* (grave-yard).

In all their professions of friendship, I have found them frank and sincere, and untiring in their demonstrations to the favored person who has won their regard. While this sincerity is unquestionable, they are yet gifted in a high degree with the pretty art of evasion. Let one who has had trouble confide in them, and let them be but fully convinced that they are the trusted custodians of such confidence, and nothing can induce them to betray the trust so reposed. The penalty of severest punishment cannot wring from them a secret intrusted to them. But by the dainty manipulation of their admirable tact and diplomacy, the inquirer is satisfied and not one syllable betrayed. As well try to make an incision in the side of Popocatapetl with a penknife as extract from a Mexican what he does not want to tell you.

It is asserted by some writers that there is no middle class. It is my opinion, founded upon careful observation and inquiry, that there is not only at this time a very large and influential middle class, but that every year it gains large accessions from the humbler class, who are making giant strides to a nobler place in life through the fine educational advantages now afforded them. In this connection I must say that, while access to the higher strata of society is difficult, the middle class vie with them in their hospitality, never turning a stranger from their doors, and some of the most delightful acts of courtesy and kindness that I ever met with in that country have been extended me by the ever faithful and gentle middle class. With them letters of introduction are unnecessary.

They may not own their homes, but there is an air of pretty neatness about their houses; an unobstructed freedom, a gentleness of manner, which I say unqualifiedly is not equaled anywhere. It is from this class that are springing up every year men of genius and talent, of unremitting toil and study, which will enable them to take that honored station in their chosen field of labor which, in all countries, is the reward of untiring patience and fidelity to any cause.

The forms of greeting and salutation are numerous, and among them none is so distinctively national as the *abrazo.* Men fall into each other's arms and remain thus for several minutes, patting each other on the shoulder and indulging in all sorts of endearing epithets.

Another form, rather less diffuse, may be seen any time on the street and promenade, not only among men, but also between friends of opposite sex. In the quickest, most spirited manner, the arms of both parties are outstretched; they rush together for a second, their breasts barely touch, and while the observer is watching for a kiss to follow this ardent salute, they separate and the *abrazo* is finished. The extreme frankness accompanying it compels one to rather admire the custom; for it means no more than hand-shaking among Americans.

A mere introduction between men assumes elaborate proportions. Señor Calderon says: "I have the honor to present to you my friend, Señor Ojeda, a merchant of this city;" whereupon Señor Ojeda replies: "Your obedient servant. Your house (meaning his own) is in —— Street, where I am at your orders for all that you may wish;" or, "My house is *muy a su disposicion*" ("entirely at your disposal; make yourself at home").

From this profusion of politeness, doubtless, has arisen the impression that the Mexicans are devoid of sincerity; when in truth the recipient of such offers would alone deceive himself should he suppose that the Mexican proposed to make him a gift of his house.

Hand-shaking goes to extremes. If friends meet twenty times a day, the ceremony must be gone through as often.

It is not sufficient for gentlemen merely to touch the hat-brim, in passing each other or any friend; but the hat is removed entirely from the head, whether driving, riding, or walking. I noticed a little pantomime they go through when one gives a light to another. He draws his right hand quickly to his breast, in a second extends it outward, tipping his hat-brim three times, which is all repeated by the one who has lighted his cigar.

I saw on Calle Plateros, one day, two splendid carriages each

occupied by one man. On seeing each other, the carriages were halted, both alighted, removed hats, shook hands, embraced, talked for a few moments, again embraced, shook hands, bowed, took off hats, and each entered his carriage and went his way.

Among women the salutation assumes a more confidential form; the stranger receives a gentle tap of the right hand upon the left shoulder, and then a generous shake of the hand; while more intimate friends not only tap each other, but also kiss, not on the lips, however, merely laying the cheeks softly together. The Mexican mode is to be commended.

A lady admires some ornament or article of wearing apparel; instantly the possessor gracefully informs her it is "*muy á su orden*" ("at your orders"). Changing residence requires that cards be sent announcing the fact, and placing it "*muy á su orden*," otherwise visiting ceases. Young babies are also placed "*muy á su orden*." In writing notes of invitation, the Mexican lady always closes with, "We will expect you here, at such an hour, at your house."

A vein of sentiment and poetry, however, runs through every detail of their lives, which forms the motive power of that fastidious nicety which regulates social intercourse. A spray of flowers sent as a token will be first pinned over the heart, the pin left in it, indicating the pledge as a part of the personality of the donor, hence more sacred; or a note may contain a pansy, with a dainty motto inscribed on its petals.

In letter writing or in making a formal acknowledgment, politeness and high-bred courtesy govern; even the President would make himself the individual under obligation.

No gifts are made at Christmas, but on "*El Año Nuevo*" ("The New Year") tokens of all sorts and kinds, and cards, are sent to friends, with "*felicitaciones*."

Visiting is the same as in all well-regulated society, except that strangers must send their cards and make the first call. A short visit is not appreciated, as it would indicate coldness and formality. Everything is given up to the guest, let the time be long or short,

and a Mexican lady never continues the performance of any duty, however urgent, or engages in anything that would distract her attention from her guests.

On entering a Mexican home, after an absence of months or years, if you are an old friend, the reception you meet with is overwhelmingly joyful. Every member of the household in turn gives you an embrace; you are seated on the right-hand end of the sofa, and then a thousand kind inquiries follow in regard to relatives, and many interchanges of thought and incidents that have occurred in your absence. You are allowed to do nothing for yourself, for the entire family, from the least to the greatest, perform a part in entertaining and making you feel at home.

But it is a difficult point in Mexican etiquette, that of seating visitors. Guest and host vie with each other in politeness, and sometimes several minutes are occupied in this courteous contest.

On leaving, the visitor is always entreated to remain longer, but when he must go, they "speed the parting guest" with all the fervor with which he is received.

Gentlemen bow first on the street, but ladies have the advantage in the house; for even if the President were to call, the lady of the house is not expected to rise from her seat to receive him.

In walking, ladies hold the right arm of the gentleman. The right-hand side of the back seat of a carriage, and the right-hand end of a sofa, are the places of honor reserved for the guest.

At balls introductions are not necessary for gentlemen to ask ladies to dance, and in private houses all are supposed to be ladies and gentlemen.

A lady retains her maiden name in marriage, and her visiting cards are engraved with her own name with the prefix of *de* before her husband's—as, Josefina Bros de Riva Palacio. Madame de Iturbide, as known in the United States and Europe, in Mexico is simply Alicia G. de Iturbide.

It is better for foreigners to have visiting cards engraved after the fashion of the country if they intend mingling with Mexican society.

Mexicans are as fastidious in the style and quality of paper and envelopes as in everything else; even the minutest detail is *de rigeur*. In high society, only the finest paper, with monogram in gold or silver, or elaborately engraved with the name inside the monogram, is selected. Some of the daintiest informal little notes I have seen, passed between lady friends—written on the finest paper, and then by deft fingers folded in the form of a leaf or flower, with the address on one tiny petal. In all correspondence the *rubrica* or *firma* must be used; neither the nature of what is written, nor the name, has any significance without the peculiar flourish beneath. This is taught in the schools, and the more elaborate the better. The *rubrica* is a receipt, a part of every business obligation or social correspondence. Every public document closes with "*Libertad y Independencia*," or "*Libertad en la Constitution*," and in sending an agent to a foreign country, every document relating to the business bears his photograph—perhaps a wise precaution.

In exchanging photographs, it is customary to dedicate them with a pretty sentiment or verse, and the date—not infrequently the age, also—is added.

Smoking publicly is not now customary with señoritas, but I have been told they indulge in this harmless and, with them, graceful pastime in private. Matrons smoke without reserve, and as a matter of course, men are habituated to the indulgence everywhere—no place in the house being exempt from the odor of the cigarette. Pipes are not used, and a delightful offset to smoking is that there is no chewing.

Many of their forms of daily and general politeness may seem empty and meaningless; but there is no more insincerity intended than in some of our own social small coin. It will be borne in mind also that these are not the characteristics of cities or city people, but belong equally to smaller towns and villages. In mingling with the people, their hospitalities and courtesies should be received in the same kindly spirit in which they are given.

Even in the country, on lonely haciendas, everything is free and open-handed. Your servants have the freedom of the kitchen and

stables, the host gives up to you his place at the table, and often, on resuming the journey, will ride half a day, to lead you safely through some mountain defile or dangerous, bandit-infested place—and then the parting is as earnest and as zealous as word and manner can make it.

Natives of climes more frigid may contrast the formal bow, the restraint and stiffness of a possible shake of the hand, and the greeting commonly observed by their own countrymen, with the native ease and graceful cordiality to be met with here. Hence, an introduction into a select circle in Mexico makes a never-to-be-forgotten episode in the life of the favored stranger, cementing the ties which bind him to the country.

Wherever the fates may direct him, he will often experience a yearning to revisit a land where he was ever the recipient of a gracious courtesy scarcely to be found elsewhere. But few Mexicans, save those in diplomatic service, take up their permanent residence in other countries, especially among the Anglo-Saxons. The coldness and formality they there encounter freeze their own warm and cordial manner.

Like the Frenchman, the Mexican talks quite as much with hands and eyes as with his tongue. He shrugs also, but not so unceasingly as his brother Latin.

These gestures are rendered very attractive by the appropriate and graceful manner in which they are used. They are seen as much in the street or horse-cars as in the house.

One of the prettiest and most cunning of all the hand motions is called *Beso Soplado*, throwing kisses by gathering the finger of the right hand in a close group, touching the lips, then throwing them out fan-like, at the same time blowing on the hand as it is outstretched toward the object for whom the demonstration is intended, thus indicating that five kisses are given at once.

Illustration No. 1 of these movements, "*un momentito*," signifies the desire to postpone a departure or return, or the performance of some duty, then necessary. In a twinkling the taper fingers ex-

press this without uttering a word. "One little moment!" Everybody uses it.

NO. 1. "ONE LITTLE MOMENT."

No. 2. "*El no quiere gastar dinero*" ("He owes money but is very stingy, and from not using it to get the money, out of his pocket, his arm has grown too stiff to reach into his pocket for the money, consequently he is unable to pay his debts").

No. 3. "*Muy buen violinista*" literally means one who plays well on the violin, but in this instance he plays, instead, on the credulity and

NO. 2. "HE IS TOO STINGY TO PAY HIS DEBTS."

NO. 3. "HE PLAYS ON THE CREDULITY OF HIS FRIENDS."

verdancy of his friends. He plays off on them by inviting himself to dine with them, having little or nothing to eat at home, thus supporting himself on their involuntary hospitality.

No. 4. "*Tiene bastante dinero*" ("He or she has plenty of money").

No. 5. "*Muy criticolo*" ("It is quite doubtful in my mind"). I have seen three persons in conversation, one being engaged in relating some circumstance or event, the other two paying marked attention. When at length the narrator made a digression from facts, or added a few embellishing touches, one of the listeners, without speaking a word, but throwing a world of expression into her eyes, tossed her head to one side, and at the same time planting the forefinger of the right hand on the temple, the little boring process is gone through, and the unspoken language

NO. 4. "SHE'S VERY RICH, HAS PLENTY OF MONEY."

has conveyed also the thought of the other listener, and both are happy.

NO. 5. A VERY GREAT CRITIC.

NO. 6. "ADIOS."

No. 6. "*Adios*," the universal good-bye, or in saluting an acquaintance then passing.

No. 7. "He's a sharper! Don't you trust him! He'll deceive and cheat you without mercy."

No. 8. Salutation in the street, or from a fair Juliet in her win-

NO. 7. "HE'S A SHARPER."

NO. 8. SALUTATION FROM BALCONY.

dow; one of the most graceful and beautiful of the endless sign-manual. It will be seen that it is the middle and third fingers only that move rapidly back and forth, and not the whole hand.

No. 9. "*No es costumbre*"—literally an expression of negation, so named from impressions received during my first sojourn in the country. Even children in their play use it when wishing to say, "You can't do that now, I sha'n't play with you."

An irrevocable edict has gone forth when that prophetic forefinger goes upward and outward before the end of the nose. The laws of the Medes and Persians may be evaded, but "*no es costumbre*" never.

NO. 9. "YOU CAN'T DO THAT NOW."

In no country are family ties stronger. The thought of separation is to them fraught with unspeakable anguish, and even after marriage it is not unusual to see half a dozen families living in the same house, daughters with their husbands and sons with their wives remaining under the paternal roof. The time never comes in the lives of the parents when the children are not more or less amenable to them. Grown sons and daughters do not forget the respect and obedience that were expected of them when children. The reverence for parents goes with them in their wedded lives, and even increases with the lapse of years. A man never grows too old to kiss the hands of his aged parents or to visit them every day if they reside in the same city, and the daughters do the same.

When the marital knot is tied, the women accommodate themselves to whatever fate may have in store for them with that grace and fortitude which belong to them, rarely equaled and never surpassed. The time never comes in which they feel their burdens too great to be borne with patience.

They go but little into society or mixed assemblages, consequently their earthly happiness is summed up in home, husband, children. Their outward deportment corresponds with the interior calm. Whether riding, driving, or walking, they always retain a decorum and dignity of manner peculiar to themselves. To express emotion or surprise in public is not considered becoming.

In all my intercourse with them, I have seen but two who used the trenchant weapon of sarcasm; in their hands it cut like a two-edged sword, and in each case their own countrymen were the victims.

Among the earliest lessons of Christianity inculcated by the Franciscan missionaries were love, charity, and self-denial, and the outcome

of these teachings of nearly four centuries may be seen to-day in the beautiful graces and charities of the Mexican women. These high lessons, exemplified in the lives of the teachers, were received gratefully and practiced faithfully by the warm-hearted people. To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, relieve the distressed, and entertain the stranger— surely there is no nobler mission!

Every battle-field on their soil has left its records of their tender devotion to "prisoners and captives," without regard to name or nationality. Our American soldiers, when in an enemy's country, with death staring them in the face, have borne grateful witness to their patient and tireless nursing. The *Texas and Santa Fé Expedition*, in 1841, written by George Wilkins Kendall, fully portrays the kindnesses of these noble-hearted women. In a march of two thousand miles, from Santa Fé, in New Mexico, to the capital, the condition of the unhappy prisoners was everywhere ameliorated by the women, who, moved by pity, never failed to bring them food —the best they had—and on every opportunity tenderly cared for the sick and foot-sore Americans.

But, before the dawn of Christianity in Mexico, the women practiced a noble order of charity. When *Netzzahualcoyotl*, the young prince of Tezcuco, was fleeing from his enemies, weary and dust-stained, he suddenly found himself in the presence of a young girl who was reaping *chia* in the fields. He hastily informed her of his danger and entreated her aid. She was moved to pity, and, telling him to lie down, covered him with leaves and stalks of the maguey. When his pursuers came up, they inquired if she had seen him. "Yes," she replied, "he has gone by yon road," pointing in the opposite direction—which saved him.

Although there are hospitals, homes, and public charities in every city, still there are not only numerous beggars, but blind, maimed, and distressed persons—real objects of charity—seeking aid from the more fortunate members of society. Assistance is never denied; even little children take by the hand, with the sympathetic "*pobrecito!*" ("poor creature"), and lead into the house, some poor creature to be

fed and cared for, having been taught to pity and never to ridicule or despise personal afflictions.

The housekeeper is supplied with home remedies, that she may give effect to her charitable interest in the sick and miserable. In many places, ladies of high position on a saint's day will unite in giving a dinner to the poor. Each one contributes to the feast, and then, with her daughters and friends, waits on the squalid guests. Theatrical and musical entertainments are also frequently given for charitable purposes.

Poverty, while greatly to be deplored, is not considered a disgrace. Almost every wealthy family has its full quota of poor relations, who in many instances fill the places of housekeeper or upper servants. But at the same time they are provided for comfortably and kindly. Even where means are limited, it is common to see in a household several children outside the immediate family taken from time to time, and cared for by the tender-hearted lady of the house.

Two of the most interesting young people whose acquaintance I made at the capital were the descendants of a humble Indian woman. With her sick babe, only a month old, lying in her *rebozo*, homeless and unfriended, she trudged through the rain at dusk. A charitable lady, from the interior of a luxurious home, witnessed the scene, and calling the woman, took the babe to her heart as if it were her own. She proposed to her to adopt the child, promising a mother's care. The trust was sacredly kept, and although this lady afterward became the mother of fifteen children, the poor waif was one of the many, and developed into a lovely woman. She married an accomplished gentleman and bore several children, but to the day of her death she knew nothing of her origin.

The religious observances, as well as the customs of the country, are kept up mainly by the women. The men naturally become more cosmopolitan through travel and contact and intercourse with the outside world. But whatever the cause, scarcely a man of education can be found who does not proclaim himself a deist or an atheist.

But if a long illness ensue, or death appear inevitable, the priest and the holy sacrament are at once ordered. So I have come to the conclusion that they consider the expression of irreligious sentiments when in health indicative of liberal ideas, and showing a sympathy with the "advanced" thought of the age. While they adopt the theory that "the first requisite of man is to be a good animal," in the hour of trial they fall back on the time-honored consolations.

INTERIOR OF CHAPEL ON THE HACIENDA OF SEÑORA GUADALUPE BROS.

But, despite their lack of creed or religious faith, there is one respect in which husbands of other nations might learn from them a profitable lesson. They generously believe that their wives are fully entitled to an equal share of their business profits and to the expending of their income. The wife is not subjected to the humiliation of begging a pittance, but the whole matter is left to her own good judgment.

It is only justice to say that courtesy and kindness are almost invariably with them the rule in the family.

It is a knightly spirit which impels the men to the belief that their women are not capable of sustaining the burdens of life. And when a man marries, if his wife have a widowed mother and sisters without means of support, it never occurs to him that it is not his duty to keep and maintain them. These offices they cheerfully accept as

an hereditary right, without regard to the attainments or accomplishments which might be turned to account.

This chivalric conduct extends still further, in view of the fact that estates of orphans and widows are administered with much care and honest effort. No dread Nemesis pursues the Mexican in the form of a mother-in-law, for, even if there be room for criticism, she may counsel, but she never interferes.

In many homes I have seen the husband regularly, three times a day, bring from the court-yard a flower to lay on the wife's plate. And such little attentions are not meaningless. I have also known many instances where the husband fondly insisted on the wife placing herself at the table, so that she might be excused from serving either the soup or coffee—saying, "The care of the children was enough for her."

There is little or no intoxication among them. At the club or in their homes they may imbibe too freely, but the effects are never apparent in the street.

In social life there are certainly no more agreeable companions than educated Mexican gentlemen, and they are still more delightful when one comes to know them intimately upon the basis of friendship, time and means being alike at one's disposal; and wherever fate may lead, they follow the fortunes of their friends.

One American family whom I knew were kindly conveyed on their journey of five hundred miles, over a rough and barren country, and nothing would induce the generous Mexican to receive one cent in compensation; and further, the *mozo* who drove them, and the one who rode ahead to ward off interlopers also declined any compensation, saying, "It was the master's orders."

Some of the grandest public benefactions that I have ever seen were endowed by Mexican men; not only hospitals of every kind, but also institutions of learning. An instance I recall, is that of Everisto Madero, ex-Governor of Coahuila, who devoted his entire salary during his term of office to establishing public schools in his State.

The taste for ceremonious display and profusion is national, and

enters into all arrangements, whether of house, dress, or equipage, being limited only by the means for its indulgence. If rustic chairs, cornices, or brackets are used, the dainty fingers of the housewife adorn them, until they lose the rough, unpolished appearance of the native boughs, by means of gilding, bronze, and gay paints, the whole combined into a brilliant mosaic.

Pots containing their lovely plants are draped with mosses peculiar to the country, exhibiting only the beautiful. But in striking contrast to these natural flowers blooming the year round I have frequently seen in handsome houses huge artificial plants in pots, with exaggerated coloring in foliage and flowers.

A love for all bright and lovely objects is innate with these children of the sun. Gorgeous flowers, trailing vines, Chinese lanterns, paintings hung in corridor or *patio*, brilliant-hued singing-birds, all combine to form a scene of Oriental richness and beauty.

Notwithstanding the apparent tendency to prodigality, the utmost care is taken in every detail of domestic economy.

The carriage, with its silver mountings bright and glistening, stands in the *zaguan* ready for the drive at a moment's notice, but when not in use, carriage, horses and harness are all in their proper places, in the best possible order.

On the first visit, a guest is cordially shown through the house by its mistress, who may well take pride in its spotless condition. The Mexican housekeeper dreads nothing more than an insignificant particle of *polvo* (dust) in any part of her domain.

Great care is bestowed on the marking of household linen, the husband's initials or monogram being exquisitely embroidered on each article. Merely to write the name in ink does not suffice, not being considered in keeping with a refined taste.

The bedsteads are of either brass or iron—in wealthy families of the former—and almost universally single. Much ingenuity is expended in the draping of filmy laces in canopies of various shapes, daintily caught back with bright ribbons and flowers, while the greatest pains are taken in the execution of elaborate embroideries, laces, tatting,

THE PALACIO MANSION.

and crochet for coverings, those with drawn threads being the most distinctively national. But with all this industry piled up, I have never seen in the country our well-known, if homely, patchwork quilt.

Pillows are more numerous than with us. I have counted thirteen on one bed, made of either wool or cotton (feathers are limited to the few), very thin and narrow, graded and piled up, pyramid like, and all trimmed uniformly with lace.

Lace curtains are prime essentials of a well-arranged home and adorn every opening, but I have seen none of our gay chintzes or cretonnes used in this way. Mirrors are indispensable, and with the careful forethought of the housewife, one invariably occupies a place over the sofa, while another hangs on the opposite wall, directly before you.

On entering the *sala*, the most noticeable feature is the sofa, with its invariable accompaniment of four chairs—two large and two smaller ones—placed at either end of the sofa, parallel to each other and *vis-à vis*. The unusual number of chairs in most of the houses is surprising, and suggests occasions of reunion as their *raison d'être*; and regardless of wealth or station, the method of arrangement is the same, extending around the room in unbroken lines, except when met by the sofa or the triangular tables that fill the corners. The parlor furniture of the wealthy is extremely handsome; upholstered in damask, either pure white, or in shades of blue, pink, or crimson, supported by stately frames of gold or silver; with carpet corresponding in style. But the furniture in more general use has wooden frames covered with bright reps; the cushion of each, with its dainty, home-wrought lace cover, tables with the same, all fitting to a nicety make a unique and harmonious effect. Plainer houses have the same unbroken lines of home-made chairs (the *sofacita* before described), with the same tables and arrangement. Here one will see as pretty home-made laces and drawn-thread work as in the grand houses.

Surrounded by so many evidences of a refined and luxurious taste, the absence of books and pictures is conspicuous. Private collections are few, but in every large city there is a public *biblioteca* (library), of

which the men and boys avail themselves, but the desire for knowledge is not yet sufficiently urgent for these institutions to be much patronized by women.

On the great Tacuba highway, at the eastern extremity of the Alameda on the right, at Mariscala No. 2, stands a mansion typical of the wealth and luxury of the capital. This stately edifice is the home of General Vicente Riva Palacio, the distinguished statesman, soldier, and *littérateur*.

The house is entered as usual through the *zaguan*, from which a spacious stairway, branching to right and left, leads to the principal apartments. A bronze statue of Guerrero, a leading hero of the Independence war, who was grandfather of the owner of the house, now stands as seen in the illustration. The stairs and floors of the corridors and halls are of the finest Italian marble; while around and on either side are tropical plants of every shade and tint; and on the north side swings an aviary filled with bright-hued singing birds.

The house contains about fifty rooms, including three parlors, a grand *salon* and two smaller ones, all fitted up luxuriously. The *oratorio* (chapel) is impressive with its altar handsomely draped, and the picture of the Virgin Guadalupe in the center—crosses, silver candelabra, kneeling-stools in plush and gold, magnificent vestments, and I was surprised and pleased to see, on either side, American mottoes—"In God we trust," and "God bless our home."

Quite near the chapel is the *comedor grande* (large dining-room), which is, perhaps, 100 feet in length and 50 in width.

The furniture is of native rosewood and mahogany, wrought in most tasteful designs, while the floor glistens like glass, in its varied mosaics of rare and peculiar woods. Mirrors alternate with the massive side boards, with their rare marble slabs from the quarries of Puebla.

In different receptacles were no fewer than 3,000 pieces of china, many of them hand-painted in the flowers of the country, 2,000 pieces of crystal, and silver that for quantity, variety, and brightness was truly dazzling. Included in this was the magnificent silver service

STAIRWAY IN THE PALACIO HOME.

sent by Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, engraved with the royal arms, to Mariano Palacio, father of the present owner of the house, as a token of gratitude for his voluntary and noble defense of Maximilian.

Smaller rooms are used by the family informally.

The table linen, of finest texture, includes cloths with monogram elaborately embroidered at either end, and napkins for every possible use, many representing the talent, industry, and ingenuity of the women of Mexico, being hemstitched, embroidered, or ornamented with that original lace—the drawn-thread work—for which they are famous.

While on the subject of needle-work, I must mention that I was shown about thirty of the most elegant bed-spreads on which my eyes ever rested. They consisted of velvet, silk, satin, plush, lace, crochet, with various kinds of embroidery as center-pieces; all quite adequate to arouse feelings of lively admiration. The sheets, of snowy linen, are hemstitched and embroidered, sometimes several inches in depth. The pillow-cases correspond in style, the whole forming a collection of rare needle-work which seemed to amount to thousands of pieces.

The sleeping apartments, in addition to every article of luxury and ease, are furnished with single brass bedsteads, over each of which is suspended a canopy of delicate lace, caught up with flowers and bright ribbons, forming a veritable bower.

The *sala grande* bears evidence of an immense expenditure, every thing being of European importation. In size it corresponds with the dining-room. The carpet is shaded from pale pink to bright crimson; the furniture in frames of gold, upholstered in the same shades of the carpet. Grand chandeliers costing thousands of dollars are suspended from the ceiling; mirrors and sconces are arranged on the walls, and lace curtains of daintiest weft shade the windows. In this apartment I again encountered the beautiful hand embroidery of Doña Josefina, the noble and lovely wife of General Palacio, in the chairs, ottomans, and hassocks, all executed in the finest Japanese designs, some of which she told me had occupied her time for six months.

I must also mention the ceilings of this mansion. Some 30 feet in height, they rest on heavy beams of wood, laid crosswise of the room, each one perhaps 18 inches in depth, the whole giving an effect of massive grandeur. The beams are tinted to correspond

with the ceilings and walls, and ornamented with lines of gold. These lines also panel the walls, and outline doors and windows.

The *azotea*, a notable feature in the architecture of the Aztecs, still adorns these square-topped buildings. At the capital they are constructed of brick, and form a delightful promenade at all seasons. As the houses are joined together, one may walk over the entire square, as I had the pleasure of doing.

The study of General Palacio contains, perhaps, one of the finest collections of books and manuscripts in the republic. He possesses a large number of the original documents of the Inquisition handsomely bound; also a valuable foreign library, comprising books in many languages. The door of the case containing the books of the Inquisition opens over a winding stairway, and the carpet is fitted to a nicety over the semicircle which opens and closes with the door, giving ingress and egress to the private study below. When the General opened the door of this case, I came near going headlong below, and the thought flashed through my mind that I was verily descending to the vaults of the Inquisition, not knowing that the door of the bookcase was also that of the dark stairway. I was, however, rescued by my friends, and made the descent in the usual way. I would here remark that these spiral stairways are a prominent feature of Mexican architecture.

In the room below there is a handsome case containing the swords of General Francisco Xavier Mina and Vicente Guerrero; the feathers—pink and white—worn by the Emperor Iturbide on his hat when entering the city in 1821; a bronze cast of Napoleon; and the original sentence of Picaluga, who betrayed Guerrero into the hands of his enemies, besides many Indian curios and bric-à-brac. In another room were the chair of Hidalgo and the saddle that Maximilian rode the day he was captured.

Some idea of the immense collection of books, manuscripts, legal documents, and literary works of General Palacio may be gained, when I say that eight handsome rooms in this grand house are devoted exclusively by him to his scientific and literary pursuits—the large

study upstairs, from which we descended by means of the winding stairway, and seven rooms on the ground floor, running from the front windows on the sidewalk, along the *patio*, far to the rear. On the opposite side is the family theater, capable of seating two hundred persons, beautifully arranged and decorated. The drop-curtain and scenery are painted from native subjects. In the season a select company occupy the boards—sometimes varied by amateurs—and play to crowded houses of friends.

THE SALA GRANDE IN THE PALACIO HOME.

In the rear *zaguan*, a carriage is ever ready for the drive, while immediately behind this is an exquisite fairy-like grotto, with its fountain, creeping tropical vines and gorgeous flowers, distinctly visible from the sidewalk through the open doors. On one side are various baths, and still beyond, sewing rooms; while on the other are the numerous servants' rooms, all neat and well kept. Beyond these is the vast laundry, then the stables containing stalls for many horses, all sleek and shiny, with vehicles of various kinds, the premises extending until halted by the rear street.

It may be interesting to know that the number of servants con-

stantly employed is thirty-five—among them three housekeepers—to say nothing of many extra ones who come in on special occasions. The family to be waited upon by this array of domestics consists of, at most, six members.

Externally the mansion presents the semi-feudal appearance so often seen here—a mass of solid, gray stone, indicating little of the extent and magnificence of the interior.

The love of music permeates all classes, and is cultivated equally by both sexes. Thoroughness is the rule, and memorizing is always required; the most difficult and prolonged recitals being rendered with brilliant execution without the score or a break. When asked to play, the musician complies at once, and if the guest expresses pleasure, will continue playing indefinitely.

On marriage the beautiful art is not given up; on the contrary, is practiced quite as much as before. In some delightful homes I have been agreeably entertained for hours at a time by the choicest musical duets rendered by an elderly man and his wife, the sons and daughters, and even the grandchildren, taking their places alternately at the piano.

I heard but little classic music, but the opera is popular and understood by all. In this, public taste is quite critical, Italian opera taking precedence. Opera bouffe is regarded as highly immoral, although the ballet is universally popular, and introduced between the acts of grand opera. English opera is regarded as a compromise between them. A young Mexican friend of mine quaintly classified Italian opera as *blanca* (white or pure); English, *color de rosa;* and opera bouffe, *muy colorado* (highly colored).

An enterprising manager, not a great while since, attempted to present on alternate nights grand opera and opera bouffe. On grand opera nights every seat and box was filled with the wealth and fashion of the capital, while on opera bouffe nights they sang to almost empty houses. If any laxity of morals exists in private life, immoral and corrupting plays are certainly discouraged on the boards.

The native airs breathe a passionate sweetness, uniting with the

tender minor tones the high staccato movement and the short, quick rest—a style to be observed both in the voice and instrument.

A marked difference may be noted in the melodies of the plains and low country and those of elevated and mountainous regions—the former being soft and pathetic, while the latter breathe the exhilarating spirit of the hills.

The finely attuned national ear for music assists greatly in the acquirement of foreign languages, for which their aptness is remarkable. I have been in families where English, French, and Italian were spoken quite as fluently as the native tongue. In this respect they excel our own country people. Their linguistic culture is practical, while our students generally neither have nor make opportunities for speaking in foreign tongues.

Closely connected with music and languages is the poetical faculty, which seems equally inherent. It comes out on any occasion, with surprising readiness, in little tender sentimental effusions, or graceful compliment—tone and gesture having added emphasis in delivery.

Diminutives are universally employed, and the *cita* never sounds so sweetly as when murmured by infant lips in *mamacita* and *papacito* (dearest or darling mamma and papa). The names we are accustomed to use in a formal manner sound sweet and pathetic in their simpler adaptation, as heard in Mexican homes. Aunt Julia, in our prosaic idiom, becomes Julita—pronounced *Hulita*, little Julia—*tia* (aunt) being entirely omitted. Everybody is called by the Christian name, regardless of age or position in society.

Nothing is more melodious in Mexican homes than the terms *te* and *tu* (thee and thou). The pronoun you, *usted* (written *V.*), is not used in the family, nor with intimate friends, *te* and *tu* being expressive of confidence. I have been corrected by heads of families for thoughtlessly addressing some of them as *you*, instead of placing myself in their inner circle, sharing its most sacred privileges.

In the endearing expressions, "*Tu me quieres á mi?*" ("Lovest thou me?"), "*Yo, te quiero á ti*" ("Yes, I love thee"), the pronouns are repeated for emphasis.

Another way of putting it is, "*Me queres tu?*" ("Lovest thou me?"), "*Si, te quero*" ("Yes, I love thee"). Still other loving expressions which are heard in Mexican homes every day are, "*Luz de mis ojos*" ("Light of my eyes"), and "*Idolo mio*" ("My idol"), "*Mi corazoncito*" ("My heart's treasure"), and "*Vida mia*" ("My life"), all having an added zest by the speaker's tender manner.

In the baby language of mothers, nothing is sweeter than these

CORRIDOR IN THE PALACIO HOME.

expressions. Intonations vary in different localities. At the capital the rising inflection is generally heard, the voice running on an upward sliding scale—the marked rising inflection—as *nŏ*, *Buènó*, with pleasing effect.

Great delicacy is always exercised in speaking of ages. In one part of the country, one a little advanced in years, or even quite old. is called *viejito* (a little old). In the choice society of the capital this term is considered wanting in good taste; *un poco grande* or *grandicito*

(a little large) is usually employed, but the phrase carries conviction with it.

One highly commendable trait is, that Mexicans will not say disagreeable things to you, either on their own account, or repeating what others may have said. I have been told that the women are much given to gossip; but if true, I have not heard them, as they are careful never to speak unkindly or slightingly of their countrywomen in the presence of strangers. The possible failings of their own people are carefully held in reserve; and the most critical remark I heard one woman make of another was, that she was "*muy buena, pero para pura buena no serve*" ("very good, but to be purely good, and no more, was of no value"), a nice discrimination between negative and active goodness!

"*Muy Mexicano*" ("Very Mexican") is another phrase used in the same way, referring to something slow, or out of accord with the feelings and sentiments of the speaker.

"*Muy mal criado*" ("A very bad servant") expresses great contempt. Sometimes, however, it is used humorously, as when a child teases its mother, or a friend insists on the conferring of some little favor at an inconvenient season.

In the arts of the toilet the señorita is fully up with her Anglo-Saxon sisters; indeed, it may truthfully be said she is ahead of them. Paint, whitening lotions, and dentrifices are used freely. But no women excel them in the care of the hair, that "glory" of woman, and its wonderful length, its silky, luxuriant softness, amply compensate them for their pains.

Houses built before the days of modern conveniences are not provided with baths, but comfortable and luxurious public baths—warm and cold—for all classes exist everywhere. It is here the señorita, at least once a week, uncoils her lovely tresses, and washes thoroughly both hair and scalp, then, with towel pinned around her shoulders, and hair flowing in unconfined ripples from crown to tip, goes through the streets to her home with no more concealment than if returning from church.

Señoritas are universally known in plain English as chickens. If very young, they are *pollitas* (little chickens). If twenty or more years, the graver and more prophetic term *polla* (grown or big chicken) is applied.

An opportunity was given me of hearing an amusing adaptation of the term:

A number of ladies were arranging to give an entertainment for a charitable purpose. All had stated what they would contribute, save one, who had remained silent throughout. But when a lull came in the conversation, she quietly remarked she would bring the *pollas y pollitas.* The merriment spread like contagion, for she had three marriageable daughters.

On another occasion, at a fashionable dinner party which I attended at the capital, Guillermo Prieto was also a guest.

The venerable poet sat at the extreme end of the long table beside a blooming señorita, who was evidently entertaining the old gentleman to the best of her ability. A charming, middle-aged señora sat near me, and when the conversation flagged, she turned and said, naïvely, "*Oye! oye* (hear! hear)! Guillermo! You like those *pollitas* much better than the *pollas!*" To which he replied, "*Naturalmente* (naturally), there is nothing prettier or sweeter than a *pollita!*" An expression of taste which could not be described as national.

But these lovely *pollitas* never experience the pleasures of our *débutantes.* From thirteen years of age they may be candidates for matrimony, but such an event crowning their entrance into society as a winter in Washington would be as foreign to their ideas and impressions of real young ladyhood as their Romeo and Juliet love-making from the balcony or barred windows to our young ladies. So they are always out, and yet never out!

Solteras or *doncellonas viejas* is the term applied to old maids. While no derogation attaches to this position, yet often much sport is made at the expense of those who may in any way render themselves odious and disagreeable. "*Muy fastidiosa*" ("very fastidious," or "a little difficult to please") is politely applied; or "Very

good to dress the saints," meaning, that they are always at church, and, having nothing else to do, dressing saints is a proper occupation for them.

Thirty years are allowed a señorita ere she is launched on that monotonous *soltera* journey; and they are to be found as often in wealthy as in plainer families.

Bachelors are quite common, and they also have their special names. Sometimes *solterones*, at others, *solterones perniciosos* (bad or pernicious unmarried men). A Mexican lady said to me, "Life to the *solterones* is never bleak nor desolate. They keep up their houses and have everything about them that contributes to their happiness!"

Young marriageable men are called *gallinos*, older ones, *gallos* (young and old roosters). And those tireless, idle young men who stand on the streets habitually, watching the señoritas on their way to mass or to shop, are called by the appropriate name of *lagartijos* (lizards), because they are always in the sun.

Foreigners are not long in sorting these out from the multitude, as they make it a rule to stare one out of countenance.

They compare with the idlers of all countries, and are not a whit behind them in deportment and dress—even the eyeglass is not wanting.

A natural and, it would seem, national source of pride to the Mexican, is his small and elegantly formed foot, and, not satisfied with its original graces of slender form and arched instep, he compresses its size by wearing tight-fitting, high-heeled, and pointed-toed shoes.

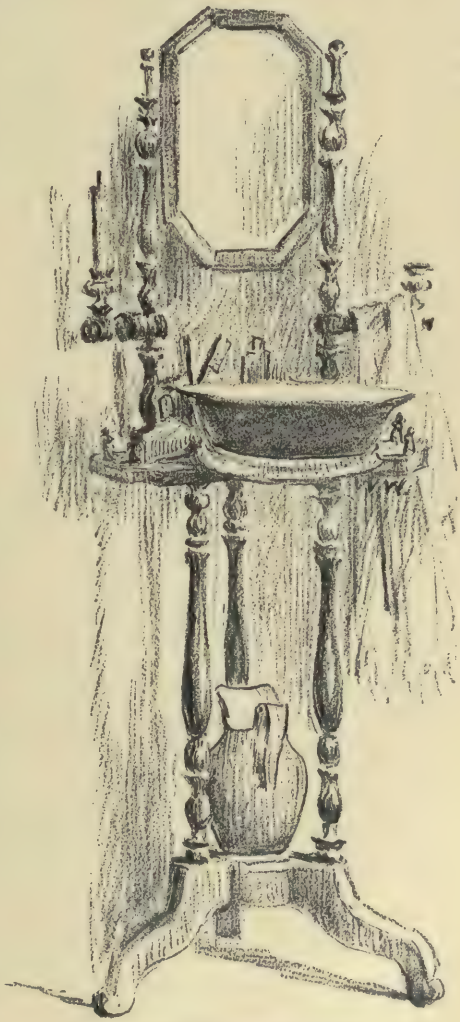
Apropos of this little display of personal vanity, shared by both the sexes, I may repeat what a lady of great culture and refinement told me in plain words, that while her husband was handsome, good, and kind, yet, had he not possessed the most perfect foot she ever saw, never would she have married him!

The women are by no means migratory in their habits. Indeed, with few exceptions, they do not travel in their own country. They

have no seaside resorts nor watering-places kept solely for recreation; the change to a hacienda or to a quiet village being the chief portion of their knowledge and experience in that line.

The increased facilities for travel do not offer sufficient inducements to them to leave their homes.

One charming woman, whose acquaintance I formed at Morelia, said to me that she had never been ten miles beyond Morelia but once in her life. This was a trip to the capital after her marriage. Then she only remained one day, which was spent in weeping so violently, and in entreating her liege lord to take her home again, that he was only too glad to do so without delay.



WASHSTAND IN A MEXICAN HOUSE.

The boarding-house, as it is known to us, is entirely unknown in Mexico, so that in cases of financial difficulty or other misfortune, ladies do not assume the care and management of such establishments. I only know of one instance where a lady, suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, had recourse to this method of gaining a livelihood. Now and then one may encounter a *casa de huespedes*, where furnished rooms are rented, but this is the extent of such business by women. And it is safe

to estimate that scarcely one out of ten thousand señoritas has ever found herself inside either a hotel or boarding-house.

Indeed, so deeply rooted is the feeling against any kind of publicity in the domestic life, that it is not considered etiquette for a lady, married or single, to visit in hotels.

Foreigners are attracted by the tender, kindly manner of the señoritas, and frequently choose their life partners among them. But, though loyal and devoted wives, as is well known, the fewest instances are on record where they have been successfully transplanted to another soil. They will not quarrel to carry their point, but sooner or later they will and must return to their native land. The women of other countries may fill a wider sphere, but there is no climate nor customs like their own.

A parallel is found by transplanting the American woman to Mexico, and the Mexican woman to the United States. The one sighs over her lack of freedom, while with the other, the excess of freedom is an untold burden. No charm or attraction can exist for her beyond the barred window and the circumscribed limits of the promenade, accompanied according to custom, by some female relative or servant.

The foreigner who contemplates seeking the hand of a señorita, should first arrange all business matters in his own country, bid adieu to kindred and friends; for when the event takes place linking his fate with that of the object of his affections, he must become in word and deed a Mexican, and be one of the family in every relation.

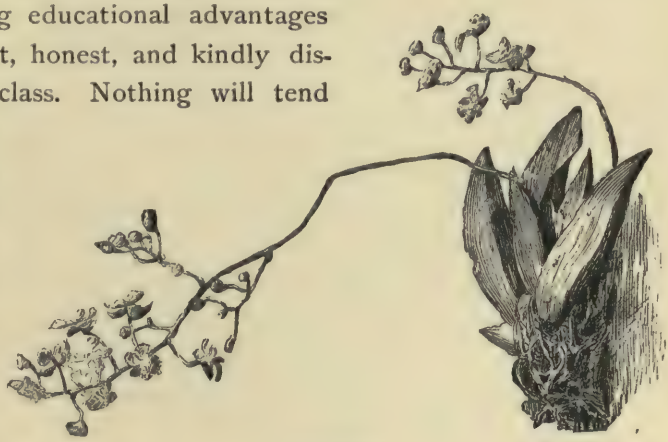
One noble trait is exemplified in the life of the Mexican woman who shares her worldly goods with either a foreigner or countryman. He may bring into his house his parents, his aunts, and his cousins, even as remote as the twenty-ninth cousin, and his wife will feel it only her duty and pleasure to be kind and tender, dividing with them her worldly possessions.

According to law, a girl is eligible for matrimony at fourteen. She is then as fully developed as an American girl at eighteen. Maturing thus early, marriage takes place, and from twenty-five to thirty-five, the

piquancy of youth waning, they arrive at a faded and premature age. The dearth of intellectual pursuits and the climate do their part in the metamorphosis.

The fine physical development among the women is particularly noticeable at the capital. Their beauty, however, grows upon and impresses one by degrees; their glorious soft eyes, glossy black hair, exquisitely shaped hands and arms and small feet are more admired the longer we observe them.

It is a pleasure to chronicle the fact that the government is now thoroughly aroused to the importance of giving educational advantages to the excellent, honest, and kindly disposed middle class. Nothing will tend more to make Mexico strong in herself and the sooner place her in the foremost ranks among nations, than the disposition she now manifests of being deeply interested in the education of the masses, and especially in that of the women. Industrial and normal schools and colleges are now in successful operation at many central points. In these they receive not only a practical education, but also instruction in the various branches of art by highly qualified masters.



AN ORCHID.

Treated heretofore more like dolls, or ornamental adjuncts—and in a state of dependence—now, without fear of misconstruction, they may enter such avenues of art and industry as will support them independently. Every latent talent is being fostered and encouraged by the administrators of the law. Poor young girls, as well as boys, are pensioned by either their own State or the federal government, and

only a few years more will witness an upward and onward progressiveness heretofore unknown.

At home, also, their range of accomplishments is extended. Where formerly señoritas employed themselves in lacework and embroidery, they now cut, fit, and make their own dresses with taste and skill, copying closely European and American fashions, and taking much pleasure in the selection of the various styles.

During my sojourn at the capital, one young señorita graduated in dentistry. She began at once assisting her father, who was a dentist, in his office, the fact being announced in all the leading daily papers.

Happily the class which most needs this aid and encouragement is the one most benefited by it—the excellent, faithful, and hospitable middle class.

It need not be inferred that husbands interdict their wives from sharing intellectual enjoyments. Yet one—a distinguished man of letters—remarked to me that it was all very well for American women to walk along with the men in science and literature, but it would never do for Mexican women to know any place aside from the home, with its relation to husband and children. If so, they would at once grow unhappy and discontented.

A Mexican gentleman, who had lived a great deal in the United States, and appreciated the Americans as a people, freely admitted to me that he had made the "double mistake of marrying two American women." If this remark savored of a lack of gallantry, it bore, however, a general truth, for the races are not, as a rule, suited to each other conjugally.

But some of the most majestic old dames it has ever been my fortune to know are among the Mexican women. They step as if descended directly from Montezuma, and the manner in which they uphold the dignity of their homes is something well worth seeing.

In neither sex is the slightest effort made to conceal age. Even young ladies on the shady side of an "uncertain age" do not seem aware that the least derogation attaches to that fact, but with a quiet unconcern state the exact number of their years.

Having so many servants, the lives of the women are much easier with regard to household labors than with us. There is no hurry—no necessity for it; but, though custom yields to *négligé* in the mornings, sacques and skirts, loose low shoes, and no corsets, hence no inconvenience as from the more formal toilet of our women, their maladies are quite as numerous. The lack of exercise, and excessive indulgence in rich, highly-spiced peppery food, may account for many ailments.

Children sum up, generally, ten, twelve, and sometimes as many as fifteen to eighteen in number, many not reaching maturity. In few instances do the mothers nurse their babes, the wet-nurse being "the power behind the throne."

I was agreeably disappointed, however, to see so few instances of personal deformity. Near-sightedness is prevalent all over the country, and is accounted for by the excess of light outside and its deficiency, with lack of ventilation, in both homes and schools.

Mexico is an earthly paradise for children. The little monarchs hold high sway in the affections of the people; and from the moment they see the light it is a long hey-day of enjoyment and child-play. Expressions of the tenderest love are lavished on them without affectation, whether in the street, the house, or the shop, and, regardless of how many may have preceded him, the new baby is hailed with delight, and takes superior rank in the household.

No country can produce more marvelously beautiful, brighter, or more precocious children. They are happy by nature, and, though indisposed to quarrel with each other either in the house or street, yet somehow they manage to assert their rights.

The childish prattle in the sweet baby Spanish is melody itself, coming from these winning and most lovable little creatures. Beautiful Alfonso, the baby boy of Señora Calderon—a little more than two years old—came tapping at my door one day.

Opening it, I asked, "What do you want, precious one?" Taking my hand and looking archly in my face, he said, with baby incorrect-

ness, "*Sabo Ingles*" ("I know English"). "Well, then," said I, "speak to me in English." "Gooch," he replied, laughing, shaking his head, and, as I caught him in my arms, patting me on the cheek. My name was the only word he knew, but he had rehearsed it with his nurse until his pronunciation was perfect. After this, every visitor was made aware of his proficiency in English, the whole family entering into his own enjoyment of his knowledge. No wonder these darlings are so little under control when they are so cunning and interesting!

LITTLE ALFONSO. "I KNOW ENGLISH."

National tastes and characteristics are early developed. Among the first is, that noise of any kind—laughing, crying, and walking heavily—is rude and unbecoming.

Babies do not creep because always in the arms of the nurse, who does the greater part towards amusing them. They are so tractable that in sitting for a photograph they naturally take a graceful, easy position, upon which even the artist cannot improve. The portrait of Alfonso is an instance of this kind. I took him to the artist, and without either of us touching him, he assumed the position as presented.

Clinging as they do to inbred traits, the universal habits of all children exhibit themselves. If they are not given the drumsticks of the fowl, I have seen their great luminous orbs gather moisture until tears would overflow in distress at the appropria-

tion by some one else of this important appendage. No child is excluded from the table or asked to wait; even on ceremonious occasions their places are reserved. They are admitted into the full confidence of the family circle, and such interesting events as births, marriages, and deaths are discussed in their presence with the utmost freedom.

Boys begin to smoke about ten years of age, but never do they indulge in the presence of their elders—not even an older brother. Few games and but fewer outdoor sports have been provided for them; and until within late years, bicycles or gymnasiums were unknown. But they are grand little horsemen, when fully equipped in the national dress; though sometimes rather grotesque when mounted on a hard-mouthed "billy goat" instead of a horse, accompanied by a train of boys. One rides, another leads, and still another uses the lash. I have seen two boys on one "billy," and this usually obstreperous animal yielded quite kindly to the caprices of the riders.

Girls have quite as little diversion, and often I have seen them playing self-invented games, in close imitation of church scenes—with altar, candles, and swinging censers—the boys acting as priests, while the girls, as nuns or plain worshipers, would file into the imaginary church.

The home discipline is of the mildest. If a correction be necessary, it comes in the form of an appeal, both parents showing tender leniency. An infraction of the household laws brings no punishment from the mother, and if persuasion and tears will not avail, the culprit goes free. At school the discipline is of the same character. No scolding, no correction or use of the rod is ever permitted. The laws of the country are express and explicit on this point, and even a parent so inclined could not grant this privilege to the teacher. But parents and teachers vie with each other in inculcating all the laws of politeness and courtesy.

I wish I could tell half I have seen of the graces and courtesies of these children. In the Alameda, with kindly deference, they will

always yield to elderly and infirm persons their own cozy and shady seats. On entering a *sala*, where there are few or many guests, these exquisitely polite little gentlemen will go all around shaking hands with every one present. They never break into the conversation, but when addressed will modestly join in it; then, wishing to retire, will say, "With your kind permission," and again shaking hands, move gracefully from the company. Girls are no less imbued with the same spirit of courtesy.

A Mexican boy never thinks himself too near manhood to pay the compliment to his mother of kissing her hand every time he comes into her presence. But I have sometimes seen evidences of a double motive in this pretty custom. Every one of these lads loves to patronize the *dulce* vender, and to do so he must keep in the good graces of his mother. While he stoops to imprint a kiss upon her hand, he whispers in her ear, "Give me a medio, dear mamma, I want some *dulces*." This appeal is never resisted.

Children are entertained by their mothers with an inexhaustible supply of tales and legends. Kings and queens are generally the subjects of these stories, and while their origin is Spanish, much Mexican sentiment is ingeniously interwoven with them.

Something more must be said about the dear babies and their clothing. In the Aztec country, baby's wardrobe is an unpretentious affair. The custom prevails of supplying only a very few simple articles. A square yard of flannel and one of muslin, hemmed all around and edged with lace or embroidery, known as *pañale*, are wrapped around the infant's body and worn for three months, when little drawers—*calzoncillos*—are substituted. Dresses are held in reserve, to be worn on special occasions.

In wealthy families now, however, European wardrobes for babies are used, yet many still adhere to the original mode. At night the nurse wraps a small *rebozo* tightly about the arms and hands of the little one. She explains that baby will become frightened at his hands and scratch himself with his nails. In some families the *rebozo* is kept wrapped around the little one's arms and hands, both by day

and night, so there is no danger of his taking fright at his own development.

Poor little babes! They do look so uncomfortable, inveigled in the folds of the relentless *rebozo*, their bodies straightened out full length, so that neither arms nor legs can toss about if colic or other baby malady should overtake them.

CHAPTER VIII.

FASTS AND FESTIVALS AND SOCIAL FORMS.

IT is not my purpose in this connection to dwell upon the past history or present status of the Church in Mexico, except as it is connected with the actual lives of the people.

The propriety of blending social events, household customs, and religious ceremonies, as one subject of description, may seem questionable to the uninitiated reader. But when it is understood that the feast-days of the church are holidays for the people, and that these feast-days are numerous, and without these holidays there would be but little social life, the harmony of these subjects will be at once understood.

I have been assured by devoted Mexican Catholics, who have resided both in the United States and in Europe, that the feast-days in Mexico are, in a large measure, quite different from those observed in other countries, while they are so numerous that to a stranger it seems as if there is one for every day in the year.

The bold and uncompromising policy of Cortez left the Mexicans no alternative but to adopt the Christian religion, which was made acceptable by the soothing influences of the early missionaries.

Then, too, the striking ceremonies of the Catholic Church, with its

grand language in an unknown tongue and its mysterious symbolism, rich vestments of the priests, its lights, incense, and strange, unearthly chants of the tonsured clergy, seemed to harmonize with the singular rites of the pagans, though so different in spirit.

The transition from the native ceremonies to the ritual of the Catholic Church was easy to a people who loved outward show and symbolism; and who were perhaps more attached to form and display and mystical devotion, than to spiritual elevation and humane sentiments. But these remarks apply only to the primitive races who so soon and readily adopted the purer faith taught by the Gospel, and abandoned those horrible, sanguinary rites that characterized them as pagans.

They have passed through many phases of mysterious and severe misfortunes, but still they present evidences that their ancient traditions have not been wholly lost; and at the present time dim traces of them are manifested in their religious symbols. Generations have glided by, with the tales of their sorrows, joys, and calamities; despotisms have held their iron sway; some of the most magnificent structures—relics of an art superior to our own—have passed away; another faith is theirs; but one may discern in the rites of catholicity, as practiced to-day in Mexico, a tinge of the Indian worship of the Aztecs. It is said that even recently garlands have been placed by them on the idols in the court-yard of the National Museum, and that also in the remote caves of the mountain regions the ancient deities are still secretly worshiped.

This is not strange. We may well imagine some remote wilds, where the old races still exist, with their endless legends and traditions; where the light of Christianity has never beamed. In these secluded fastnesses still dwell their old men and women, who keep the young in awe of the grim deities their forefathers were wont to worship.

The government of New Spain went on under the viceroyalty for nearly three centuries. At last the War of Independence came, and the yoke of foreign usurpation was thrown off. But the influence of

the old Church was thoroughly imbedded in the hearts of the people. Mexico was free politically from a foreign power; but, nurtured in absolutism, the mastery of Church over every legal power was complete. The two elements—that of religious domination and of civil liberty—arrayed themselves against each other. The former was allied with the most powerful ecclesiastical body in the world; the latter, though few in numbers, was of untiring zeal and determination.

The wealth of the Church had so accumulated that it owned all the best property in the Republic, both in the city and country. A clerical writer of good authority estimates this wealth to have been 861 *haciendas*, or country estates, valued at $71,373,000, and 22,649 lots of city property, consisting of churches and convents, valued at $113,241,530—a total of $184,614,800.

Other estimates have been made giving an aggregate of the Church wealth at $300,000,000; and, regardless of the correctness of these estimates, this vast wealth was handled by the ecclesiastical body, who were in every instance able business men.

The rupture of Church and State, and their complete divorcement, came about by the ponderous weight of the former. It had gone on gathering influence and power, until, like an over-full river, it broke its bounds. The time in human economy had come when this event was a necessity.

In 1857, Comonfort issued the edict that eventually laid the Church power, strong as it was, trembling in the balance. But his policy was not completely carried out until the iron hand and fearless nerve of Juarez grasped the whole body politic, in 1867, on the fall of the empire. After which period this vast property was applied to the uses of the state and government. The cathedrals and churches were sold or converted to public uses, and by courtesy only the clergy became their occupants. Even the wearing of the clerical dress in the streets was forbidden under penalty of fine and imprisonment.

Religious parades, which had before been so imposing and magnificent, were suppressed.

Both sisters of charity and Jesuits were sent out of the country

EL FLOR DE LA NOCHE BUENO

CHRISTMAS FLOWER.

with their *personnel* and property, and even the ringing of the church bells was regulated by law.

The civil law was upheld in every particular, even in prescribing all those holy sacraments which the Church has always held as sacredly her own.

It registers births, performs the marriage ceremony, and buries the dead. While the Church ceremony is not prohibited when desired, it is legally superfluous, and without the civil law null and void.

But with all this curtailment of power, the Church has reached a higher moral plane, and one of greater dignity. It has been purified by fire. It required the blood of a pure Indian to bring to terms this great power. It was unquestionably a bold stroke to have been made by one man, with only at first a few adherents.

The government still watches closely the movements of the Church party, which is represented by the cathedral, while the National Palace is the domicile of the liberal party.

The soldiers marching to and fro in front of the latter furnish a solemn warning that not even a bell may be rung in those grand towers, if any attempt be made to override the civil authority.

It should be, and no doubt is, the earnest desire of every Catholic that the Church in Mexico be placed on the same footing as that in the United States. At present there are many indications pointing to this end.

The November feasts, beginning with All Saints' Day, were the first of interest that I witnessed, and the brilliant capital never saw a finer inauguration of these festivities. The rainy season was ended, the atmosphere was bracing, as is always the case at that time of the year, and these happy effects harmonized with the smiling faces of the multitude, as they moved back and forth, bearing in their hands flowers as lovely and delicately tinted as though blushing from the kisses of angels.

Strains of delightful music were wafted to my ears upon the early morning air from organ and choir, and the stronger and more martial notes of stringed and brass instruments. Hundreds, even thousands,

of women and children in their best clothes wended their way to the various churches. Business was suspended, even the school children having a holiday; though the public schools, fostered by the government, make no allowance for holidays in their regulations.

The Alameda, the great central figure of every outdoor social event, presented a picture that the mind loves to recall. A more enchanting scene was never opened to the appreciative eye in even the gay and beautiful realms of Fairy Land. In splendor it recalled "The golden prime of good Haroun al Raschid."

The great central pavilion was illuminated by iridescent lights, which were rendered more fairy-like and bewitching by numerous moss-draped mirrors, Chinese lanterns, brilliant growing plants, the magnificent fountain with its silvery showers, and the basin with its dainty, bright-colored fishes, streamers and flags with the national ensign, the whole making a gorgeous Oriental picture, vibrating under the modern electric light.

The Zapadores, of Exposition fame, assisted by other bands, played alternately on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and on special feast-days. At night grand concerts took place, which were enjoyed by the most cultured and elegant society. Occasionally benefits were given for charitable purposes.

The play of Don Juan Tenorio, that is known throughout Spain and Spanish America, comes in among the November celebrations, being placed on the boards on All Souls' Day, and is kept there as long as public taste approves.

But to return to the feast. The highest testimonials of remembrance were on that day given to the beloved dead. Every cemetery was filled to its utmost capacity with mourning relatives and friends. The humblest grave at Dolores (cemetery of the poor) was not forgotten, and at the French cemetery the scene was most impressive. The clergy celebrated mass with full orchestral accompaniment; lights burned everywhere, while the glorious tropical sunshine was shut out by the towering forest and ornamental shade trees.

Pictures of deceased friends and relatives were placed at the head-

stones, while garlands, wreaths, and floral emblems encircled them, almost concealing the tomb; and as the priest passed from grave to grave, with solemn intonation and pathetic music, there were few dry eyes in that vast concourse. For whether we be in a foreign land or on our own soil, any tribute to the lost ones, even in an unknown tongue, unlooses the pent-up, silent grief of our hearts, and the pangs of to-day are those of long ago. We "weep with those who weep." Our tears are for them, and for ourselves, and for the griefs of humanity. It is a recognition of the universal brotherhood — that "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin."

The most touching mass that I witnessed that day in the French cemetery was celebrated before a monument that had been erected to the memory of "All the mothers and the fathers who have died in other lands, when separated from their children, who lived in far-off Mexico."

The American dead were not forgotten, and the last resting-places of the humble and unfortunate, as well as the wealthy and influential, were over-laid with lovely floral tributes.

The Alameda, with its indescribable attractions, continues nightly, throughout the month, to be filled with an elegantly dressed crowd, who revel in this gorgeous and bewildering realm of beauty. The holiday look everywhere is kept up in anticipation of the most universally celebrated of all the feast-days of the country, that of the Virgin de Guadalupe—the patron saint of Mexico—which takes place on the 12th of December.

She is venerated in all Spanish-America, and the story of her mysterious appearance to Juan Diego is firmly believed by thousands of every grade and class. The most ignorant Indian may not know of the President, Congress, or machinery of government, but he is sure to be well informed as to the merits of "Our Lady of Guadalupe." No doubt the tradition with its fascinating sentiment has been the means of inducing many wandering and scattered tribes of Indians to enlist themselves in the service of the Church.

We are told that when the patriot Hidalgo placed the image of

the Virgin Guadalupe on his banner, the royalists bitterly persecuted those who worshiped at her shrine; and at once stamped on their own banners the representation of the Spanish Virgin, "*Nuestra Señora de los Remedios.*"

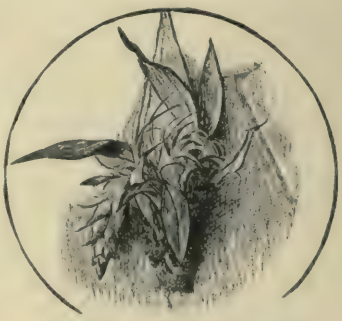
These two ladies, as representing the different causes, were bitter rivals throughout the War of Independence. But the native blood and determination were the stronger, and when Augustin de Iturbide became Emperor, the Indian Virgin resumed the absolute sovereignty which she this day holds. So dear is her name that thousands of children are annually christened by it.

For days before the inauguration of the festivities in honor of Guadalupe, both the capital and the highways leading to this sacred shrine were alive with people making preparations for the occasion. Platforms to be occupied by bands of music were erected at every prominent street corner, and every garden and *plaza* showed signs that something unusual was about to transpire.

READY FOR THE FIESTA.

Indians had tramped a thousand or more miles in order to be present. They had brought with them the various wares and products of their own labor peculiar to their respective sections, and sold them through the streets—among them many articles of rare, beautiful, and skillful workmanship.

In the Zocalo the palm huts and rush-covered booths suggested an affinity between the native Indian and the banks of the Nile, but the novelty and variety of the surroundings precluded prolonged speculation. The bazars, shaded by cypress boughs, were presided over by Indian maidens endowed with great versatility of talent and with an abundant supply of small talk for every customer. Their stock in trade was unique—*Nascimientos*, representing the birth of Christ, in figures of wax, candy,


AN ORCHID WITH PINK CENTER.

and clay being the principal ones, though one may also find many other specimens of curious and ingenious handicraft.

Everything and everybody took on a holiday look in their new clothes, which none had omitted except the Indians. The *azoteas* were also enlivened by thousands of people, who enjoyed the brilliant display of pyrotechnics, and every imaginable species of illumination.

A party of Americans of which I was one, with a few Mexican friends, went to Guadalupe the night before the grand *fiesta* was to take place. To adequately describe the scene would require the pen of a Dickens. The poor, the lame, the halt, the blind had been here congregated, as well as the hale and hearty, with their *petates*, vessels of pottery and other things needful for the occasion. While the architectural beauty of the cathedral was displayed, the grotesquely attired multitude was also thrown into relief.

Inside the inclosure of the church the stillness of death marked the sleeping multitude. Overcome, perhaps, by the fatigue of the long journey from their homes, hundreds of women and children slept peacefully, undisturbed by the gaze of the curious foreigners who stepped over them to enter the portals of the cathedral.

It seemed to me that hundreds of poor women, wrapped only in their *rebozos*, with occasionally a blanket, were asleep, and in their immovable postures transfixed to mother earth. Now and then one might be seen upon her knees, devoutly offering up the prayers of her faith, while tears stole gently down the weather-beaten faces of others. Here as everywhere, making himself conspicuous and well known, was the ever-present, insatiable papoose.

Within the cathedral, the soft tones of the organ, aided and enhanced by the youthful voices of the choristers, filled the vast temple with solemn harmony.

An indescribable multitude of worshipers had assembled there, among whom Indian women on their knees, with candles in their hands, and children strapped to their backs, moved down the grand old aisles murmuring their "*Ave Marias*."

A contrasting scene was presented as we passed through the great doorway on our way out. Two men—one of them very old, with a pair of green spectacles which looked as if made by a blacksmith—were deeply engaged in singing from a home-manufactured book, as I discovered by peeping over, a rude chant, without rhyme, reason, time, tune, or ending. They sang with *gusto*, oblivious of the interest with which we regarded them, and each utterly regardless of what the other was singing. It was the strangest duet that was ever framed—two cracked voices, in utter discord, the singers as serious as pictured saints. The faces of the men, the spectacles, the book, the rattling discord of the duet, seen and heard by the dim light of a tallow dip, flickering in the December wind, formed a woe-begone scene that should be painted by a Hogarth.

The chapel on the hill of Tepayac can be reached only by a tiresome tramp up, perhaps, two hundred steps, cut in the side of the mountain, and here we were held in unbroken admiration of the scene below. The valley, bathed in the chastened light of a glorious full moon, lay serenely at our feet and stretched beyond to its mountain limits in the dim distance. The air was sweet, balmy and refreshing, even on that mid-December night. All this was the handiwork of nature in her sublimest moods. But what a contrast when we turned to the little *plaza* in front of the grand cathedral and beheld the multitudinous assemblage of human beings on grand parade, in fatigue suits and undress uniforms! True, the mellow moonlight was over them, as over us; but nearer were the flare of torches; the flickering of camp-fires, by the lights of which the crowds moved about like characters in pantomime, and with the Babel of voices, the songs of the Indians, the fire-crackers and sky-rockets, suggested to us on the height, instead of a vast religious congregation, rather a demoniacal pandemonium. Now and again the swelling notes of the organ were heard above the din, but these were soon lost in the pealing of bells from the towers as they revolved rapidly in the gay lights of the national colors, until the valley was filled with their deep-toned utterances.

We went down the steps and were soon lost in the variegated concourse, but our interest was undiminished. Confronted on every hand by gambling booths, tents, palm huts, and a motley multitude, cooking, eating and drinking, to open the way for our exit required the strength of a Hercules. We had glimpses of men and women in the booths who played on harp, guitar, and bandolin, and if their faces

A FEW OF THOSE WHO ATTENDED THE FEAST OF GUADALUPE.

had been carved from wood or stone, they could not have been more immobile or expressionless.

The defects, by night-time, in a picture so realistic, were concealed in a measure by the glamour of moonlight and torchlight, but the longing of unsatisfied human nature urged us to return on Sunday afternoon to take a more prosaic view of it in the broad, open daylight. It was a cruel and a crucial test. An army of beggars in

rags, hundreds of children — faces unwashed, hair unkempt — sallied around, gnawing on great chunks of meat, playing in huge basins of soup, scooping up *frijoles* with *tortillas*, or screaming and fighting with the myriads of dogs. Gambling was in full force; women were cooking in every way known from the time of Adam, selling everything, screaming their prices, and, like the tireless venders they are, seldom failing to secure a purchaser. Some presided in booths, gayly lined with fruits and flowers, and danced, sang, and patronized you, while generously overflowing with pulque. The air was filled with an indiscriminate jangle of most unearthly sounds, from a variety of very earthly instruments, which, with the dust, the odor of meat cooking and the fumes from the crowd added, made us hurry along to the chapel on the hill, where a treat was in store for us. The Indians from the fastnesses of the Sierras, in the far north were to dance in their peculiar costumes.

Animated by insatiable curiosity, and anxious to witness the entire ceremonials, I pressed through the crowd of *pobres* to the inner circle. What a scene! The wildest, most fantastically decked beings that mortal eye ever beheld were in the inner space. The old men, adults, and boys, with their immense *panaches* of variegated colors that towered to startling height; their curiously wrought dresses that were strongly marked with the national colors, somewhat resembling the kilt of the Scottish highlanders; their ornamented moccasins; the women and little girls with their curious masks of coarse gauze, in black and white, crowned with immense wreaths of feathers, of every variety, intermingled with flashing tinsels, with tawdry dresses of many colors, and in fashion not unlike the kilt of the men and boys, made a scene that was grotesque and fantastic beyond description. Then the dance! They formed circles—the men on the outer circle and the women on the first inner circle—and again other circles of the younger Indians of both sexes, forming one within the other. The everlasting jangle and trum-trum of the ghastly *jarana* covered with the skin of an armadillo, looking like an exhumed skeleton, with the finery of flaunting ribbons floating around it, its harsh notes min-

CATHEDRAL OF GUADALUPE AND THE CHAPEL ON THE CERRO DEL TEPAYAC.

gling with the drowning wail of the wild musician who played as though in a frenzy, were in keeping with the whole scene. The circles, with all their varied colors, danced in opposite directions with a slow, bouncing step that was half a waltz, half minuet, and as they proceeded they grew more excited—more frenzied—the musician seemingly more infused with his awful duty, and the dancers stepping higher and higher, the circles wheeling more rapidly, until the ear was overpowered and the eye confused with the endless changes of faces, colors, and sounds. It was the wildest, most mournful dance that mortal could invent; and it seemed as if the souls of the devotees were in the movement. It was a sort of paroxysm of physical devotion, and seemed to exhaust its votaries.

Having concluded the dance to the honor and glory of Guadalupe, they filed into the church chanting a low, monotonous hymn. I was the first to enter after them, followed closely by my friends. When they reached the altar, where a large picture of the Virgin was suspended, all dropped down on their knees in regular lines of fours, and began crossing themselves and murmuring their *pater-nosters.* Catching the spirit of the occasion, and unwilling to wound their acute religious sensibilities by the close proximity of idle sight-seers, we followed their example and knelt for a few moments. But so absorbed were the devotees, or so natural our movements, that we remained unnoticed among the worshipers.

The man who played on the *jarana* (harana) recited prayers, the others responding. After this they sang a litany, accompanied by low moaning sounds, as if in anguish of spirit, while every eye was fixed steadily upon the patron saint in mute appeal, and tears streamed spontaneously down these bronzed and hard-used faces.

After half an hour thus spent upon their knees, they arose, and still accompanied by the strange music from the ghastly instrument, that seemed to have taken on a more unearthly character, moved backward, making a low courtesy at each step, and, as they filed out noiselessly in their strange tongue, sang in chorus:

I.

"From Heaven she descended,
Triumphant and glorious,
To favor us—
La Guadalupana.

II.

"Farewell, Guadalupe!
Queen of the Indians!
Our life is Thine,
This kingdom is Thine.

III.

"Farewell, Guadalupe!
Queen of the Indians!
We who leave you to-day
Know not who may come again."

When they withdrew from the church, our party following closely, the dancing was resumed with added fervor. Before I was aware of the fact, my feet were going up and down, out and around, in imitation of the Indians, and greatly to the amusement of my friends and the spectators, some exclaiming, "*Que chula! Mira la niña bailanda!*" ("How pretty! Look at the child dancing!") which broke the spell, recalled me to myself, and joining my party, we went down the hill. But before we had gone down ten of the almost countless steps, one of the most picturesquely attired of all the Indians was walking by my side, making a bargain with me for the sale of his crown and feathers.

While the scene I had just witnessed had, at times, an effect to excite merriment, the contrary feeling of sadness and almost reverence prevailed. I could not but feel awe in the presence of those dark children of the wild mountains as they performed their mystical devotions and sang the rude barbaric songs that had in their tones the strangeness of another world. They were so earnest, so devout, so loving to the Mother of the shrine, and their grief so deep, when

they plaintively looked on her image, and bowed in a sorrowing farewell, that they excited a sympathetic feeling in the coldest heart.

I was forcibly reminded of the lines of our great American poet, who so fully appreciated the mystery of Indian character, religion, and tradition :

> "Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
> Who have faith in God and Nature,
> Who believe, that in all ages
> Every human heart is human,
> That in even savage bosoms
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
> For the good they comprehend not,
> That the feeble hands and helpless,
> Groping blindly in the darkness,
> Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
> And are lifted up and strengthened."

At the sacred shrine of Guadalupe, eight days after the feast has been duly celebrated by the Indians and common people, the wealth, beauty, and fashion of the capital wend their way thither to tender their renewed obligations to the patron saint.

I was a guest at a sumptuous celebration in honor of the Señora Doña Guadalupe Bros, who invited me to participate in the ceremonies and festivities of her *dia de santa.*

At seven o'clock in the morning mass was celebrated in the chapel, with the administration of the Holy Communion, followed by an impressive sermon from the young *cura* of the church of Santa Vera Cruz—Daniel Escobar. A full orchestra dispensed the sweet and solemn strains of Mozart.

Many distinguished society people were there, among them the wife and daughters of General Corona. The ladies all wore black dresses with lace mantillas.

The numerous lighted tapers were gifts from foundling and orphan institutions, of which the Señora Doña Guadalupe is a benefactress. All were deeply moved by the solemnity of the services, the more

evidently so that their noble hostess and relative was weak and infirm in health.

After mass a light breakfast was served in the grand dining-room, consisting of coffee, chocolate, and breads in great variety. The sumptuous and elaborate dinner took place at three o'clock in the afternoon. The orchestra in the corridor, supplemented by the singing of birds in the aviary, filled up the pauses with sweet sounds. Covers were laid for a hundred guests, the *élite* of society, among them many of the most distinguished men in Mexico—writers, orators, statesmen—including Altamirano and the venerable Guillermo Prieto.

In the evening a brilliant ball was given in the *sala grande*, and for several days dinners and balls and general rejoicings followed. The gifts received by the Doña Guadalupe were numerous and elegant, and had the additional charm, in most instances, of being useful, hand-wrought articles of every imaginable kind. One chair alone, the gift of Doña Josefina, had required six months to embroider.

General Palacio and wife, the noble Josefina, gave their aunt a *funcion particular*, in the way of a theatrical performance in the house, which was again a brilliant affair. Three short plays were presented, a melodrama, a tragedy, and a comedy.

The players were amateurs, friends of the family, and acquitted themselves admirably. I was particularly impressed by the talent displayed by a young comedian, Francisco Cardona, who continually brought down the house with his hits on the times.

The feasts of Guadalupe at Morelia were unusually brilliant. Thousands of the faithful attended the matins in the cathedral. The houses were decorated and the pyrotechnical display was very fine. At sunset, and as soon as the bells chimed, an allegorical car, representing the apparition of the Virgin of Guadalupe, started through the principal street from the portico of the cathedral toward the San Diego Church, followed by great crowds. Fireworks crossed the sky, giving it the appearance of a dome of fire.

In Queretaro these feasts were equally splendid. The city was converted into a great garden. Triumphal arches spanned the streets.

BITS FROM GUADALUPE.

The capitol was covered with fluttering streamers, banners and bunting of tri-color, stretched from balcony to balcony, from post to post and from roof to roof. At night the illumination was general. Queretaro seemed wrapped in a mantle of fire. The towers of its church and the roofs of its highest buildings were crowded with flames of different colors that oscillated in the winds. Fireworks were kept up till midnight.

A Mexican Christmas is very unlike one in the United States. No merry jingle of sleigh-bells is heard in this sunny land where the rigors of winter are unknown, and the few lofty peaks, where alone snow is ever seen, would hardly tempt the most adventurous tobogganist.

As there are no chimneys, Santa Claus is deprived of his legitimate and time-honored entrance into households, so the delightful and immemorial custom of hanging up stockings is unknown to Mexican children. But perhaps they enjoy themselves quite as much after their own fashion as ours do. One circumstance in their favor is the long-continued celebration, which, beginning on the evening of the 17th of December and continuing till New-Year's Day, is one long, delightful jubilee.

The celebrations in honor of Guadalupe extend from the 12th until the *posadas*, or nine days' festivities. The last prayers on the lips of the faithful and the last tones from organ and choir in praise of the patron saint, hardly die away ere the Christmas rejoicings begin.

The word *posada* signifies an inn, and the whole observance is a relic bequeathed by the Spaniards. The celebration is limited almost exclusively to the capital and the larger cities, and may be considered more as a social feature than belonging specially to the Church—though really combining the elements of both.

It is a reminder of the Nativity, based on the Gospel narrative, but with additions. When Cæsar Augustus issued the decree that "all the world should be taxed," the Virgin and Joseph came from Galilee to Judea to enroll their names for taxation. Bethlehem, their city, was so full of people from all parts of the world that they wandered

about for nine days, without finding admittance in either hotel or private house. As nothing better offered, they at last took refuge in a manger, where the Saviour was born.

The first act of the *posada* represents the journey of the Virgin Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem, and the difficulties they experienced in finding shelter. The family and invited guests march in procession through halls and around corridors, holding in their hands lighted tapers and singing solemn litanies. Before the procession, the figures of Mary and Joseph are borne along by servants or young boys. Each door they pass is knocked upon, but no answer or invitation to enter is given, and so the procession continues to move around, singing and knocking, until, at last, a door is opened, when they all enter and mass is said and hymns are sung with all possible solemnity, after which the other interesting features of the *posada* are presented, as hereafter related. Sometimes a *burro* is introduced to represent the faithful animal that carried the holy family in their journeyings.

All over the city is heard the litany of the *posadas*, sung in a hundred homes, as the pilgrimages wind in and out of the rooms and round the improvised shrines. Venetian lights hang in the *patios*, and fireworks blaze skyward in every direction. One of the most interesting features is the infantile resort set up in the southern part of the plaza. The Zocalo is a bewitching place; lights flash through the branches of pine and cypress, and the place is alive with children of the first families of Mexico.

The breaking of the *piñate* is the chief sport of the *posada*. The *piñate* is an oval-shaped, earthen jar, handsomely decorated and covered with bright ornaments, tinsel, gay flowers, and flaunting streamers of tissue paper. The common people are experts in the manufacture of these curious objects, and when a vender of them is seen perambulating the streets, it is worth while stopping to examine his stock in trade. There are turkeys, horses, birds, monkeys—in fact, every beast, bird or fowl of the air that is known. In addition, there are children almost life-sized, and even brides, with the trained dress, veil and

orange blossoms. But oh! the hapless fate of these earthen brides! They are soon beaten and smashed into atoms by the fun-loving crowd.

The holy figures are left in the chapel after the litanies are ended, and then, either in the *patio* or a room selected for the purpose, the fun of breaking the *piñate* begins. It is suspended from the ceiling, and each person desiring to take part is, in turn, blindfolded.

HIS STOCK IN TRADE OF GAY PIÑATES.

Armed with a long pole, he proceeds to strike the swinging *piñate*. Often a dozen people are blindfolded before the final crash comes, and the *dulces* go rattling over the floor. Then such racing and chasing!

The first *posada* that I attended was impromptu without the procession, litany, or Mary and Joseph; the *piñate* was a monkey, and my young Mexican friends insisted I should be the one to break it. Being duly blindfolded, and armed with a long pole, while the crowd

of Spanish-speaking people looked on, asserting that I could and would not fail in the effort, I set confidently about my task. But no sound came of broken crockery or falling *dulces.*

The rule was, that every one should have three trials. After the third stroke imagine my chagrin, when the handkerchief was removed, to see the monkey above my head, slowly descending, grinning and wriggling his tail. A wild and clamorous burst of laughter went up when I discovered the trick. They insisted that I should have another stroke at his monkeyship; so, acting on the rule, "If at first you don't succeed," blindfolded and pole in hand, I advanced, and, with one vigorous stroke, shivered it, amid shouts of laughter and rounds of applause. No *dulces* were ever so sweet to me!

A happy event for me was an invitation from General Palacio's household to attend the *posadas* in their house, affording me the opportunity of witnessing a distinctively national custom in all its true elegance.

Mary and Joseph were represented by two wax figures, placed upon a flower-wreathed, moss-embowered vehicle, made for the purpose, and propelled by an enthusiastic youth. The procession, consisting of the family and invited guests, formed on the corridor, which had been profusely decorated for the occasion. The *posada* began with the singing of a hymn, in which all participated with due solemnity. We marched around the corridor, with candles in our hands, preceded by the images, knocking at a door each time, but were always refused admittance by some one inside the rooms. At last we knocked at the chapel door, where we sang a petition, as if Mary and Joseph themselves were imploring admittance. Questions from within called forth the natural responses from the wayfarers without, who sang, "The night is cold and dark, and the woman who seeks a night's lodgings is the Queen of Heaven, having not where to lay her head."

The door at once opened, the weary pair entered, and the procession moved into the chapel singing a ringing anthem, which to me had the spirit of our ever-familiar "All hail the power." The litany

and prayers followed, after which we went down stairs to the theater, where the fun and merry-making began in earnest, leaving Mary and Joseph alone in the chapel.

Once seated in the theater, two of the gentlemen guests, dressed in the uniforms of *gens-d'armes*, presented themselves, bearing silver trays—one loaded with brilliant badges in the national colors, and the other with handsome finger rings, ornamented with settings of various stones. These badges and rings were passed to each guest with the most courtly grace by the pompous, sham *gens-d'armes*, who could ill conceal a smile on their sober faces. My ring was of seed-pearls and sapphires.

A long chit-chat followed, as we adorned ourselves with badges and compared rings. The ladies were seated in a circle, and the men passed around in groups, or singly, and all being acquainted, the liveliest sallies and repartee were heard on every side, and good humor and mirth to overflowing filled every heart.

At length a bell rings, the curtain rises, and an enchanting scene greets our wondering gaze: a vine-embowered stage covered with a wealth of tropical plants and flowers; mossy grottoes, sparkling fountains and mimic cascades, which seem a part of nature's own handiwork; ornaments of precious metals wrought in most elaborate patterns, gorgeously attired characters; all under the blaze of the dazzling lights, form a scene which might have been produced by the Genii of Aladdin's Lamp.

Two gentlemen in costumes of the time of Louis XIV., richly overlaid with gold and silver embroidery, were discovered. One was dressed in blue coat, with white knee-breeches, while the colors of the other were pink and cream color. Both wore flowing, curled wigs. They stood on opposite sides of a richly carved table, on which was a glittering display of magnificently wrought silver, comprising not only the plate of the Palacio family, but also the service presented by the Emperor of Austria. Two servants dressed as pages in satin suits, wigged and powdered, stood near the cavaliers, and with profound respect presented salvers loaded with fruits and flowers.

The tableau was broken by the cavaliers and pages passing down from the stage and serving each guest with *liqueurs* and wines in tiny glasses, and delicious sweets prepared in the household.

This *posada* sprang from the fertile brain of the General himself, and all the actors therein were members of the household and invited guests. He proved himself an adroit "stage manager," as few of the participants knew the extent of the varied and humorous programme.

Two young ladies of the household, dressed as nuns, then presented us with those curious and grotesque rag dolls—the invention of the natives—almost as large as real babies.

We had scarcely recovered from the effects produced on our risibles by the dolls, when the *gens-d'armes* entered bearing trays. On one, dainty little parcels were arranged, tied up most artistically in bright-colored silk handkerchiefs. The other contained lovely bouquets and *boutonnières*, and cornucopias of what we supposed to be sugar plums, but on our opening them proved to be hair-pins! The silken bundles enveloped the homely peanut and *tojocotes*, the most insipid fruit in Mexico.

Thus did our genial host keep us constantly amused and entertained with his rapid and ingenious transitions from the grand and gorgeous to the mirth-provoking and ridiculous.

One of the elegant courtiers who figured upon the stage, came to me at this moment stating that in the *patio* there was another *posada* of a still more interesting nature, and he wanted me to witness it. We there found assembled a crowd of excited children with the servants of the household, in addition to those who came with the guests, all eagerly enjoying the sport of breaking the *piñate*, which was in the form and about the size of a five-year-old girl. This figure was clothed in a white dress of some diaphanous material decked with tinsel; long black hair, plaited and tied with ribbon, hung down her back. Suspended by wires she swung in mid-air, calmly unconscious of the severe castigation in store for her. I was politely invited to join in the drubbing, but all my efforts failed to demolish her. When

she finally became dismembered, I was presented with the legs to take off as souvenirs of the occasion.

On our return to the theatre we heard in the distance a peculiar music. As it approached, the unusual sounds were accounted for by the appearance of a band of forlornly dressed Aztecs with their ancient musical instruments, followed by a train of attendants of the same race. In the rear came a hand-wagon laden with boxes of *bonbons*, fruits and sweets. When this singular band entered the brilliantly illuminated theater, the contrast excited boundless merriment. Our host appeared at the door and was greeted with shouts, when he entered and made a humorous little speech. The Indians continued their ear-splitting strains in stolid impassivity, apparently quite unconscious of the grandeur of their surroundings. To look on their emotionless and expressionless faces would extract a smile from an Egyptian mummy.

At this juncture General Palacio whispered in my ear that very soon he intended to give an entertainment *mas serio* (of a more dignified nature), in order that I might witness in his own house every form of social life known to the capital. The *Velada Literaria*, mentioned in the chapter on Mexican Literature, will give some idea of the elegance of this convivial reunion.

The scenes were interspersed with dancing, and now the witching strains of the *danza* again rose from the orchestra, and away went the gay señoritas and caballeros, responsive to its intoxicating measures.

This ended, again the curtain rose and our eyes were greeted by the representation of statuary by several of the gentlemen guests. Their superb physique, clad in stockinet, posed in the most graceful manner, imitated to perfection the sculptured forms of the Dying Gladiator, Brutus and the Conspirators, and many other classic and historical groups.

A señorita then entered, dressed in one of the prettiest costumes of the country, called *La china Poblana*.* Nothing could have

* Described in chapter on "The Common People."

been more striking and brilliant or more becoming to her dark, rich beauty. A bright crimson skirt, embroidered with white, reached partly to the waist, where it was supplemented by an upper portion of green. The bodice was simply a white chemise, exquisitely wrought, leaving neck and arms bare. Around her form was twined in graceful fashion a silken *rebozo*, combining in its gay stripes the national colors which marked the rest of her costume. Green slippers were on her dainty feet, and white silk stockings showed to where the petticoat began below the knee. She was a harmony in red, white, and green—a patriotic symphony.

THE PRETTY "CHINA POBLANA."

She held one end of a long pole, while a friend, also in national costume, held the other. Dozens of pretty little baskets decked off with gay ribbons were suspended from the pole. Each guest was given one, nobody suspecting its contents, until a live chicken made its presence known by fluttering in its futile efforts to escape.

At that moment General Palacio appeared at the door, when the company greeted him with much applause, singing out, "Long live Riva, Riva Palacio!"

The next scene revealed to us a single carved column, surmounted by a richly ornate capital. It seemed singular, and we wondered what it meant after the splendid scenes we had just witnessed. Suddenly, as by magic, a swarm of mocking-birds emerged through the top of the column, each decorated with ribbons of the national colors, and fluttered through the hall.

Little shrieks of delight went up from the ladies, and all eagerly

pursued the frightened birds, making captures. Order being restored, we turned our eyes again to the stage to behold the mysterious column slowly opening, revealing to our astonished vision exquisite articles of vertu, bric-à-brac, curios, and magnificent ornaments of every description, all glittering against a crimson background. These were distributed as *regalos* to the guests.

The entertainment closed with a *grande finale.* Upon the stage were assembled in one heterogeneous but effective tableau, gentlemen of the court, nuns, *La bonita china Poblana*, pages, flowers, silver, grotto, and, in the background, our genial host. This was the prelude to a *recherché* collation in the *comedor grande.*

Dancing was kept up until sunrise, but those of us who reluctantly withdrew were gently reminded by our host that we were expected to carry home our chickens.

On that glorious Mexican, moonlit night, with all our bundles, *regalos*, and chickens squawking at every step, we must have looked like the remnant of a Mardi Gras procession, as our figures were thrown full length on the broad street in exaggerated silhouette.

Posadas on so grand a scale are given in comparatively few houses. But the litanies, wax figures and procession are generally a part of the programme, varying according to means or taste.

Every night for more than a month, and for a month longer, at regular intervals, in this hospitable mansion, entertainments of various kinds were given—grand balls, dinners, and brilliant theatricals. My invitations were as numerous as the entertainments, where, whenever possible, I found myself, ever at home, an honored guest.

In rural districts, where *posadas* are not given, one of the chief Christmas recreations is the *pastorela.* This signifies an idyl, and is used symbolically to represent the announcements of the birth of Christ to the shepherds. A little girl dressed in white, with wings attached to her shoulders, represents the angel, while the shepherds are furnished with crooks, with which they beat time to their chanting. The infant Jesus, represented by a doll, is rocked in a cradle or

swung from the ceiling, and on Christmas eve is baptized, the godfather and godmother being selected from the company.

This pastoral is much in use on the Rio Grande frontier, where there is a dearth of amusement, and generally among the plainer population. When practiced by the wealthy, it is enlarged upon until it assumes grand proportions. The *pastorela* begins sometimes a week or more before Christmas.

The Feast of the Epiphany, known in Mexico as the *Fiesta de los Tres Reyes* (Feast of the Three Kings), which comes on the 6th of January, has connected with it an interesting social event. This is known as the *Bailé de los Compadres.* It is not so commonly observed now as formerly, but is none the less interesting.

A coffee cake is made, in which is placed a bean, and at the dinner which follows mass on that day this cake is placed under a napkin and then cut by some one of the guests. The one who gets the bean is known as king; if a woman, queen. If the former, he drops the bean into the glass of the lady whom he selects as queen. If a lady gets the bean, the same process is gone through, with the difference of sex in the selection. They embrace *à la Mexicano,* becoming at once *compadres.* The king makes the queen a present, and must also give a ball within the month of January.

At the ball the names of all the ladies are put into a hat and the gentlemen draw. The lady whose name the gentleman draws becomes his *compadre* for the evening, and much merriment follows.

El Candelario, or the feast of Candlemas, comes on the 2d of February. It commemorates the purification of the Virgin, and is the occasion on which the candles are blessed and consecrated, to be used the ensuing year, in extreme illness, death, earthquakes, and thunder-storms.

The day is celebrated at Tacubaya in a novel way. The streets are filled with gambling booths, where all kinds of games of hazard are played by the common people; not only by the men, but women also of every age yield to this fascinating pastime.

On the 5th of February the Church celebrates the death of

Mexico's only martyr, San Felipe de Jesus. He was martyred in China, and his baptismal urn stands in a wooden frame in the cathedral beside the tomb of the Emperor Iturbide.

The carnival season comes with its throngs of gay, promiscuous maskers, but without a representation of our King Comus. Some of these are said to represent the spies sent out by Herod in search of Christ ; if so, they seem to enjoy themselves amazingly.

Lent is duly observed, especially by ladies, who perambulate the streets dressed in black, on their way to and from church. At this time the Zocalo has two of its sides adorned with booths and rustic tents, in which various delicious drinks are sold by captivating Indian maidens. In accord with the season fewer toys are sold in the streets, but as the people pass they halt to partake of a drink of *aqua de chia*, *aqua de pina* and *orchata*.

On Palm Sunday large quantities of palm, plaited in every imaginable form and tied with ribbons, are taken to the church and blessed. They are then placed on the iron rods outside the windows to protect the house from lightning or any other dread calamity.

During Holy Week, bells, organs and choirs utter not a sound, the stores are closed, and the world has a holiday. On Holy Thursday it is customary for both ladies and gentlemen to turn out in their new suits. The ladies appear in handsome toilets, the result of weeks of labor for the dressmakers, while the gentlemen display a corresponding industry on the part of the tailors.

Good Friday sees an entire change. The whole republic is in mourning, and the smiling faces of yesterday are superseded by downcast eyes and sober mien, as the vast concourse of people pass silently on their way to church.

In the afternoon is celebrated the feast of the *Tres Caidas* (Three Falls), which commemorates the three falls Christ suffered on his way to Calvary. After each fall the priest preaches a short sermon. Then follows the ceremony of the *Tres Horas* (Three Hours), when the scenes of the Crucifixion are represented in pantomime and with effigies. On the evening of the same day there is a service

called *pesame*, a visit of condolence to the Virgin on the death of her Son.

The last day of Holy Week, *Sabado de Gloria*, or Saturday of Glory, is devoted to the death and disgrace of Judas. Effigies of the traitor are hung all over the streets, and, being filled with powder, burst as they fall to the ground. This catastrophe is celebrated by the rattling of myriads of *matracas*, wooden rattles, that make the head ring, mingled with the shouts of the populace.

Numerous and grotesque paper effigies hung across many of the most prominent streets, and the Judases, filled with bamboos of powder, were tied to the balconies, roofs of buildings, and lamp-posts. Many of them had silver coins pasted upon them, representing the thirty pieces of silver for which Judas sold Christ. When the Judases burst, the eager crowd gathered up the coins and then proceeded to tear into shreds the effigies, in order to avenge the treachery of Judas.

On the 16th of April, the annual *Fiesta de las Flores* (Floral Festival) is inaugurated on the Viga Canal. None of the feasts of the capital affords more pleasure to its citizens. The *paseo* is deserted, while the boulevard beside the Viga is enlivened with hundreds of elegant equipages filled with the *élite* of the capital, as well as pedestrians and horsemen, who repair thither to witness the festival of the Indians. The canal itself is literally overspread with boats large and small, some with a covered space in the middle and a deck at each end, all manned by swarthy Indians. Indian women and girls in their well-befitting costumes, with wreaths of poppies on their heads, and garlands around their necks, guitar in hand, sing in every imaginable key the madrigals of their people, dancing as they go. On the shore the best bands play, and the same scene of animation is presented for days.

The 24th of June is the *Fiesta de San Juan Bautista* (St. John the Baptist), the patron saint of all bathers. This is a day on which the Catholic world of Mexico bathes and puts on clean clothes.

Small boys dressed up as miniature soldiers, with imitation

swords and guns, parade the streets, making an animated scene. It is a holiday that any mortal who cares for St. John may enjoy inexpensively.

A legend received by the common people has it that ablutions made in honor of the Herald of the Saviour "give beauty to the maiden, vigor to the matron, and freshness to the old maid."

Regardless of the truth of this, the bathing establishments everywhere are liberally patronized on this day. Such pushing, jostling, screaming, and lofty tumbling as these devotees of St. John do, is enough to call forth tears from the Mexican Mars.

The public is entertained with as much freedom as though it were a bull fight, and it shows a generous appreciation in long and continued applause. In one tank one hundred and fifty or more bathers may be seen at once, throwing themselves head first, diving and swimming, or standing half submerged, or perhaps jumping from the spring-board.

To all these gyrations add the screams of the multitude, the shrieks of the bathers, and the people on shore selling a thousand and one articles beneath the rays of a scorching sun, to complete the scene. Though many pursuits and avocations are carried on, the dominating and supreme desire of the crowd is to get wet.

This feast of water costs but a *real*, and on that day the populace shows its appreciation of the opportunity for so insignificant a sum to be made wet from crown to sole.

Superb masses, probably not surpassed anywhere in the world, are celebrated for the dead. A very grand occasion of this kind was when the Spanish Colony honored their dead king at the Profesa Church. This was the most imposing church service that I witnessed. The interior attested the faultless taste of the decorator. An immense catafalque stood in the center with white and silver drapings. The bust of Alphonso was wreathed in immortelles, the whole surrounded by the arms of Spain. Columns were draped with black and great black streamers were suspended from the dome and gracefully festooned from the altars. Wax candles of remarkable size and length

were lighted all around and throughout the church, while clouds of incense floated over all. Each one in the large congregation was provided with a candle two feet in length. The music, both orchestral and choral, was grand. Chairs were provided for all, and the floor was handsomely carpeted. The best of society was represented, and I never saw a more elegant assemblage, all in deep black. President Diaz with his cabinet occupied seats near General Jackson and his friends, so there was a commingling of nationalities as well as of tears on that day.

Funeral cards are elaborate both in style and diction. The following will give an idea of the forms in general use:

"Died yesterday at half-past twelve, Señorita Dolores Garcia. Her mother, brothers, and relatives, in informing you of this sad event, beg that you will lift your prayers to the Eternal for the repose of her soul, and be kind enough to attend her funeral, which will take place to-day at four o'clock at the Church of Santa Vera Cruz."

The sending of cards or letters of condolence follows, as a matter of course, and where families have an extensive circle of acquaintances, every day in the week finds them writing to their afflicted friends.

Below will be found another still more poetic in its language, which was sent me upon the death of the gentleman named, who was the father of Señor Alberto Bianchi, the well-known author and journalist:

A la sombra del árbol santo de la Cruz, ayer á las ocho de la noche, voló al seno de su Criador el alma del

SR. D. ALBERTO BIANCHI

(PADRE).

Sus atribulados hijos piden para él oraciones á la piedad de sus hermanos en Jesucristo.

México, Setiembre 23 de 1886.

(Translation.)

Under the shade of the holy tree of the Cross, yesterday at eight o'clock at night, ascended to the bosom of his Creator, the soul of

SR. D. ALBERTO BIANCHI

(FATHER).

His afflicted children ask for him prayers from the piety of his brethren in Jesus Christ.

Mexico, September 23, 1886.

The wearing of mourning is universal, not only for near relatives, but also for friends. A young lady dies, her companions don the somber garb for thirty days; if the father or mother of the girl should die, it is worn for fifteen days. By this time some other relative or friend may die, when the custom is again in force, and may be indefinitely prolonged. During all this time they seclude themselves from society. On visiting a house of mourning, likewise, custom prescribes a black dress; and for these ever-recurring occasions mourning costumes are an essential part of every lady's wardrobe.

Ladies do not attend funerals, but visits of *pésame* (regret) are made immediately after death, and for nine days those who cannot call send letters or cards of condolence.

The national feasts are those of the 16th of September and the 5th of May. Differences of opinion may exist upon every other subject; but on those days, the former recalling the *grito* (call) of Hidalgo for Independence, and the latter the victory of the Mexicans over the French at Puebla, all hands and hearts are united in giving them a fitting and enthusiastic welcome.

Courtship is something of a serious matter as undertaken under Mexican auspices. The probation may extend from five to ten years, or may even exceed that of Jacob, and at the end of this period the devoted Romeo has perhaps never entered the house—possibly not even spoken to his Juliet. Patience is a virtue all possess; and as time is of no consequence, they content themselves with waiting for something in the future. The lover walks slowly back and forth before her house for hours at a time, days and nights alike. Perhaps it

is from this fact that he assumes the unromantic appellation of *haciendo el oso* (playing the bear). He may also play the bear on horseback, and his "ladye faire" knows by intuition when he will pass, and, securely screened from public gaze remains behind the curtain on the balcony and merely shows her head or salutes him with her finger-tips. She goes to church or on the plaza, sure that he is not far away, and though they do not speak, a glance or smile each day is worth a lifetime. But frequently tiny *billets doux* find their way to the angel upstairs, by means of strings, and the family is none the wiser.

LOVE-MAKING FROM THE BALCONY.

I remember to have seen one young man "playing the bear" until my deepest sympathies were enlisted in his behalf. Day by day he repaired to the same spot, on the corner of the street opposite my window, at No. 6 la Primera de la Providencia. For months the trying business had gone on, until he was reduced to a mere skeleton, and his hollow eyes had that expectant expression which marks the victim of love in Mexico. So

interested was I that I determined to know something of the fair creature to whom the luckless swain was yielding up his mental, moral and physical strength.

The father of the girl was so much opposed to the match, the young man being only a medical student, he forbade his going nearer than two squares of the house.

Having seen the effect of "playing the bear" on this lover, I was curious to see how the girl sustained the ordeal. Directed by his fixed and steady gaze upon the house, I found her standing on the balcony with only her head visible. Her eyes were fixed on him, and now and then the dainty little hand made motions towards him. After a few months thus spent, the poor fellow disappeared from the corner, which was perhaps the end of their love-making.

I was told by several English-speaking Mexicans that the larger proportion of the young men of the country greatly prefer "playing the bear" from the sidewalk, to entering the homes of the señoritas, even if permitted by custom.

I witnessed the opposite of this in the case of a young Mexican girl who had been reared by an American sister-in-law. Lupe was pretty and attractive, and naturally at an early age was the recipient, from the young men who had come within sight of her, of numerous bearish favors; but two of them, Fernando —— and Julio ——; became more deeply enamored than the rest; but the sister was determined there should be no "playing the bear," so she invited the young men to call at the house. I have seen as many as ten or twelve in her parlor in one evening, all animated and interested—each one being only too pleased to take his turn at a few moments' conversation with the señorita.

But a *dénouement*, quite unexpected, came. One of the young men who had become desperately enamored of the girl, found he had a rival in one of his friends. A dispute arose, some of the boys espousing one side and the remainder the other, until bloodshed seemed inevitable. No case in chancery ever required more skillful diplomacy than this, calling for the good offices of at least half a dozen outside

friends to adjust the matter and prevent a catastrophe. The rupture between the boys was never healed, but neither of them won the señorita. So, after all, perhaps it is better that they should have "bear playing" in order to win their wives. I confess that after witnessing these love affairs I was for once, as our latter-day politicians say, "on the fence," and quite as ready to fall on the "bear side" as on that of our less conventional, more modern love-making.

A Mexican lady related to me a method of courtship somewhat different. A señorita is sometimes made aware of the interest a young man takes in her, by being continually followed when walking along the street. In the course of time he writes a letter which he leaves with the *portero*, and it is always necessary to enlist the interest of these men by the bestowal of a little cash. She pays no attention to his first letters, but after a while she may perhaps notice his advances. He goes to the house each day and finds out her movements from the *portero*, governing himself accordingly. At last, accompanied by a responsible friend, he makes bold to call on the father and asks her hand in marriage. Then the father asks the girl if she is willing to marry the young man. She replies she cannot say until she has met him. When at length he calls, every member of the family, and even the servants, have the privilege of being present. After this, he is the *novio oficial* (accepted lover), but even if the marriage be postponed six months or as many years, he is never left alone for a moment with his *fiancée*.

Once admitted as *novio ofiical*, it may be imagined that the fervor of his devotion will find vent in many lover-like expressions. As indicative of their warm, poetic imagination and passionate Southern nature, I append a few of the most characteristic of these phrases as used by both sexes:

Niña de mi alma!	Child of my soul!
¿Me quieres?	Dost thou love me?
Te adoro, te idolatro!	I adore thee, I idolize thee!
Me muero por ti!	I die for thee!

Eres mi dicha !	Thou art my happiness !
Te amo mas que á mi vida !	I love thee more than my life !
Eres mi único pensamiento !	Thou art my only thought !
Me mato por ti !	I kill myself for thee !
No te olvides de mi !	Do not forget me !
Siempre serás mi !	Thou wilt always be mine !
Tú serás mi solo amor !	Thou wilt be my only love !
No me engañes !	Do not deceive me !
No sabes cuanto te amo !	Thou dost not know how much I love thee !
Oye, hijito, ¿ me quieres de veras ?	Say, my boy, dost really love me !
Que feliz soy á tu lado !	How happy I am by thy side !
No dejes de escribirme !	Don't fail to write me !
¿ Vienes mañana ?	Will you come to-morrow ?
Ingrato, Ya lo sé todo !	Ingrate, I know all !
Pero hija, eso no es cierto !	But daughter, it is not true !
¿ No me crees ?	Dost thou not believe me ?
Perdoname corazon !	Pardon me, heart !
Adios chula, hasta mañana !	Good-bye, precious, until to-morrow !
Sueño contigo !	I dream of thee !

The señorita is not intentionally, or by nature, a flirt. She would scorn to inveigle in her meshes the affections of her admirer. But, in addition to her irresistible eyes, there are certain little social and toilet graces which she unconsciously employs in a most expressive manner that never fail to bring him to her feet.

The most effectual and indispensable toilet accessory is the fan. Of every size, style, and color, it is often an expensive item in a fashionable lady's outfit. When manipulated by the fair owner—opened wide and waved in graceful challenge, raised to eyes or lips in witching coquetry, or even when peacefully folded in jeweled fingers—its language is varied and expressive.

Great care and attention is bestowed upon the *pañuelo* (handkerchief), which plays, too, an important part, second only to that of the fan.

For a young man of moderate means, matrimony is a serious undertaking. He not only furnishes the house and home, but the

bridal outfit as well. But in some of the wealthier families parents furnish the greater part of the latter themselves, restricting the purchases of the groom elect to perhaps the bridal dresses, the jewels, and other accessories. An ivory-covered prayer-book is an indispensable offering from the groom. The bridal tour is one expense from which he is now exempt, but as facilities for travel increase, perhaps in the near future, this item may be added to his already long list of expenditures. I believe the event of matrimony is no less troublesome than the long and tedious courtship. The war of reform made three marriage ceremonies necessary. Two months before, the young people must register at the cathedral, giving date of birth, in what city or country, vocation, etc., whether widow or widower. After this, the priest registers the same at the civil office, and their intentions must be placed on a bulletin board outside the office for twenty days. For five Sundays the priest publishes the bans. After this, accompanied by the notary public, he goes to the house of the bride, where she is asked if she acts of her "own free will and accord," and other necessary questions are put with as much freedom as though the subject were a transfer of real estate. A few days prior to the church wedding, the judge of the court, accompanied by six witnesses, the priest being one, performs the civil marriage. The dress worn on this occasion is presented by the groom.

I witnessed a church wedding at "Santa Brigida," and the Mexican ceremony is a pretty one. The groom passed many coins through the hand of the bride, indicating that she is to handle and control the household funds. They knelt at the altar with lighted candles in their hands, emblematical of the Christian faith, and a silken scarf was placed around their shoulders, after which a silver cord was put around their necks, and the ceremony was complete.

An American who contracts marriage in Mexico, regardless of faith or creed, must have three ceremonies—two in Spanish, and one more in either English or Spanish. This is the invariable rule even when marrying his countrywoman. He must, besides, make public notice of his intention by having it announced on

a bulletin board for twenty days. He may evade or escape the latter by the payment of a sum of money—it is said from $60 to $150; but in any event, he must have resided one month in the country. The three ceremonies consist of a contract of marriage—civil marriage, the only one recognized by law since 1858—and the church service, which is not compulsory with Americans, and may be celebrated in their own homes. The first two must take place before a judge, and four witnesses, at least, including the American Consul. The contract of marriage includes a statement of names, ages, lineage, business, and residence of the parties. The ceremony of the civil marriage—the legal one—is always in Spanish.

The length of time required for the completion of one of these marriage arrangements may be from one or two days to three months, as the parties understand facilitating such matters. But once such a knot is tied, it would be a difficult task to have it loosened by even the expert fingers of a Chicago lawyer.

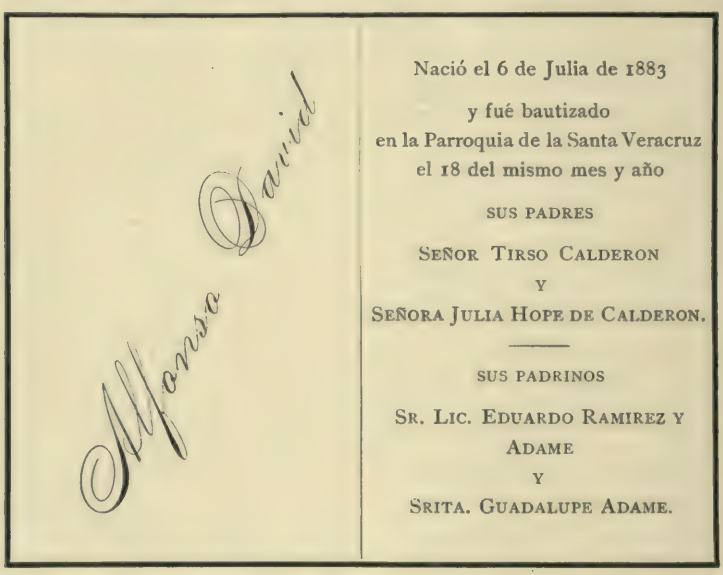
Weddings are not generally widely announced. Intimate friends are invited to the marriage in the church, and afterward participate in the festivities that follow at the house. After the wedded pair are established in their own home, they send cards which read:

"*Tirso Calderon y Julia Hope*
tienen el honor de participar á Vd. su enlace, y se ofrecen á sus ordenas en la casa, munero 6 a de la primera Providencia" ("have the honor to inform you of their marriage, and their house as above mentioned is at your service"). In other words, you are considered a friend of the newly-wedded pair, and they will be happy to see you in their house.

Cards announcing a birth are thus expressed:

"*Tirso Calderon y Señora*
tienen el gusto de participar á Vd. el nacimiento de su hijo, y lo ponon a sus ordenes," which means, in few words, that this gentleman and his wife have the pleasure of announcing the birth of their son, and place him "at your orders."

Baptism occurs within ten or fifteen days after birth, and, as is customary in the Catholic Church, children bear the name of some saint. Birthdays are not noticed, but the celebration of the *dia de santo*, or day of the saint for whom the child is named, is the most important event in his life. Cards are sent announcing the baptism thus:


Alfonso David

Nació el 6 de Julia de 1883
y fué bautizado
en la Parroquia de la Santa Veracruz
el 18 del mismo mes y año

SUS PADRES

SEÑOR TIRSO CALDERON
Y
SEÑORA JULIA HOPE DE CALDERON.

SUS PADRINOS

SR. LIC. EDUARDO RAMIREZ Y ADAME
Y
SRITA. GUADALUPE ADAME.

having a seal upon it, either of ten cents in silver or a one dollar gold piece.

When ten or fifteen days old the infant is taken in charge by the *padrinos* (godfather and godmother), and after much elaborate preparation is carried to the church and baptized. These godparents are called *comadre* and *compadre* by the child's parents, in preference to their legitimate names.

The names of children of both sexes are identical, by simply changing the termination of *a* or *o*, and often even this is not done. José Maria is the same for both, but Pomposa is the feminine for Pomposo.

Within a reasonable time a great dinner follows, at which many handsome gifts are displayed for the young innocent. Cards of con-

gratulation are sent, if nothing more, but more frequently it is some delicious article of food or drink, or a piece of jewelry.

Social usages show no signs of change or relaxation, even with the advancement so manifest in every other direction. Many of them may seem formal and useless—based on the tedious Spanish etiquette—but they are not without charm as well as meaning; and in comparison with our own rather free and informal ways one might wish that a happy medium might be found. Many of the customs are admirable; and always the culture, ease, kindliness, and elegance with which they are observed must commend themselves to our brisk, business-loving and energetic countrymen.

Those agreeable features of American and English home life, informal luncheons, teas, and the unceremonious happening-in of a few friends to a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," or perhaps games and music, and whatever else may be, are wanting among the Mexicans. The *mereñda*, a mid-afternoon luncheon, which takes place after the *siesta*, consists of a cup of chocolate or coffee with some sort of fancy cake or bread. It is the only small social feature of every-day life, and a friend may drop in and partake of it without ceremony. But they are happy in their own way, and a departure from it would be rather painful than otherwise. The love for pomp and ceremonious display leads them to discard simple and unostentatious entertainments, which makes a narrow limit to their social existence. Hence, if the wealthy indulge but seldom, those of less means, being unable to cope with them, though in comfortable circumstances, abstain from any, except on occasions of domestic festivals—christenings or weddings. But there are many smaller hospitalities which always prove acceptable. One is scarcely seated before being asked to have something, and generally delicious chocolate is served *sin ceremonia.*

A high estimate is placed on dress and external appearance. The taste for rich and gorgeous clothing belongs to them by heredity—Montezuma himself giving an example. We read of his mantle of the plumage of rare and brilliant-hued birds, his gold-embroidered clothing, that "his half boots were set with jewels, their soles being of

solid gold;" and that he always allowed four days to elapse between the wearing of each suit.

In these latter days the taste displays itself in every way to be imagined, and they judge others from their own stand-point. Quickly is the dress of a stranger summed up, even before an impression has been made as to his face, being able to give a minute description of his clothes, even to the pocket-handkerchief and shoes, two articles of dress in which every Mexican takes pride.

To enter the higher strata of society, one must give external proof of his fitness by his dress. After this, his merits are duly weighed. The first appearance of a stranger, both in dress and manner, makes his future position. I have often been amused at seeing the very dignified and quiet manner in which the inspection is made, the distinguished invited guest never for a moment supposing himself a subject of scrutiny. But however incorrectly he may speak the language, under no circumstance will he encounter a smile, and he is kindly assisted in mastering its many difficulties.

The last decade—the period of railways—has marked a new era in dress, for even in the smaller cities and towns the people are leaving off to some extent the ancient styles of their progenitors and are donning the newer modes. The old-fashioned silks that stand alone, the laces and shawls, worthy heirlooms, have been relegated to the silent shades. Even the black lace *mantilla* is no longer used except for church. On Sunday mornings in the *alamedas* of all cities, hundreds may be seen, but the graceful devotees have already attended morning mass, and now the assembled sight-seers may view them in the national mantilla.

Later in the day, and on all other occasions, Parisian hats are worn. But the señorita is never so charming, so fascinating, so haloed by mystical romance, as when her glossy tresses are crowned with the graceful mantilla.

No people on the continent indulge more in the luxury of fine clothes than those of the Mexican capital. Here the votaries of wealth and fashion receive their toilets direct from Paris, from the

king of dressmakers, M. Worth; while the men are fully up to the standard of either Europeans or Americans.

But the gentleman of ease and wealth, supported by the profits of his landed property, is one thing when in the city, clad in European dress, and quite another on his *hacienda* arrayed in the native garb he so delights in. The swarthy complexion takes on a different cast enhanced by color. The suit of cloth or buckskin, trimmed with a profusion of flashy silver ornaments, a red sash about the waist and full, loose tie at the throat, a gayly bedecked though very heavy sombrero, all go to make up a costume eminently becoming to the dark beauty of the wearer.

HACENDADOS.

Mounted upon his gorgeously caparisoned steed, whose equipments sometimes cost thousands of dollars, he presents a striking picture of a "gay cavalier."

No more charming feature exists in Mexican life than the brilliancy and variety of color in the costumes of the *hacendado*. The effect of this picturesque attire is most pleasing, not only from its intrinsic beauty, but also for the novelty to English and American eyes, accustomed only to dull, conventional garments worn alike by all our classes. May the *hacendado* never change his colors!

Sisters have a fancy for dressing exactly alike, so that not a button, hook, or article of jewelry varies. I have counted in one morning six

of them promenading arm and arm and talking in a low, confidential manner.

The prevailing style of dressing the hair is the plaited coil low upon the neck and the crimped bang across the forehead. But fashionable society belles have long since adopted the more modern high *coif*. The men universally appreciate the value of exposing the entire brow, consequently their hair is invariably arranged *à la pompadour*.

Mexican gentlemen manifest their appreciation of feminine beauty by gazing intently at ladies whether in the Alameda or at the theater. This custom, which would be generally resented as impertinent by our fair ones, is there well understood and accepted, as it is meant—a flattering tribute to their charms. Between acts at the theater or opera the men rise to their feet and with leveled glasses pay admiring homage to the señoritas whose dark-eyed beauty has attracted their attention. The pretty language of the fan then comes into admirable play, and the maidens nod gently to each other in appreciation of the gallantries of these knights, and with blissful memories to carry away, the evening ends happily for all.

It has been said that the gallantry of these *caballeros* is rather wearisome and tedious, but I scarcely imagine that any lady of refinement could feel herself otherwise than honored at being the recipient of their courtly attentions. They are punctilious to the last degree in observing the most insignificant courtesies of daily life. If ascending a stairway accompanied by a lady, she always takes his arm, and in descending he precedes her a step or two, holding firmly her hand so as to avoid a misstep. This attention is even offered to strangers with as much naturalness and with far more regularity and promptitude than our own countrymen relinquish to us a seat in the street-car.

In saluting ladies, gentlemen still observe the Spanish form, "*A los pies de usted*" ("at your feet"), the response to which is "*Beso á usted la mano*" ("I kiss the hand to you"). And in closing a letter they always add "*B. S. M.*"—"*Beso sus manos*" ("I kiss your hands").

A few current complimentary phrases in society are: "*Tan hermosa*

como siempre" ("As charming as ever"); "*Es Vd.* * *muy simpática*" ("You are very captivating"); "*Soy su mas humilde servidor*" ("I am your most humble servant"); "*Puedo tenor el gusto de bailar con Vd. esta pieza?*" ("May I have the pleasure of dancing this piece with you?") To this last remark the answer generally is, "*Si, señor, con mucho gusto*" ("Yes, with much pleasure"). Not to be outdone, the gentleman replies, "*El gusto es para mi—cuanto honor, señorita!*" ("The pleasure is mine—what honor, Miss").

On retiring from a visit, as long as in sight, the salutation with the hand, the bow, the "*A los pies de usted, señorita,*" are continued, until one feels as if transported to the days of chivalry.

All Mexican cities have their social organizations, which on one evening in each month give a handsome ball that is attended by the *élite* of society. With all their tropical embellishments, growing plants, and sparkling water from the fountains in the *patio*, singing birds, brilliant flowers, and *salons* of grand proportions and magnificent furnishings, added to the elegant costumes of the guests, it makes a delightful event in the lives of the people and an enviable one for the stranger.

But dancing is an inherited accomplishment with the native Mexican, the younger members of society learning from those more experienced in the ways of the world. Grace and ease of movement are inseparable in the Mexican make-up, but nevertheless as a rule they do not dance as gracefully as one would expect. Teachers of Terpsichorean art have not, from some cause, with their divine talents, penetrated that country. But unquestionably they will follow in the wake of railways and other attendant comforts and perhaps give a strong contest for precedence over the time-honored customs.

The *danza* is the most distinctively national of all the dances, and bears a strong resemblance to the *Habanero*, as known in Cuba. Its slow and rather pathetic music, played by native musicians on national instruments, renders this dance fascinating to both natives and

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* Abbreviation for *usted* (you).

strangers. The latter find some difficulty in catching the time, but a little practice soon makes them perfect.

Beyond all things it is a boon to the Mexican lover, for it is only when treading its slow, dreamy measures that he can without restraint convey to the dark-eyed darling of his heart the thousand tender utterances that glow afresh at every motion. They can with propriety dance together every *danza* on the evening's programme and excite no comment.

The *danza*, though resembling in some respects our waltz-quadrille, differs greatly from it in many essential features. The "sets," if they may so be termed, consist of but two couples. The first figure is a "ladies' change;" next, the lady with her right hand on the gentleman's left shoulder and his arm around her waist, the couples balance four times to each other; then, joining hands, they again balance, go partly round a circle, then back again, after which they waltz away. This waltz may be continued *ad libitum*, the waltzers pausing at any moment in their revolutions to go through the same graceful maneuvers with any other couple similarly disposed. They generally make a point of not dancing twice with the same couple during one *danza*.

In a country so favored by climate, the stranger is early impressed by the limited amount of outdoor amusements in which the women participate; in lawn parties, picnics, or riding they rarely indulge. The men are understood, of course, to ride almost unceasingly, but señoritas, though graceful equestriennes, seldom do. At the capital riding is more frequent than elsewhere, and some of the most bewitching beauties—whom Hebe herself might envy—I saw on horseback enjoying the lovely environs of Mexico.

I recall a gay party of twelve señoritas near Tacubaya, ambling along on the broad avenues lined with great trees which stretched out their friendly arms to ward off the scorching rays of the sun. With navy blue and plum-colored habits, big white straw sombreros, their horses handsomely equipped after the fashion of the country, they made a striking picture. Two brothers and three *mozos* attended them, and they laughed and had a good time.

The *tamalada* is an outdoor diversion somewhat corresponding to our picnics. It usually occurs in the afternoon, in some quiet wood or beautiful garden, and begins with dancing, which is kept up throughout the afternoon and evening. The refreshments are *tamales*, after which the entertainment is named—*atole de leche* and *chougas*. The latter is simply sliced bread with *piloncilla* (syrup made from brown sugar) and grated cheese thickly spread over each piece, the whole arranged in pyramid form, and is a most delicious dish. *A dia de campo* (day in the country) with a gay *tamalada* party, is a most agreeable recreation. Pity that it occurs so rarely!

One of the most brilliant national and social events at the capital in which I had the pleasure of participating was the annual distribution of prizes, on the night of January 30th, to the cadets of the Military Academy, at Chapultepec.

The National Theater, where it took place, was gorgeously decorated with banners, streamers, and military emblems. Flowers were everywhere—wreathing the cannon which lined the entrance, surrounding trophies of war, combining with the white moss of Chapultepec and dark evergreens, in festoons from light to light—even cannon-balls reposed on them and bayonets were converted into bouquet-holders.

In the *patio* electric lights, in the form of stars, shed their white radiance over the scene and mingled with the lights from a thousand Chinese lanterns and Venetian lamps which swung between the flag-draped and flower-wreathed pillars.

The main entrance was lined with soldiers who, with the cadets, presented arms when President Diaz, accompanied by members of the Cabinet, entered and passed through to the great stage reserved for the presidential party and high army officers.

The interior of the theater presented a grand spectacle; every column was covered with national colors arranged diagonally; flags of all sizes and the ensign of the Republic were draped artistically on the walls and hung from every available point. Three hundred gay and gallant cadets were ranged with military precision on either

side the grand aisle, forming a guard of honor, themselves the motive and main feature of the occasion.

Boxes were filled with people prominent in fashionable and public life, a central one being reserved for Madame Diaz. An excellent orchestra and pupils from the Institute for the Blind furnished the music.

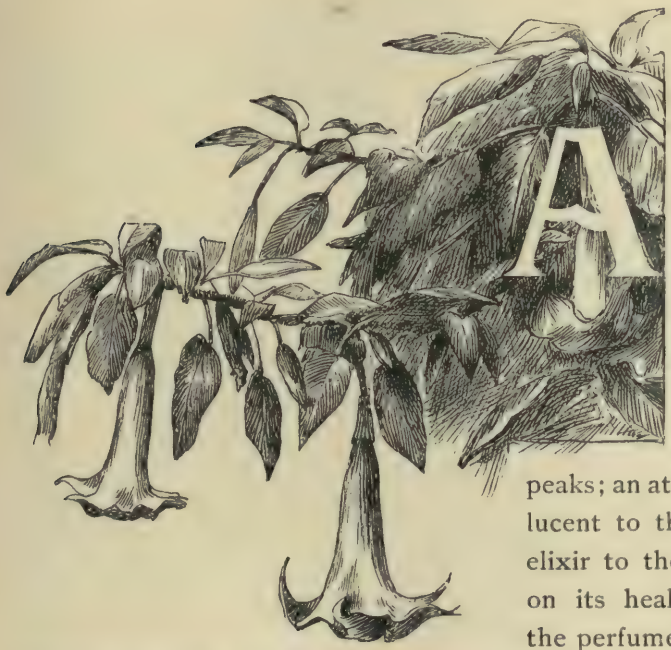
The prizes were handed to the cadets by the President.

In the literary exercises poems appropriate to the occasion were read by Juan A. Mateos and Anselmo Alfaro, but the most noted was the official address delivered by the "Poet Laureate" of the Republic, Guillermo Prieto.

It would be a graceful compliment for the students of Chapultepec Military Academy to be invited to participate in our competitive inter-State or national drills.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM MEXICO TO MORELIA ALONG THE MEXICAN NATIONAL.



A SKY such as only a Mexican sky can be, when the sun's rays wove gorgeous oriflammes across the snowy mountain peaks; an atmosphere, translucent to the eyes and an elixir to the lungs, bearing on its health-giving wings the perfume of a thousand flowers; all these were the delightful accompaniments of a holiday jaunt on which we set out in gay spirits one brilliant afternoon in October.

Our party consisted of Madame de C—— (whose guest I was) and her bright little daughter, Lotita, and servant. The objective points of our excursion were Toluca and Morelia, on the *Ferrocarril Nacional*, and as the railway had then been opened only a short time to the latter place, it was an event of no small magnitude, our visit to these famous old cities. In a charming letter to the *Two Republics* Madame

de C—— thus expressed our sensations on taking our departure from Mexico: "After we leave Colonia station, as the cars carry us rapidly past the familiar landmarks, the restfulness of the landscape seems reflected in ourselves. But for the church towers and the roofs and the fortified walls of Chapultepec rising abruptly from the plain, the historic valley of Anahuac with its snowy sentinels, shining lakes, and circle of blue mountains, presents the same air of tranquillity that invited the Toltecs, weary from their long wanderings, to establish their lares and penates here."

The Mexican National Railway, or Palmer-Sullivan, has its westward extension now under construction from the capital toward the Pacific Coast at Manzanillo. The Texas frontier at Laredo is the starting point of the main line, but so far it has only reached Saltillo on its way to the capital.

The western division of the National Railway has revealed the natural beauties of a region which hitherto have been as a sealed book to the ordinary tourist and traveler, the country being not only almost inaccessible, but also bandit-infested. The difficulties of engineering were also of a kind to appall even daring and progressive Americans. As an instance, seventeen bridges were constructed across the Rio Hondo in the space of a few miles, and a very insignificant stream it is in appearance, but its crooks and turns are quite amazing.

The intrepid little engine winds about the valley, now and again apparently thrusting itself against the foot-hills and mountains; then over dark abysmal ravines, spider-webbed bridges, and around horseshoe curves where both ends of the train almost meet; then across gurgling waterfalls; through Indian villages, forests of pine, and along grassy slopes, continuing in its serpentine course to give one every phase of scenery to be desired. The most lovely view is that of the capital and the Lake of Tezcuco smiling and shimmering in the distance.

Our attention is divided between Nature's handiwork as shown in

the diversified and lovely scenery and the dwellings and mode of life of the inhabitants.

The humble huts of the Indians have an indescribable charm imparted to them by their quaintness of construction. They cannot exceed six feet in height, and with their roofs of straw, maguey leaves, or, as with many, planks laid on loosely, held in place by countless stones, each one weighing one or two pounds, reminded me of a peg-

THE INDIAN VILLAGE OF SAN FRANCISCITA.

soled shoe before it is worn. They begin in the valleys and run in irregular lines up the mountain sides, until one wonders how it is that some mighty landslide or upheaving earthquake does not sweep these frail structures from their lodging places.

These Indians own patches of land, and each one has his portion divided from his neighbors by rows of maguey. They cultivate wheat, corn, oats, and barley; and the different shades of green running in geometrical lines, transversely and obliquely, reminded me of

that feminine product, the crazy quilt. The observer wonders in which representative of the two civilizations is the geometrical instinct most highly developed—the crude Indian, unaided by a modern thought, or our "ladye faire," with every stimulus from her neighbors' ingenuity and an inexhaustible supply of gay materials from well-filled storehouses near by.

A simple placard on which we read "Crina," informs us that we have reached the highest point on the road, and the highest station in Mexico—at 10,000 feet above sea level, and at a distance of forty miles from the capital. Here respiration becomes difficult, and overcoats and wraps are in demand.

After this, we enter the beautiful Valley of Toluca, which is well covered with haciendas, on which corn and beans are chiefly cultivated. For the first time we see the bright red-tiled roofs that here cover every house, large and small. The haciendas have numerous *ranchitas* (little houses), in size about five by seven feet, mounted on poles ten feet high. They are entered only by means of a slender ladder. In these strange appurtenances of farm life a watchman takes his station at night, armed with his rifle, and guards a certain number of acres from the molestation of robbers. The road passes near the famous battle-field of Monte de las Cruces, where was fought one of the most sanguinary battles of the War of Independence. A monument now marks the spot. The Valley of Toluca is larger than that of Mexico, and is more generally cultivated, being well supplied with water for irrigating purposes.

Toluca, the capital of the State of Mexico, is about 1,000 feet lower than the high point before described, and 1,000 feet higher than the City of Mexico. The climate is delightfully cool; in fact, for most constitutions, far too cool to be comfortable. The high altitude, together with the coolness, often affects with nervous prostration strangers, especially ladies, requiring days to overcome. The city has a population of about 25,000, is neatly paved, and rejoices in an abundance of clear, fresh water, flowing at all times through the streets. It has many fine old convents, now used as hospitals or

schools. Foremost among the latter is the "Instituto Literario," one of the most widely known of all the institutions of learning in the republic, and it has the honor of having educated many of the most distinguished men of the country. Each municipality has the privilege of sending one student, who must stand a rigid competitive examination. The institution has five *patios* and covers an immense space of ground, and is provided with a fine library, museum of natural history, every appliance for the study of physiology, physics, history, and chemistry, besides music and drawing. The students have a gymnasium, warm and cold baths, comfortable dormitories, and for all these advantages the price of board and tuition in the school is only $16 per month. The number of students at the time of our visit was 220. Many of them gathered around us, and conducted us through the gardens and buildings. They entertained us delightfully with recitations and choice music, and extended many other courtesies. A bright-eyed little Indian boy of only eleven years stepped out gracefully before us in the garden and delivered a charming address of welcome to the "two señoritas," in which he stated that both the professors and students of the "Instituto Literario" were honored by our visit, and it was their wish that we should return at some future day. They all accompanied us to the portal of the college, where the usual custom of shaking hands, intermingled with all sorts of good wishes, was gone through, and the last that we heard was a long and continuous "*adios*," amid the flutter of handkerchiefs and waving of hands from the gallant young students of "El Instituto Literario."

In striking contrast to the Instituto Literario was a public day-school for the poorer children of the town. At seven o'clock in the morning, we saw dozens of small urchins filing into a building opposite our rooms. Not believing it possible that these were school hours, we went over to see for ourselves, and there sat the little folks, some on low chairs, some on benches, while others were down upon the floor, book in hand, and all studying together and aloud, reminding one of the chatter of magpies.

These tireless little seekers after knowledge were not released from their arduous duties until six in the evening; eleven long hours, excepting the noon-day recess, sitting there, *rebozo*-wrapped and book-absorbed.

It was an exaggeration of our "old field" system, and these little Mexicans enjoy a great advantage over their white neighbors; punishment of any kind being prohibited by law, and their "tender thoughts" and "young ideas" are spared the painful necessity of

NEVADO DE TOLUCA.

being taught to "shoot" by the aid and persuasive eloquence of a hickory switch.

By means of tram-cars, we made a charming trip to the *Hacienda de la Huerta* (plantation of the Garden), the most productive in the Valley of Toluca. We ascended a hundred feet to the mile for nine miles, and shivered with cold as we went. The hacienda is at the foot of the Nevado de Toluca, a perpetually snow-capped mountain, which aided us in the delusion that we had entered the arctic regions.

The hacienda has more the appearance of a town or municipality than anything else, having a store, a *fonda*, a very fine large flouring-mill, and produces great quantities of wheat. All the farm work is done by American machinery, and, in addition, one thousand men are employed the year round, who earn from 18 to 50 cents a day. In reply to our interrogation as to how they could exist on so small a sum as 18 cents, the *administrador* (manager) said that "until the *peon* was educated to where he felt the need of something more than *tortillas* and Chili peppers to eat, it was not likely his ambition would be much stimulated. It is only by the education of the young children that any such thing may be expected."

We were greatly interested in a young deaf-mute, who is employed as gardener on the hacienda. He had graduated at the School of Deaf-Mutes at the capital, and afterwards took a course in horticulture and agriculture at the Agricultural College there. He wrote on the slate in three languages, Spanish, French, and English, and seemed delighted to converse with us in the latter language. The borders and walks were marvels of beauty, but the former were rather startling, as they represented huge snakes, made of various kinds of bottles, and white quartz and lava, broken in tiny bits, with their great mouths wide open, as if to swallow anything that came in sight. Rustic fences of exquisite shape and style have been planned and arranged by this gardener, and at regular intervals on the rustic fence he had placed dainty baskets of ferns, brought from the mountains. He has ten men and two carpenters to carry out any of his designs. He was much pleased with our praises of his skill and taste.

We were the recipients of many social kindnesses from prominent citizens, to whom we bore letters of introduction. Among them Governor Llalan, the Governor of the State, received us with all the grace of a cavalier in the grand salon of the palace. Upon the walls of this elegantly furnished apartment there hung the portraits of all past Governors, while supported on handsome easels in the corners, were those of Hidalgo, Juarez, and George Washington.

The same rule, I found, existed in every State capitol that I visited, but not in every case was there a portrait of Washington.

A nephew of General Miramon, Señor Enrique Rodriguez y Miramon, the civil engineer of the State, together with his accomplished wife, bestowed upon the strangers most kindly attentions.

On one of our strolls we noticed a time-worn sign over a sadly defaced portal, which read: "*Boletas del sol*" ("Tickets to the sun"). We had been constantly mystified by the signs on both stores and streets, but this one eclipsed them all. A closer investigation proved it to be the ancient bull-ring of the town, and this sign indicated that those who had depleted pocket-books might sit on the sunny side for a less price than in the shade, *por el sombre* (a canvas awning) making the only difference.

Living in Toluca is cheap, and as a summer resort for those who are not affected by the altitude, no place in the Republic offers greater inducements. The hotel *El Leon de Oro* (The Golden Lion) is neat and well kept, as well as reasonable in charges. There is an excellent market, pretty little Zocalo, and an admirable band of music composed of boys, from eleven to fifteen, belonging to the public schools.

In this country, on every hand, striking contrasts and marked characteristics present themselves. Everything is possessed of an individual interest—each person or object in itself striking—collectively furnishing fine groupings for pen or pencil.

It was in Toluca that I heard strains of natural, human music that could not be surpassed by the *Miserere*, or the most plaintive measures of the *Requiem*, and saw a life-picture that Hogarth, with his fine appreciation of the natural, would have loved to depict, and which would rival the real and the ideal creations of Salvator Rosa.

I was slowly walking along a humble street, noting the striking objects that to me had all the fascination of pictures for the child. I heard loud wails as of a woman in anguish, and in the plaintive *patois* of the town, the words "*Pobrecita mia! Muerta! Muerta!*" ("My poor little baby is dead! dead!") Then followed low cries of calm-

ing grief, as though it were all driven back on the heart; then sobs, sighs, silence. Accompanying the mournful song of human agony, a mother's heart-breakings, with "*pobrecita mia!*" the perpetual refrain, I heard a solemn voice that was deep and mellow, with rich, persuasive inflections, half barbaric, but full of music, that seemed to charm away the wild grief that was welling up from her soul. The sobs ceased, the sighs were hushed, the consoling voice was silent. I looked in through the open portal and saw a touching life-scene—a tableau. An aged *cura*, clad in sweeping black gown, his long white locks streaming over his shoulders, stood with feeble, trembling, uplifted hand, his voice mute, his heart in prayer. Slowly his hand descended with the gentlest touch upon the bowed head of a poor, weeping Indian woman, kneeling at his feet, holding in her arms, hugged to her bosom, her dead baby.

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Leaving Toluca to visit Morelia, the country presents the same aspect as seen elsewhere. Here and there rocky plains and sterile spots are guarded by glistening church towers, leaning against mountains covered with dark pines. Again, green fields and pastures, untold acres of alfalfa, wheat, and other cereals, inform us of a climatic change and a more favored condition of the soil.

To the end of our journey we have constantly in view the Nevado de Toluca, and are also haunted by a small river which follows us uninterruptedly, and is known as the Rio Lerma. Near Toluca there is a lake of the same name. The Lerma River, while at first appearing so insignificant, assumes in its course an important position, in the hydrography of a scantily watered country. It increases in size and volume as it flows through the States of Guanajuato, Mexico, and Michoacan de Ocampo—even passing through Lake Chalapa, and at last finds a suitable outlet in the waters of the great Pacific. On its long and tortuous course it changes its name several times—a custom not uncommon with Mexican streams.

At Flor de Maria there is a solitary station, with an excellent eating-house, connected with the railway. We pass near the rich

mining region of El Oro and others—also the *Cañon de las Zopolotes* (turkey-buzzard)—and at length we reach Pomoca, near Tepeji del Rio. Here we have a reminder of the heroic death of one of Mexico's bravest sons—Melchor Ocampo. A house in ruins and a garden in dilapidation are interesting mementoes of his tragic death.

WATER-CARRIER OF GUANAJUATO.

The quaint old towns of Maravatio and Acambaro, founded in the sixteenth century, also come forward with their stirring revolutionary recitals. Everywhere we are reminded of the unparalleled struggles of the Mexican people for liberty.

The town of Acambaro is the dividing point of the National Railway, one branch extending to Celaya, with a prospect at some future day of reaching Saltillo, the present terminus of the eastern division. By the western division we proceeded to Morelia, then the terminus. The traveler, so desiring, may make a pleasant tour through the middle States by the National, and return to the capital by the Central road.

In closing our journey of twelve hours from Toluca to Morelia, we passed beside the lovely lake of Cuitzco, just as the lingering rays of a semi-tropical sun, with all their bright-tinted hues, were thrown across this picturesque lake. Cuitzco is the result of a volcanic convulsion, and its waters are salt. The wild scenery surrounding it is in keeping with the peculiar little mountains in the background, its rich

vegetation interlaced with vines and flowers of tangled growth, in all making a scene in the short Mexican twilight well worth remembering.

Darkness closed us in from further observations, and at half-past nine we found ourselves comfortably settled in the Hotel de Michoacan. The *camarista* was both voluble and agreeable, with a hint of officiousness thrown in for good measure. At seven in the morning he entered our rooms without knocking, his hair standing erect upon his pumpkin-shaped head, and without preface or embarrassment stated it was not the custom in that part of the country to eat any *desayuno* (breakfast) except chocolate or coffee and bread. He evidently thought we looked doubtful as to the truth of his information, as well as of other marvelous things he told us concerning the hotel. To emphasize his statements, he stepped across the room and handed us each a copy of the regulations of the hotel. His face wore a masterly grin and his hair seemed to move back and forth "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," as he pointed exultingly to the literal English translation. He proudly directed our attention to Article XVIII., which read thus:

"In conformity with an order from the police, people coming to take lodgings into this hotel are obliged to let know their names, trades, and countries, as well as the place whence they do come, and those to which they are bound to, so that the whole be inscribed in a book which is kept for that purpose at the hotel office."

Article VII. informed us that:

"In the amount of room rent, the inward room service and the candle for enlightening it at night are only included; whatever other service the lodger may require is to be considered an extra charge, and, of course, paid for separately."

On reading this, I asked him if he did not also furnish matches. He turned his head, disdainfully surveying us from the height of his superior knowledge, as he replied with increasing emphasis and long-drawn intonation: "*No señora, en este hotel siempre faltan jabon y cerillos*" ("In this hotel we never furnish soap or matches").

Here were the identical words of Pomposo at the San Carlos! The

possibility of a pre-arrangement flashed across me, of course to be instantly rejected. The printed rules were before us, thirty of them, mostly restrictive. But in my travels I found every hotel well provided in this respect, the English translations being always waggish in their literalness.

The lover of ancient art, and of objects that have a history, may find in Mexico an inexhaustible fund of interest in visiting the numerous convents that exist everywhere. In many cases they have been purchased by private individuals and are used as residences. The government owns others, and has established in them colleges and municipal and industrial schools. In no place have I found these establishments more interesting than at Morelia. One of the most extensive is El Carmen, the venerable convent of the Carmelites. We visited it one evening, but time did not permit us to explore its spacious interior, and we decided to return and complete the inspection.

The Carmelites, on leaving the country, had presented this convent, with all its belongings, to a private citizen.

We visited many others, and always with an increasing desire to investigate further these remnants of the past. Among them were San Juan de Dios, La Merced, and San Diego. Special mention belongs to the last named. The convent of San Diego stands at the opening of the San Pedro Park. Attached to it is the sanctuary of Guadalupe, erected in 1708, a beautiful specimen of Doric architecture, adorned with columns, entablatures, and shields. This consecrated building served as a retreat for the bishop and clergy. The convent was founded by the will of a citizen of Valladolid, who in 1747 left $21,000 for that purpose, with the condition that the sanctuary be annexed to it. Accordingly the building was erected and the old sanctuary enlarged. Many years later the magnificent altar was constructed which now adorns the church. The tall cypresses which screen the entrance were planted in 1807. They no longer shelter the devotees nor the monks pacing up and down in pious meditation; for the convent of San Diego, like so many others, has been secularized,

and families and individuals enjoy the rare privilege of dwelling in these noble tenements with their frescoed walls and deep recesses.

Our curiosity was not satisfied with regard to El Carmen, one of the oldest and most dismantled of all the convents in Morelia, having been established in 1593. Intent upon gratifying this curiosity, we bent our steps thither quite early one morning and were amply repaid. In many places the walls were moss-grown and dilapidated, while here and there the tangled vines and grasses and broken columns gave emphasis to the signs of decay that marked the ruin. Sitting complacently upon a broken, fallen column, we beheld an object that filled us with horror—an Indian *mendigo*, a representation in one, of the ancient Aztec, the *pobre Mexicano*, and the gentleman of the nineteenth century.

His head was covered by a mass of straggling black hair that fell like the mane of a buffalo over his penetrating black eyes, which were turned upon us with a furtive suspiciousness by no means comfortable. He was barefooted and shirtless. His trousers of white cotton were of rather insignificant dimensions, having only a full width to each leg. Surmounting the whole, tipped slightly to one side, was an ancient stove-pipe hat. Time did not admit of a further inspection, and taking refuge in some rapid evolutionary movements, we rushed through the big open doors, which creaked mournfully on their hinges, on into the vault-like hall, up the steep, shaky steps. It never occurred to us to look back, so sure were we that this remarkable specimen of humanity was in close pursuit. At the top of the stairway, ere we had recovered our breath

AN OBJECT OF HORROR.

magically a door opened and a swarthy, dark face peeped out, as if to say, "What in the world are you two women doing here?" We took no time to see how he looked; and shaking with alarm, yet convulsed with laughter, we turned hastily from this dark hall to one a little less obscure. The unusual noise and scampering of feet attracted the attention of the occupant of another room, and before we could catch our breath, another door opened and the head of a veritable Apollo looked out. This last apparition was too much, and the floor, polished by the feet of past generations, seemed to give way beneath our own, and we collapsed on its slippery surface. Overcome by imaginary terrors, we calmly awaited our fate. Seeing our alarm and ghost-like paleness, he came forth with the manner characteristic of an accomplished Mexican gentleman, and kindly offered to serve us in any way possible. Madame de C—— quickly explained, in beautiful Spanish, the cause of our fright and consequent flight, and before she had finished he, too, was in the full enjoyment of our unexpected merriment.

Ere we had arisen from our humble position on the floor, we glanced upward at the walls, lined with pictures, where our attention was riveted upon one of them which would of itself have put us to flight. It represented some penitents at confession, while the devil, *painted red*, pranced around on all fours, evidently angered because these devotees were lost to him.

Our Apollo informed us that he was a law student in one of the colleges, and had chosen a room in El Carmen because of its peculiar quietude. He accompanied us in a deliberate inspection of the time-stained office. It is doubtful, however, if we were in a sufficiently equable frame of mind to contemplate serenely the beauties of the numerous exquisite paintings which adorned the walls. The grand old organ stood mute yet eloquent; its language uttered in the past, its tones never more to be repeated.

When we descended to the ground, the cause of our fears sat unmoved, not having changed his position since we left him, save tipping his hat a little more to one side, while the expression on his

face was as guiltless of any knowledge of our approach as his body was of a shirt.

Probably the largest bachelor establishment on the American continent, perhaps in the world, is that of Baron Guillermo Wodon de S——. In the war of reform, when church property was confiscated and sold to the highest bidder, this gentleman became the purchaser of an extensive convent, and no transformation could have been more complete than that he wrought in the venerable building. The walls which had echoed only the sighs and prayers of pious nuns now resounded with the voices of the bachelor occupant and his *bons-camarades.* That the Baron makes an admirable host, we, with our friends, can testify, having been delightfully entertained at this metamorphosed hall. Our entertainer combined the grace and courtesy of the manner of his native country with that of the land of his adoption.

A more charming climate, both summer and winter, is not to be found in the republic than that of Michoacan, which is sixty English miles from the capital. It is so temperate that one experiences no dizziness.

The State is rich in minerals—gold, silver, and precious stones. It possesses woods of endless variety. Among them we saw in the museum the cork tree, pitch-pine, red and white cedar, red, white, and black walnut, wild olive, mahogany, poplar, ash, red and white oak, willow, laurel, beech, rosewood, ebony, and many others impossible to mention. Everywhere in the State fine fruits abound, and skirting as it does the *tierra caliente*, those of both tropical and temperate climes alike flourish. Here, for the first time, I saw in perfection the *chirimolla* and *granadita.*

In 1839 Madame Calderon de la Barca made the journey from the capital to Morelia on horseback, and regretted that so much beauty was wasted. She says: "We are startled by the conviction that this enchanting variety of hill and plain, wood and water, is for the most part unseen by human eye and untrod by human footstep." These beauties are now no longer concealed. The railway has penetrated

the country in more than one direction, and has rendered accessible its most romantic scenery, while opening up its varied and valuable productions.

The district of Uruapan has become famous for its exquisite lacquered ware bearing the same name, and which has received gold prizes at the Philadelphia, Vienna, and Paris Expositions. The finest specimens of the work yet exhibited, strange to relate, have been executed by two or three families. As explained to me by one of the workers in the market of Morelia, simple old-fashioned gourds, generally cut into plaques, are used as the basis of operations. They first apply some neutral tint as the groundwork, after which the artist, with an ordinary pocket-knife, makes the design in either fruit or flowers—perhaps after the order of an engraver on wood—and then, little by little, the colors are deftly put into these indentures by the fingers, time being allowed for each to become entirely dry before adding another. These paints are prepared by the Indians themselves from the native dye-woods, and as a variety of colors is used in the process, much time is expended in making this wonderful ware. Not the least important in the various processes employed, is that of rubbing, when thoroughly dry, the entire picture with a curious admixture of oily substances, of which the ordinary caterpillar is the principal. But there is good sense, and reason as well, in resorting to so obnoxious a thing as a caterpillar, for it completes an object that is not only one of great utility, resisting alike grease and water, but also gives a ware that is to the last, even when worn into shreds, an article of fadeless beauty.

In the State of Michoacan there is the most picturesque lake in the republic. Since my visit there the railway has reached its shores, rudely awakening it from the slumber of ages. Humboldt visited Patzcuaro, and speaks of the lake as rivaling the world-famed Lake of Geneva. Even in this land of grand and romantic scenery it stands alone in its exceeding loveliness. A pleasure boat has been recently launched upon its limpid waters for the recreation of health-seekers and tourists. The town of Patzcuaro supplies good accommodations

in its comfortable hostelries, and its inhabitants are fully alive to the advantages of being in communication with the rest of the world.

The early Spanish fathers appreciated the natural beauties of this region, and founded here a bishopric and the College of San Nicolas, which, however, were both subsequently removed to Valladolid, the college being united with that of San Miguel in 1580, at the same time transferring its name to the latter institution.

The tourist visiting any of the larger cities of Mexico is much surprised to find schools and colleges with modern equipments such as would reflect credit upon any country.

At Morelia the most notable of the colleges are the "Colegio de San Nicolas"—of which Hidalgo was regent—and "El Seminario." Each of these has about five hundred pupils. The Church, or Conservative party, patronize and control "El Seminario," while the Liberals maintain the former. A bitter feud has been naturally aroused between the students of the two schools, and not so very long ago they would draw themselves up in battle array, and proceed to pelt each other with stones until all were satisfied. San Nicolas was the first institution of learning established on the American continent, having

COLLEGE OF SAN NICOLAS.

been founded about the year 1540. Two or three years later, in 1543, it was placed under the protection of the Emperor Carlos V.

A magnificent library that is open to the public is connected with this institution. The population of the city is about forty thousand, and its public benefactions are numerous and excellent. Among them I noted a hospital for men, and a separate one for women; Civil Hospital, Hospital del Corazon de Jesus, and Monte de Piedad, and many others. Not only are these institutions cleanly and well kept, but they are also spacious and airy. Since the reform war, and the separation of Church and State, many of the convents have been converted into hospitals. The afflicted inmates have a permanent and agreeable source of diversion in gazing upon the highly embellished walls of these stately institutions.

There are separate prisons for men and women, and also a general penitentiary. Cotton factories and other industrial establishments, including the manufacture of exquisite pottery, place Morelia in the van of progressiveness. The temples of worship are magnificent, and the public edifices of great elegance, while well-kept *pantheons* (cemeteries), *paseos* and *alamedas* add to the long list of its attractions. A favorite place of recreation is the beautiful avenue known as the Calzada de Guadalupe. It was originally constructed for the accommodation of the faithful who visited the Sanctuary of Guadalupe, where it terminated.

The Morelianos are exceedingly conservative, and neither Americans nor other foreigners have obtained any extensive foothold; nevertheless, there is a growing undercurrent of liberalism, which in many ways manifests itself. They have a city of many natural advantages, but while it is one of the most beautiful and interesting in the republic, it will be many years before the Anglo-Saxon race will reside there in great numbers.

We are everywhere forcibly reminded of Spanish domination in the architecture, which, like the language, has changed but little. Cities may differ in building materials, but the ancient Spanish is universally copied. However, it must be acknowledged that the Anglo-

Saxon can make no improvement on the style of architecture in its suitability to the climate and the exclusive lives of the people. But there is often seen a free admixture of every known order of architecture, for in a newly finished building we saw the Doric, Corinthian, Pompeian, Romanesque, and Spanish. The interior decorations were exclusively in the gorgeous Pompeian.

To the stranger the most attractive points in the prevailing archi-

MONUMENT TO MORELOS—"CALLE REAL."

tecture are the *portales*, those inviting retreats along the sidewalks, and the aqueducts, which may be seen for miles, with their high, massive arches, through which one catches glimpses of blue sky, lofty mountain peaks, and peaceful valleys, animated with charming pastoral scenes.

The city has stately proportions and attractions that are peculiar

to itself. We never tired of exploring the historic places which have from its founding been objects of unfailing interest to all visitors and travelers. Calle Real was an especial source of pleasure as we viewed it from the Plaza of the Martyrs, upon the corner of which stands the monument erected to Morelos. Watching the itinerant venders from our shady retreat, and the idlers who added their statuette-like figures to the monument, the whole resting tranquilly under the motionless trees above them, we could but feel that the hapless poor have an aptitude for posing, and in lending themselves to this occasion the scene was at once thoroughly harmonious and national.

One gets strong ideas of imperialism in the decorations and furnishings of the municipal buildings and halls of congress. A city of twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants has the mayor's office fitted up as if that functionary were a representative of royalty. The legislative halls have an appearance of regal magnificence with their immense, lofty apartments, gayly frescoed and lined with portraits of the governors of the State; mirrors, chandeliers, and carpets of richest texture; and the dais with its canopied chair for the executive. For me, all this splendor, while it suggested the influence of the viceroys, found a suitable solution in the national love of bright colors and display.

Two lines of chairs facing each other extend from the dais to the further extremity of the hall, where another official occupied his elevated seat, but without the canopy.

The legislature was then in session, and having letters to Governor Jimenez, then newly installed, we were courteously invited by him to visit the palace. We gladly accepted and had the additional pleasure of seeing that august body in session in this the Virginia of Mexico. If Morelia has gained that name, it is not alone because of her many distinguished sons, who have long since passed from these living scenes, but, without intending or wishing to detract from the men of any other part of the Republic, the members of the legislature of Michoacan were the most commanding in appearance of

any assemblage that I saw in the country. The dark, Indian type prevailed, with large, well-shaped heads, eyes of unusual brilliancy, broad, square shoulders, erect figure, and graceful bearing.

In one of her admirable descriptive letters Mme. de C. thus mentions the hospitality of the citizens of Morelia: "The tropical banana and many creeping vines with gorgeous blossoms, among them the *Bougamvilla*, hanging in great clusters of pink, crimson, and purple, such as we do not see elsewhere, beautify the *patios* of the hospitable Morelianos, who, when the stranger stops to admire the luxuriant growth and wonderful coloring of the flowers, cordially invite him to enter and examine at leisure." Of the hospitality of the Morelianos to us, she says: "I wish there were time and space to tell of their kindly reception of two foreigners; of the simple yet elegant manner in which the family of the intelligent young editor of the *Gazeta Oficial* (*Official State Paper*), Señor Ojeda, entertained them at an afternoon tea, and of the gracious goodness of which the honored visitors were the grateful recipients from other kind acquaintances, to whom letters of introduction were presented."

My personal tribute is, that in all my travels in Mexico no place has left upon my mind more pleasing or lasting impressions. Though so conservative, the hospitality of its people is pure and genuine.

Our own distinguished countrywoman, Mrs. Mary Halleck Foote, like Madame Calderon, made the journey from Morelia to the capital on horseback. Her admirable illustrations of the scenes in and about that quaint old city, together with her

FIRST PATIO IN COLLEGE OF SAN NICOLAS.

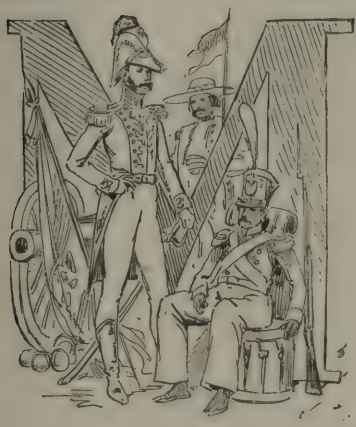
charming descriptions of the people, appeared in the *Century Magazine* for 1881–82. She says: "I had fallen into that helpless attitude toward the outer world which is like a spell over the women of the country. The return of the engineers and the discussion of plans for our homeward journey on horseback broke up the dream—one last drive on the *paseo* in the splendor of the low sunset light, then a bustle of packing, and talk of saddles and horses, servants for the road, and of steamer days and telegrams, last calls and a sense of multiplied obligations, which fate might never permit us fitly to recognize. When the railroad is completed, and the tides of travel ebb to and fro, if our friends of Casa G—— are among those northward bound, may they find as gracious and courteous a welcome as they gave the strangers within their gates."

The closing wish finds a hearty echo in the breasts of two other American women who gratefully add their heartfelt testimony to the kindness and hospitality of the dwellers in that historic city. Just four years after Mrs. Foote's visit, Madame de C—— and myself bade our entertainers there a warm, and sad *adios*.

Our two weeks' vacation had drawn to a close. At the hour when the mellow chimes of the grand cathedral were calling to matins, when the sound of bells far away in Indian villages fell softly on the newly awakened senses, the military responding with drum and bugle-call, we bade adieu to this delightful mediæval city and its interesting inhabitants, and returned with mental and physical energies renewed to our complex nineteenth century life and its manifold duties.

CHAPTER X.

ACTORS AND EVENTS IN MEXICAN HISTORY.



MEXICO maintained her struggle for independence through eleven years. At the outset, no people could have been less prepared for such a contest. Their weapons of warfare were primitive and few in number. They possessed no knowledge of military tactics, and their leaders were unfitted by training and profession for warlike deeds. But in that era of social and political ferment the chances were many that their efforts would ultimately be crowned with success; and while the difficulties attending the high enterprise must have seemed at times almost insurmountable, their faith in the issue was unclouded.

Doubtless they also derived both stimulus and encouragement from the assured success of the American Republic, and gladly risked their lives in the hope of a like glorious consummation.

A better grounded or more righteous cause never existed than that of Mexico against the tyranny and usurpation of the Spaniards, who filled every place of power and emolument in the government to the exclusion of the Creoles and native population.

This state of affairs was long accepted as inevitable; but the idea of the divine right of kings and the immutability of established order received a rude shock when Napoleon overturned so many of the sovereignties of Europe, and among them that of Spain. Grand possibilities opened then before the vision of the foremost few, and these animated by the purest patriotism, unavoidably joined forces

with men who sought only personal aggrandizement and the opportunities for place and power.

The result of the coalition of such conflicting elements may be read in the rapid succession of events, one military leader succeeding another, and, fired by jealousy and the dread of rivalry, summarily disposing of his predecessor. The popular idol of to-day may to-morrow be a victim to his own superiority, as envy, like death, loves a shining mark. His place in history cannot be augured from his fate at the hands of his countrymen. Time avenges all such, and many who were executed as traitors are now revered as martyrs, their dust the choicest treasure of the Grand Cathedral and San Fernando. The strife in which they lived is past; the passions to which they were sacrificed are stilled forever, and only their great deeds survive. They live in the hearts of their countrymen, and in every part of the republic their memorials are to be found in the forms of mural tablet or shaft.

The facilities now offered for travel in Mexico place within the reach of all who desire it, the privilege of visiting in person the historic places mentioned in this connection; and at almost every turn of the railway the eye may rest upon some evidence of a sanguinary contest or memorial of stirring event.

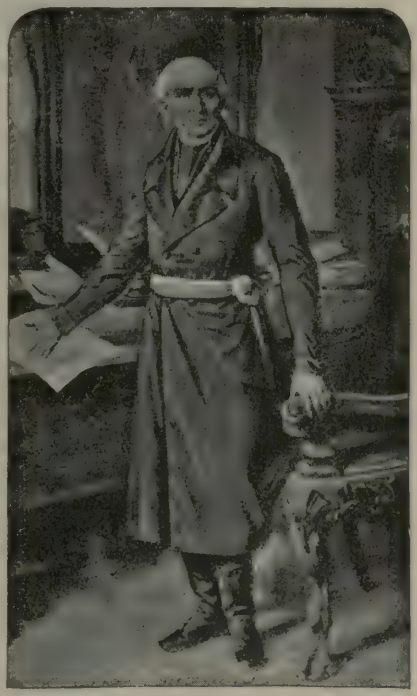
It was my pleasure and privilege to make pilgrimages to many of these places, and often while gazing upon shaft or cross my heart has been thrilled as I recalled the unparalleled struggles of the Mexican people for liberty.

"HIDALGO, THE WASHINGTON OF MEXICO."

Let us turn for a moment to the first scene in the grand drama for liberty.

The hour is midnight. The inhabitants are wrapped in a calm and delightful repose. The gray-headed veteran and the child with golden curls—youth and innocence, old age and infirmity—are alike in profound slumber, in blissful unconsciousness of the coming storm. It is in the unpretentious town of Dolores—suggestive name! The

streets are quiet, but a glance toward the little church, henceforward to become in verity the Mexican Faneuil Hall and cradle of liberty, reveals dimly the outlines of men moving stealthily about in the gloom. They gather at length in a group around a central figure arrayed in priestly garb, a slender form telling of abstinence. See his eyes beaming dove-like gentleness and benediction! See the warrior-soul slumbering in the meek priest! See those eyes, once filled with woman-like gentleness, transformed to balls of fire that burn into the hearts of men, enthusing them with his own terrible thoughts! The eagle-glances that pierce the semi-darkness blaze into the dusky countenances of his followers! He waves his thin white hands, so oft engaged in supplication and in eloquent gesture, aiding his sacred oratory, as in words that burn he denounces the oppressor. The priest is a warrior now; the hand that has been so often raised in gentle benediction now strikes in wild gesture as though it held a sword. It would have blessed—it is now ready to smite!



THE PATRIOT HIDALGO.

Thus stood the venerable Miguel Hidalgo on the night of the 15th of September, 1810, as in animated tones he addressed his Indian allies, concluding with the exhilarating cry, "VIVA NUESTRA SEÑORA DE GUADALUPE!" "VIVA LA INDEPENDENCIA!" The banner of revolt is raised above their heads; he makes the sign of the cross, murmurs a prayer, and the humble *cura* of Dolores moves down the narrow street in front of his bronze adherents, releasing captives,

thus adding to their ranks, and in turn placing in captivity the leading Spaniards.

Ere the morning sun shed his first beams on the streets of Dolores, the bells pealed forth melodiously at so early an hour as to cause surprise to all within hearing. Soon the residents of the town and people from the adjacent *pueblos* were seen gathering around the portals of the church they loved so well. The *cura* is there, but not to celebrate the mass on this Sunday morning; for the work of revolution has already begun. From the pulpit he addresses that Indian multitude as "My dear children," and urges them to rend asunder the despised yoke of tyranny and to reclaim the property and lands stolen from their ancestors. "To-day we must act! Will you, as patriots, defend your religion and your rights?" "We will defend them," shouts the crowd. "*Viva nuestra Señora de Guadalupe!*" and "Death to the bad government! Death to the Gachupines!" "Live, then, and follow your *cura* who has ever watched over your welfare," is the reply of Hidalgo.

The *cura* of Dolores has addressed his congregation for the last time; and though bravely and resolutely determined to meet the issue without faltering, the thought is a painful one. Heretofore he has warned them to flee from the wrath to come, administered the holy sacrament and signed them with the cross in baptism; henceforward, in this new crusade against oppression and usurpation, he is their leader to victory or death!

Miguel Hidalgo y Costillo was the second son of his parents, who lived in the province of Guanajuato.

From his early youth he was a close student, and when still quite young he had attained considerable proficiency in philosophy, and also in his theological studies in the College of San Nicolas in Valladolid. He received his degree of bachelor of theology at the capital, and was appointed successively to the curacy of two wealthy parishes in the diocese of Valladolid. The death of his brother was the means of his appointment as *cura* of Dolores, which gave him a salary of about twelve thousand dollars a year. He became a scien-

tist, philosopher, and political economist, and was, besides, a linguist of high order. He invested his means in various ways; grew silk-worms, planted grape-vines, put into successful operation a porcelain factory, and many other industries for the advancement of the people about him.

When the sphere of his knowledge is considered, he is found to have possessed an amount of information far in advance of his contemporaries, while his social and conversational gifts were exceptionally fine.

Hidalgo was fifty-eight years old when he raised the *grito*, but he had been long maturing the plan that finally triumphed over all obstacles.

We now return to Dolores, where the disaffected had already swelled into a formidable insurgent force. From thence they proceeded to San Felipe, gathering reinforcements by the way. They next surprised San Miguel, arriving at dark. They were received enthusiastically by the population, and proceeded without bloodshed to arrest the Spaniards; Allende, who was Hidalgo's chief support, and a brave officer, assuring them that no harm should come to them. A cheer was raised for independence, the colonel taken prisoner, and a thousand royalist troops added to the insurgent army. Here they procured the picture of the Virgin Guadalupe, which was transferred to their banner to lead them to victory.

They next advanced on Guanajuato, a city of seventy thousand inhabitants, the capital of the province, and the emporium of the Spanish treasures. Only thirty miles from the starting-point at Dolores, but in this short distance, the gentle zephyr of insurrection had become a perfect hurricane of revolution, and though the arms of the insurgents were so rude and miscellaneous in character, consisting of clubs, stones, *machetes*, arrows, lances and heavy swords, they did not hesitate to oppose themselves to the trained and armed Spanish garrison, and were victorious through enthusiasm and force of numbers.

Here Hidalgo remained for ten days, during which he proclaimed

the independence of Mexico, and had himself elected Captain-General of America and Commander-in-chief of the army. The treasure, said to have amounted to five million dollars, provided him with the sinews of war.

We next see him at Valladolid, carrying all before him with the same violence and excessive severity as at Guanajuato. About this time he was joined by Morelos, also a priest, and a former pupil at San Nicolas, where Hidalgo had been regent. He had heard of the revolution, and in October hastened to ascertain the truth concerning it from Hidalgo. He traveled a long distance before overtaking him, but when assured that his sole aim was the independence of Mexico, full of patriotism and reverence for his old teacher, Morelos tendered his services, and received a verbal commission to organize an army and arouse interest in the southwest. This was their last meeting. The grand old college of San Nicolas had nurtured them both, and given an impetus to their endowments which would render both famous.

After the departure of Morelos, Hidalgo proceeded toward the capital, then under the command of the viceroy Venegas. With his large army of undisciplined Indians he began the march, and reached Monte las Cruces on the 30th of the month, and there encountered the Spanish forces, commanded by Truxillo and Iturbide. Here for the first time the raw recruits of Hidalgo came in contact with cannon. It is said that the Indians, in their frenzy, rushed forward and clapped their straw hats over the muzzles of the guns, hoping to evade the death-dealing missiles.

In this engagement, Hidalgo, though victorious, lost heavily. He then went within sight of the city, but declined to enter, though urged by Allende to do so. The victory of Las Cruces had been so dearly bought that another such would have been certain ruin.

Although at this time Hidalgo had cannon captured from the enemy, and his forces were in a more soldierly condition than ever before, nevertheless at the bridge of Calderon he was defeated by General Calleja. He then determined to retreat to the north, and with

his best officers and several thousand men reached Saltillo in January, 1811. Leaving Rayon in command, he concluded to hasten to the United States to purchase military equipments with which to cope successfully with the efficient Spanish troops. He reached the Texas boundary with a large sum of money, when he was betrayed by Elizondo,* a former friend and compatriot, and taken a prisoner to the city of Chihuahua.

The triumphs of his brief career were as marvelous as his defeat was signal and irretrievable. Henceforward the floor of his prison cell must be the theater for the closing scenes of his eventful life. No hope of escape could penetrate those low, gray, pitiless walls! Defeat and captivity have transformed him, and he turns once more to his early vocation. The intrepid warrior is again the gentle priest! The eagle glance which enthused the hearts of his countrymen is once more softened in dove-like gentleness and benediction! The hand that smote is now raised in supplication as he implores Divine support and guidance. As he paces to and fro, he surveys the bloody path over which he led his victorious army, and while the retrospect discloses ghastly horrors, he pleads, in extenuation, grim necessity; but his undaunted spirit glows afresh as he recalls his glorious successes. He has opened the path to freedom, and the *grito* of Dolores will not cease to reverberate over the mountains and plains of Mexico until the work of liberation, begun by him and his compatriots, is completed.

In the long trial that followed, even the chains and shackles could not detract from the dignity and patience that characterized him.

On the 27th of July Dr. Valentine, as delegated by Bishop Olivares of Durango, pronounced the sentence by which Hidalgo was degraded from the priesthood. On the 29th he was summoned before the ecclesiastical tribunal, clad in clerical garb, and relieved of his fetters for the first time since his incarceration. He was then arrayed in the

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* The treachery of Elizondo was avenged when in 1813 he went on an expedition to Texas and was mortally wounded, when in bed, by one of his lieutenants. He died on the bank of the San Marcos River, September, 1813.

vestments of his holy office. While on his knees before the representative of the bishop, he listened to the explanation of the causes which led to this painful and humiliating scene. He was then stripped of his sacerdotal garments, and turned over to the civil authorities, after which he was again shackled and taken to his cell.

Ere the first streak of dawn, on July 31, 1811, Hidalgo was summoned to prepare for the closing scene. With the utmost serenity he partook of his last breakfast. He then declared his readiness to go with the guards, and assured them of his forgiveness. So heavily ironed that he could scarcely walk, his courage and fortitude did not for an instant fail him. He even remembered and asked for some sweets left under his pillow, and divided them among the soldiers. The sun had not yet risen and orders had been given that his head should not be mutilated, so he calmly placed his hand over his heart, as a guide for their aim. A platoon fired, wounding only his hand; Hidalgo remained motionless, but continued in prayer. Another volley severed the cords that held him to his seat, and he fell, though still breathing. Life was only extinguished when the soldiers had fired three more volleys near his breast, the veneration in which he was held doubtless interfering with the accuracy of their aim. Heroic to the last, thus died Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, and the fame of the Washington of Mexico, as he is called, grows brighter with succeeding generations.

Allende, Jimenez, Aldama, and Santa Maria had met the deaths of martyrs to the cause of liberty on June 26. The next day Chico and three others were shot, all meeting their death bravely, though forced to kneel like traitors and receive the fire of the musketry in their backs. Those who were priests were first stripped of their sacerdotal robes; then, after death, each one was dressed in the habit of his order and laid away with becoming respect.

The heads of Hidalgo, Allende, Jimenez, and Aldama were placed in the four angles of the public storehouse in Guanajuato. Their bodies, however, were deposited in the chapel of the Franciscans, where they remained until 1823, when Congress ordered them, with

their heads, to be placed in the cathedral at the capital with all the honors a grateful country could bestow.

JOSÉ MARIA MORELOS.

The death of Hidalgo left the leadership to Morelos, then operating in the southwest, whose superior genius designated him as a fitting successor. Posterity delights in knowing the birthplace of distinguished men, but on this point authorities differ with regard to Morelos. Some claim Valladolid, others Apatanzingan; but from his having spent a great part of his early youth in and near the former city, it is generally conceded to be the place of his nativity. His youth and early manhood were passed in hardy outdoor occupation, and although he was studious and ambitious, it was not until the age of thirty-two that he entered the college of San Nicolas, where he studied philosophy under Hidalgo, and, in accordance with his inclination, prepared for the priesthood. He became *cura* of different small towns near by, and his frugal habits enabled him at a later period to purchase a plain home in Valladolid.

JOSÉ MARIA MORELOS.

At the time of becoming a soldier Morelos was forty-five years old. On receiving his commission from Hidalgo he went to his curacy and there collected twenty-five trustworthy men, whom he armed with muskets, and began the march to the southwest. I have looked on much of that barren territory of several hun-

dred miles, and wondered how in those perilous times he could have traversed it safely with his little band. At the various towns and hamlets, however, he received reinforcements, and sometimes whole militia companies seceded to him; but these were undrilled and unarmed. With this crude material and humble beginning Morelos inaugurated a thorough and systematic course of instruction in military tactics; so that in less than two months he had not only a well-drilled force of two thousand men, but had also inspired them with much of his own ardor and patriotism. He believed more in a small force with efficiency than in large numbers without discipline. His army continued to increase, and one victory led to another; he often took by surprise Spanish garrisons, imprisoning their leaders, and inducing the troops to unite with him. With this army he contended again and again successfully with the first commanders of the time and the country.

Indeed, the tide of events had so favored him that he naturally felt that the great cause of independence was assured. This was accentuated when, in the latter part of 1811, he was joined by Mariano Matamoros, another Indian priest, who, from the evident force of his character, would lend valuable aid to the great work. Morelos made him a colonel, and together they waged the war more vigorously than ever. If one considers the previous lives of these men, the genius they displayed must appear the more extraordinary. Their special talent was latent until it burst forth in those brilliant actions which startled the world. The military ability of Morelos elicited encomiums from one of the greatest captains of the age—Wellington; while Matamoros is described by Alaman as the most active and successful leader of the insurrection.

The first great event after Matamoros joined Morelos, occurred at Cuantla, where the latter had intrenched himself. Here General Calleja, in command of the royalist forces, being repulsed with heavy loss, determined to besiege the town. For this purpose a second Spanish force was sent out, and the siege was continued for nearly three months without reducing their defenses or diminishing the

ardor and resolution of the patriots. Famine attacked them, and they were driven to the necessity of eating worm-eaten hides; but capitulation meant certain death, despite the offers of pardon made by the viceroy. All now seemed favorable for Calleja to capture the whole army, but notwithstanding his military prowess and reputation, with an ample supply of men and munitions of war, the Indian priest completely outwitted him. With masterly strategy Morelos withdrew from the town at night, and had been gone two hours before Calleja knew of his departure.

In September, 1813, Morelos called the first Congress at Chilpanzingo, the first act of which confirmed his title of Generalissimo, and a month later independence was declared.

It is not possible in this brief sketch to chronicle or enumerate his brilliant victories, in many of which he was aided by such chiefs as Matamoros, Galeana, the Bravos, Guadalupe Victoria, and Guerrero, most of whom figured afterward in the history of the country.

The city of Valladolid was a desirable point for the head-quarters of either army, being in the center of a wealthy and populous country. Morelos approached its confines, and stretched his infantry in a line in front of the city, while the cavalry occupied the hill of Santa Maria. Here it was that he met with an overwhelming defeat at the hands of Colonel Iturbide, from which he never recovered. Soon after, he lost his chief support by the capture of Matamoros, who was executed on February 3d following, in the public square of Valladolid, now called Morelia in honor of Morelos. From this time Morelos met with a succession of defeats and reverses until November 16, 1815, when he was taken prisoner, contending with characteristic bravery against an overwhelming force. He was carried to the capital, tried, and degraded from the ranks of the clergy, the bishop shedding tears during this last ceremony. He was then conveyed to San Cristobal, a village north of the lake, where the closing scene was to be enacted. Having said the last prayer, Morelos himself bandaged his eyes, and was led forth bound, and dragging his shackles. He complied with the order to kneel, murmuring calmly, "Lord, thou knowest if I have

done well: if ill, I implore thy infinite mercy." "The next moment he fell, shot in the back, passing, through a traitor's death, into the sphere of patriot-martyr and hero immortal."

Among the many historic places that I visited, none interested me more than the house of Morelos in Morelia. In the drawing-room I saw a finely executed portrait, placed there by the *Junta Patriotica* (Patriotic Club) in 1858. In this the expression of the face shows that blending of firmness, energy, frankness, and magnetism, which distinguished him, as well as the humor and gravity of his character, and other evidences of the genius of this remarkable man.

In the same room there hangs a frame containing a piece of the silk handkerchief which served to blindfold him before his execution at San Cristobal. At the bottom of the frame I read with pathetic interest these lines:

"This is the venerated relic,
The mournful bandage with which the tyrant
Hid the gaze of Morelos,
When the martyr of the Mexican people
Offered to his beloved country
His precious life as a sacrifice."

In front of the house is a commemorative tablet with this inscription:

"Illustrious Morelos! Immortal hero!
In this mansion which thy presence
once honored,
the grateful people of Morelia
salute you.
September 16, 1881."

It will be seen that in the portrait of Morelos a handkerchief is wound around the head. This somewhat eccentric habit of his was adopted as a measure of relief from headache, to which he was subject. His frame was massive and in harmonious development corre-

THE EMPEROR AUGUSTIN DE ITURBIDE.

sponded with his head. He was consistent in everything, and recognizing the fact that war was a cruel necessity, he spared neither himself, his friends, nor his enemies. His piety was sincere and unostentatious, and throughout the five years of arduous service in behalf of his country, he did not omit his religious duties. He never went into an engagement without previously confessing himself; but after his first battle, always delegated to the chaplain the celebration of mass.

THE EMPEROR AUGUSTIN DE ITURBIDE.

With feelings of more than ordinary interest I now turn to a contemplation of the life of Augustin de Iturbide. A peculiar chain of circumstances has associated his memory intimately with my own experiences and first days spent in Mexico, imparting a flavor of romantic interest to the details that follow.

It will be remembered that in exploring the immense old house in which I lived, my curiosity was richly rewarded by the discovery of the dust-covered and cobwebbed portrait of a beautiful woman. The soft eyes beamed on me from the painted canvas and the lips parted as if to speak. For two years it remained a mystery, but at length I ascertained that it was the portrait of Doña Ana, the beautiful wife of the Emperor Iturbide. More than two years passed, and I again returned to the land of the Aztecs; even now scarcely expecting to tread the soil which had nurtured both Iturbide and Doña Ana. But I had not only the pleasure of visiting at Morelia the identical houses in which they were born and reared, but also had the happiness of enjoying the acquaintance and friendship of, with one exception, the last living and only descendants of this handsome and distinguished pair. Augustin de Iturbide was fifteen when his father died, and the management of large estates devolved upon him.

His parents were of noble birth from Navarre, in old Spain; but Augustin was a native of Mexico, having been born at Morelia, September 27, 1783. He was married, at twenty-two, to the lovely Doña Ana Maria Huerte, also of a distinguished Spanish family. The same

year in which his father died he joined a volunteer militia regiment in Morelia, and in 1805 entered the regular royalist army. His first experience of real military life was at the encampment at Jalapa, and in 1809 he gave material aid in crushing an embryo revolution at Morelia.

It is said that Hidalgo so highly appreciated the military talents displayed by Iturbide, that he offered him the position of lieutenant-general before the first *grito* at Dolores. He declined this office and afterward, as colonel of the royal army, took part in many brilliant engagements, directed mostly against Morelos, the recognized successor of Hidalgo. The dashing young colonel, full of enthusiasm for the maintenance of established law and order, and the grave, clerical leader, had been nurtured among the same scenes.

Mention has been made of the defeat of Morelos by Iturbide at their native city. One of the most memorable events in the War of Independence was this encounter on the hills of Santa Maria, which skirt the city. Iturbide, who was second in command, sallied out with a small party to reconnoiter. Seeing defects in the position of the insurgents, where Matamoros had not taken due precautions in forming his line, he determined to seize the advantage, and with only three hundred and sixty cavalry, he dashed up the hill, accessible only by a steep path, where they were much exposed to cross-fires from the revolutionary army. He gave a loud cheer and rushed forward with his gallant band, creating dismay and confusion in the forces of Morelos. Not expecting such an attack, they were panic-stricken, and, it being then after dark, believed that the entire royalist forces were upon them. A desperate battle ensued in the darkness of the night between the insurgents themselves, during which, after his gallant feat, and with captured banners and cannon, Iturbide retired in safety to the city, where he was received with enthusiastic demonstrations.

He received no promotion for that service, and Calleja said in after years, "Colonel Iturbide deserved more than I thought proper to give him." Soon after this brilliant action he became involved in

dissensions with the military authorities, in consequence of which he retired to private life. But, smarting under the injustice that had been shown him, he conceived the idea of devoting his talents and services to the liberation of his country. The royalists evidently feared his marked abilities, should he again come upon the scene. A bishop, writing to Calleja, then viceroy, said of Iturbide, "That young man is full of ambition, and it would not surprise me if, in the course of time, he became the liberator of his country." Later events proved the correctness of the prediction.

The seed sown by Hidalgo was nurtured by Morelos, and, in due time, the whole grand scheme was harvested by the strong arm of Iturbide.

In the opinion of many writers, Morelia has given birth to the two most brilliant men in Spanish-America—Morelos and Iturbide.

For four years the cause of independence languished, though a guerrilla warfare was for a time kept up by Guerrero, Guadalupe Victoria, and others. In 1820 the troubles in Spain urged the Mexicans to a renewed effort for independence. Iturbide was again called upon by the viceroy, and given the command of the army of the southwest. In the distracted condition of the country, he knew the only safe and practicable plan would be to accept and then carry out his own design of freedom. Having a secret understanding with Guerrero, under pretense of an engagement, he soon afterward coalesced with that leader, taking his army with him. Thus it was, after all the struggle and sacrifice of years, independence was achieved by a bloodless victory. Iturbide then formulated "the plan of Iguala," an embodiment of his ideas of government, the first article of which declared the independence of Mexico.

It was well received at the time and accepted alike by the leaders and people. Soon after, on his thirty-eighth birthday, he entered the great capital triumphantly, surrounded by his aids, greeted with all the enthusiasm and manifestations of delight which the people were capable of displaying. Keys of gold were handed him with great ceremony on a silver salver. The country showered honors

upon him, and on the night of May 18, 1822, he was made Emperor. In his address to the people he said, "If, Mexicans, I do not secure the happiness of the country; if at any time I forget my duties, let my sovereignty cease." He was crowned by the bishop, but with his own hands he placed the diadem on the brow of Doña Ana. An imperial household was established with imposing splendor, and money was coined in his image. He also instituted the Order of Guadalupe, a return to the days of chivalry, and designed to add to the prestige of the government. But "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and Iturbide was no exception to the truth of the apothegm. Only nine months from his coronation, pressure of circumstances and political changes forced him to abdicate. A sentence of exile was pronounced against him, and three months later, with his family, he was on his voyage to Italy.

To the soldier accustomed to a life of action, exile was intolerable; and possessed of an irresistible desire to return, within a year he made the homeward bound journey which proved fatal. A new and hostile government was in power, and Iturbide had lost his old influence. Not knowing the stern attitude of the government toward him, he landed July 14, 1824, at Soto la Marina, on the gulf coast; and scarcely had he touched his mother soil when he found himself a prisoner.

General Garza, the military commander, unwilling to act on his own responsibility, referred the matter to the State Congress of Tamaulipas, then in session at Padilla. With much show of respect and seeming confidence the ex-Emperor was conducted thither. He arrived late at night, hopeful and unsuspicious, having himself been placed by Garza in command of the escort which accompanied him. The next morning he was informed that he must prepare for death that afternoon. He remonstrated, asserting his innocence of any desire to disturb the existing order of things, and referring in proof of this to the presence of his family on shipboard. On finding the decree inexorable, he said, "Tell General Garza I am ready to die, and only request three days to prepare to leave this world as a Christian."

But even this was denied him, and on the evening of July 19th, when the shadows began to gather and all nature was sinking to rest, they led him forth to execution.

With noble and commanding mien; with all his beauty and valor and social gifts; his smooth white brow, encircled with wavy light brown locks, now bared to meet the last decree of fate, the patriot stood undaunted, in Roman dignity. In clear tones he addressed these words to the soldiers: "Mexicans, in this last moment of my life I recommend to you the love of your country and the observances of our holy religion. I die for having come to aid you, and depart happy because I die among you. I die with honor, not as a traitor; that stain will not attach to my children and their descendants. Preserve order and be obedient to your commanders. From the bottom of my heart I forgive all my enemies." The officer came to bind his eyes, to which he objected, but being told that it was a necessary form, he unfalteringly bandaged his own eyes; then being requested to kneel, he did so, and the next instant received the fatal volley which terminated his brilliant and eventful life. His remains were buried in the dilapidated old church at Padilla, where they rested until 1838, when, with somewhat tardy justice and appreciation, an act of Congress was passed by which they were removed to the capital. They now rest in a stately tomb, in the great cathedral, with those of the noblest and best sons of Mexico. Here also lies Morelos, his old-time opponent. Cradled in the same city, their final resting-place is beneath the same dome.

On a tablet in the front wall of Iturbide's house I read the following inscription:

"On September 27, 1783,
Augustin de Iturbide,
The Liberator of Mexico,
Was born in this house.
Morelia, September 16, 1881."

The 16th of September, being the Mexican 4th of July, was a fit-

ting time for Morelia to remember her two most distinguished sons.

The title of Liberator was conferred upon Iturbide in 1853, nearly thirty years after his death, and two years later the anniversary of his death was declared a public holiday. On that day a grand mass is celebrated in the cathedral of Mexico for the repose of his soul.

The ex-Emperor left a wife and eight children, but only the two youngest and Doña Ana accompanied him on his fateful return voyage, the others being left at school in England. The widow went first to New Orleans, afterward lived in Washington, then in Baltimore, finally taking up her permanent residence at Philadelphia, where in 1861 the once beautiful Doña Ana ended her eventful life, and now rests with several of her children in a vault of St. Mary's Church in that city.

The Princess Josefa, the only surviving child of the Emperor, resides in the City of Mexico. She remembers the coronation of her father and the pomp of court life which followed during his short reign. It was my pleasure to make her acquaintance, and I found her a woman of rare conversational gifts as well as great personal charm of manner. She is remarkably well preserved, and still shows a vigorous and cultivated intellect; is a fine linguist, and possesses a vast amount of historical information.

But the one who connects the past with the present is Prince Angel de Iturbide. He attended the Jesuit College at Georgetown, D. C., where as a school-boy he met and loved Alice Green, the lovely daughter of Nathaniel Green, of that city. The wooing was persistent, and finally this charming and accomplished woman became his wife. In the course of time the laws which had banished Doña Ana and her family relented, and the Iturbides were allowed to return to Mexico.

Now comes an old, old story, but one which loses nothing by familiarity. In the checkered fortunes of Mexico, a prince of the house of Habsburg and an Austrian archduke was invited by the conserva-

tive party to preside over a new empire. Shortly after his arrival in Mexico he invited the Princess Josefa to take up her residence in the imperial household as a member of the family. She accepted, and was accorded the highest distinction by Maximilian and Carlotta.

Feeling the insecurity of his position and hoping to conciliate the discordant element among the Mexican people, Maximilian proposed to adopt the grandson of the Emperor Iturbide—son of Don Angel and Alice Green de Iturbide—and, should his empire succeed, the young Augustin, then three years old, would be heir to the throne. But a condition was made that his parents should leave Mexico without delay. The government then owed them a large sum of pension money, which it was agreed should be paid them in case of compliance.

The prospect was brilliant, and the parents thought that to some extent the arrangement would bring reparation for the wrongs inflicted on the child's grandfather, and so consented. The beautiful boy, with soft golden curls, gentle blue eyes and sweet baby prattle, became at once the idol of Maximilian and Carlotta. But the mother was bereft of her darling, and the compact was no sooner agreed to than regretted; she and her husband were to leave Mexico immediately, and the separation from her only child might be final and lasting. She reached Pueblo *en route* to Europe, but the anguish was too great, and she returned to the capital, hoping to regain the custody of her child. Marshal Bazaine received her with kindness, and she then addressed a heart-rending appeal to Maximilian. But under the guise of being taken to the palace she was decoyed from the city and forced to return to Pueblo. In Paris she met Carlotta, then on her ill-fated mission to procure aid for the fast crumbling empire. They had a memorable interview, and soon after, as Madame Iturbide herself told me, Carlotta received the death-blow to her hopes, and even when ordered to Italy by Napoleon, evidences of a tottering reason were manifest. Throughout these trying scenes Madame Iturbide maintained the dignity befitting a brave and high-bred woman.

When Maximilian felt his fate fast overtaking him, he sent

Augustin to Havana, and at the same time communicated with Madame Iturbide, who joyfully met and received again to her tender heart her idolized boy. He is now a strikingly handsome young man, twenty-three years of age, six feet in height, and possessing wonderful physical strength. He has a finished education, both European and American, and is an accomplished linguist. He is also a lover of scientific knowledge, and exceptionally well read in history. Added to these natural and acquired advantages, he has artistic tastes, sketches from nature, and is skilled in music. In 1885 he was awarded the gold medal at the college at Georgetown, D. C., for the best oration delivered at the closing exercises. The hero of a romantic story, he appears unconscious of the notice he has attracted, and retains his modest demeanor and genial disposition, with the dignity and social graces which render his society delightful to all who come in contact with him. On his handsome country estate he leads a business life, and never seems happier than when there, dressed in his buckskin suit and silver-decked sombrero, and mingling freely among his employées, who adore him. The minutest detail of *hacienda* life claims his careful attention, showing a happy adaptability to circumstances.

The elegant residence of the Iturbides at the capital stands on the grand *Paseo*, immediately to the right of the statue of Carlos IV. Both there and at their hacienda of San Miguel Sesma, I have enjoyed their graceful hospitality and unrestricted friendship. On these occasions Madame Iturbide related many interesting incidents and reminiscences of her boy's early life. Among them, to me, one of the most amusing was the manner in which Augustin, when a little more than four years old, spoke his first English. His cousin, Plater Green, a few months older, fell from a tree, when Augustin ran to his parents, crying out: "Plater he up de tree—Plater he down de tree—Plater he no cry—Plater he one very man!" After this he would speak no more Spanish. Although brought up according to the Mexican custom of dependence on a servant, he early manifested the desire to throw off such bondage and prove his self-reliance. At the

MADAME ITURBIDE AND SON.

age of fourteen, all alone, with $1,000 in his pocket, he sailed from Vera Cruz to New York, thence to Liverpool, and from there to Oscott College, near Birmingham, where he presented his letters to the president, and entered himself as a student. His life is still before him, and with his rich natural endowments and intellectual culture, his career will doubtless be worthy of his lineage and training.

The accompanying portraits furnish an excellent representation of mother and son.

Madame de Iturbide, herself, is one of the most remarkable women of her time. Beautiful in her youth, she is still strikingly handsome in face and figure. Of distinguished presence, queenly in manner and bearing, she impresses one as possessing in reserve the strength of will and purpose which sustained her in so many trying circumstances. All the elements of kindliness, courtesy, and dignity are combined in her, to which is added a personal magnetism which calls forth the warmest regard and devotion from all who enjoy the privilege of her friendship. During the thirty years since she went to Mexico, a bride, she has been a close observer of men and things. She is a living compendium of information on subjects of general interest, and is especially delightful in recounting those historical incidents which have come under her own observation.

In every transaction of business Madame Iturbide has proved herself equal to the occasion; and in the various lawsuits in which she has been engaged before the Mexican courts, she is said by competent authority to be as well versed in the jurisprudence of the country as the lawyers themselves. She is much attached to her Mexican friends, who warmly reciprocate the feeling, never losing an opportunity of showing their devotion to her. Americans everywhere may take pride in the fact that she is their countrywoman.

VINCENTE GUERRERO.

My interest in the history of Mexican independence was deepened by meeting and associating with many of the descendants

of the statesmen and patriots who bore a conspicuous part in those thrilling scenes. All who are linked by lineage or ties of consanguinity to the heroes of the revolution, preserve sacredly every reminder and relic of their progenitors. Amid such surroundings, my desire for information was stimulated, and the impressions then received remain among the choicest treasures of memory garnered during my sojourn in old Mexico.

Vicente Guerrero was one of the leading spirits of the revolutionary period, and is revered in the history of his country as a man of unyielding patriotism, strict integrity, and stanch loyalty to its cause. After the death of Morelos, the germs of independence were kept alive and nurtured by Guerrero, who operated in the southwest, and was the most conspicuous figure among the insurgents when joined by Iturbide.

VICENTE GUERRERO.

In the conflicts which have been waged on Mexican soil, guerrilla warfare has always borne a leading part, the inaccessible mountain fastnesses yielding immunity from danger of pursuit. This was the method pursued by the leaders after the fall of Hidalgo, Morelos, and Matamoras. When at last independence was achieved, Guerrero took an active part in every important movement until his death.

He was the third president of the republic, and had served only a short time when he was deposed by Bustamente, then vice-president. He retired to his country estate, Tierre Colorado, in the vicinity of Tixtla; but being informed of a plot against his life, he left there and joined Alvarez, then in revolt against the government which had succeeded that of Guerrero. Fearing his influence, his death was determined on, and when, despite the warnings of Alvarez, he went to

Acapulco, the opportunity came to carry out the nefarious plot. A Genoese named Picaluga owned a vessel then in the port of Acapulco, called the "Colombo." Knowing the desire of the parties in power to get rid of Guerrero, he made a compact with Minister Facio to decoy Guerrero on shipboard, and, for the sum of $50,000, to deliver him over to his enemies. This was accomplished by Picaluga inviting Guerrero to breakfast with him on board, and on rising from the table he caused him to be seized and shackled and conveyed to Guatulco, where the trial for his life soon began. A long list of crimes was brought against him, any one of which, to a man of Guerrero's integrity and patriotism, would have been impossible. After this show of justice, he was sentenced to be shot, and forced to listen to the reading of his sentence on his knees. On February 14, 1831, he was executed at Cuilapa, which later avenged the wrong by changing its name to Ciudad Guerrero.

A strong feature, consequent on the taking off of these heroes, was the quick rebound of public opinion. They were required to receive sentence kneeling, and not infrequently further humiliated by being shot in the back as traitors; but scarcely were they dead ere another party arose to avenge them; and in due time the nation issued its decree that their remains should be removed to a more honored spot, and laid away with imposing ceremonies.

The historian Alaman, whose work on Mexican independence is perhaps the most important that has been published, was a member of the cabinet under Bustamente when Guerrero was tried and executed. After the downfall of that administration, the whole ignoble proceeding was looked upon as downright murder by the succeeding government, and three members of the late cabinet, Alaman, Espinosa, and Facio, were impeached.

But it was thought that the last named was almost wholly responsible, as he had entered into the moneyed bargain with the treacherous Picaluga. The trial was postponed from time to time, until at length the cause was regarded as a party affair. Alaman was finally acquitted, his suavity and finished education no doubt assisting him in his defense. Facio went to Europe, and never again mingled in

politics. Picaluga, the Genoese, was sentenced by his government to death, and mulcted in heavy damages; but as he could not be found, he escaped punishment. Gonzales, who received the hapless Guerrero at Guatulco, died miserably, a slow, torturous death.

Many tributes to the public and private virtues of Guerrero may be found in various places; and his name is perpetuated in that of one of the States of the Republic. It was said of him that "his modesty overshadowed his intelligence to the extent of not allowing him to enjoy the fruits of his services as his talents deserved."

Guerrero left a wife and one child, a daughter, who became the wife of Mariano Riva Palacio, afterward one of the most distinguished lawyers and public men of his time. Their son is General Vicente Riva Palacio, so often mentioned in these chapters.

I would like to dwell at length on the Bravos—Leonardo, the father, and Nicolas, the son. They loved their country with exalted patriotism, and devoted their lives to its liberation. Nicolas is spoken of by historians as one of the noblest specimens of manhood that the times produced. They were no less attached to each other than to their country.

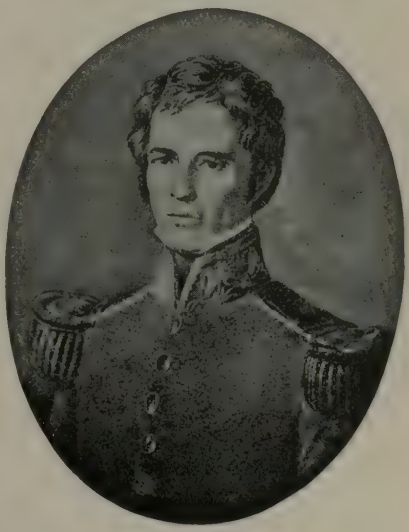
After the battle of Cuantla, the father was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to be shot. Venegas, the viceroy, so highly appreciated his abilities that he offered Bravo his life if he would induce his brothers and Nicolas to join the royalists. But liberty was his watchword; he scorned the offer, and paid the forfeit. A number of Spanish prisoners had been offered in exchange for him, but the viceroy, appreciating the value of a Bravo, had declined in his turn.

The grief of Nicolas for his father was deep and lasting; but even under this great sorrow his magnanimity shines forth grandly. He had then in his camp, as prisoners, three hundred Spaniards, many of them wealthy and influential men. His power over them was absolute; and had he taken their lives in retaliation for his beloved father's death, perhaps justice and the usages of war would have said, "Well done!" But hear his noble words to them:

"Your lives are forfeit. Your master, Spain's minion, has murdered

my father; murdered him in cold blood for choosing Mexico and liberty before Spain and her tyrannies. Some of you are fathers, and may imagine what my father felt in being thrust from the world without one farewell word from his son,—ay! and your sons may feel a portion of that anguish of soul which fills my breast, as thoughts arise of my father's wrongs and cruel death.

"And what a master is this you serve! For one life, my poor father's, he might have saved you all, and would not. So deadly is his hate, that he would sacrifice three hundred of his friends rather than forego this one sweet morsel of vengeance. Even I, who am no viceroy, have three hundred lives for my father's. But there is yet a nobler revenge than all. Go! You are free! Go, find your vile master, and henceforth serve him, if you can!"



GUADALUPE VICTORIA.

In gratitude to him for sparing their lives, the soldiers, with tears in their eyes, offered their services in his cause, and were faithful to the last. General Bravo afterward bore a conspicuous part in the history of his liberated country. He lived to take part in the American war, his last military service being at the defense of Chapultepec and Molino del Rey. He died in 1854, at the age of sixty-eight, beloved and admired by all who knew him.

Equal in luster are the lives of other leading heroes of independence, whose deeds might shine in the bright galaxy of a Plutarch. Guadalupe Victoria was one of these immortal and brave spirits the record of whose career resembles more a fabled romance than a veritable history of real life. When the power of Spain seemed re-established, Victoria retired to the mountains, where he

was hunted like a wild beast by order of the viceroy, at one time a thousand soldiers being employed in the search. A report of his death gave him a respite, and he lived alone in secluded and inaccessible fastnesses, without seeing a human being for two years and a half, until news was brought to him of the revolution of 1821, when he hastened to join Iturbide. He became first president of the republic, and, although every opportunity for peculation and private gain was afforded him, remained so poor that he was buried at the public expense.

GENERAL SANTA ANNA.

I congratulated myself upon an opportunity of visiting and becoming acquainted with the daughter of General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, the Señora Guadalupe de Santa Anna de Castro. I found her an agreeable conversationalist, with pleasing manners and a happy faculty for entertaining. Her son was present, and during my travels in Mexico I have met few young men of more sprightliness and intelligence. He is about twenty-five, has a finely shaped head, blue eyes and fair complexion, resembling his mother, while his bearing is graceful and dignified. He speaks English fluently, having been secretary of the Mexican Legation at Washington. Let me whisper to my young countrywomen that Augustin de Castro is unmarried and greatly admires American young ladies. With manifest pride he showed me his gallery of American beauties.

Señora Castro, with a kindly appreciation of my curiosity, displayed some of the magnificent clothing worn by her father. The coat was gorgeous, with the national ensign embroidered with gold. A blue satin dressing-gown, with cords and tassels of gold, was decorated in the same way. Most interesting, however, was his mantle of the Order of Guadalupe which he had re-established. It was of blue satin lined with white moire-antique, and must have swept the floor for at least three yards. There was an imposing life-sized portrait of Santa Anna, on horseback, reviewing the troops on the *paseo* before Chapultepec. It was taken in one of the later terms of his presidency.

The second wife of General Santa Anna was very young when married. It is said that she had in her possession a valuable autobiography of her husband, which the family endeavored in vain to procure from her for publication. It is, presumably, a vindication of his career, and now, since the death of Madame Santa Anna, it will likely be obtained.

In her sprightly way Señora Castro related to me particulars of her family, which consists of two daughters and her son Augustin. Knowing it to be customary for married children to live in the house with parents, I innocently asked if her married daughters lived with her. Quickly she replied that "sons-in-law make poetry about their mothers-in-law when out of their houses; if in them, it was not possible to predict what their utterances might be." Their elegant home stands on the first square to the left in going from the Alameda to the Zocalo.

GENERAL SANTA ANNA, WHEN PRESIDENT FOR THE THIRD TIME.
(*From an Oil Portrait.*)

The name of Santa Anna is more familiar to Americans, and particularly to Texans, than that of any other Mexican. With it is associated the story of the Alamo, the massacre of Goliad, and the triumph of General Sam Houston at San Jacinto.

When only twenty-three years old, Santa Anna entered the arena of politics by disrupting the empire established by Iturbide, and the career thus begun was consistently carried out. At an early age he had so mastered the arcana of scheming and revolution as to reflect credit on a veteran in the cause, demolishing and creating sovereignties, often grasping victory from defeat, and gathering strength when all seemed

lost. He was five times president, and was the means of deposing, probably, twenty rulers. As a commander of men, his resources and ability were remarkable. After the most disastrous defeat he generally managed to retire from the scene still holding the confidence of his ragged, half-starved army, increasing it materially while on the move.

From 1822 to 1855 he was the most conspicuous figure in public life. If deposed, he withdrew to his beautiful hacienda of Manga de

MANGA DE CLAVO, THE HACIENDA OF SANTA ANNA.

Clavo, near Jalapa. If exiled, he went without remonstrance, confident that his lucky star would again lead him to the front, and with fertile brain every ready to plan a revolution or arrange a *coup d'état*. But it may be truly said that in either case he was punctual to respond whenever his country demanded his services.

When the war with the United States came on, Santa Anna had shortly before returned from exile. He at once took command of an army of 20,000 men. He first met with a heavy defeat by General Taylor at Buena Vista, then at Cerro Gordo by General Scott, and when he retreated to defend the capital, defeat still followed him, and

Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and the capital surrendered to General Scott. His last move, in the vain endeavor to retrieve his fortunes, was to besiege Puebla, when he was again defeated, this time by General Lane. After the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, in 1848, Santa Anna sailed for Jamaica. During this last exile the condition of the country bordered on anarchy, and the need of a strong government was so imperative that in 1853 Santa Anna was recalled. He was enthusiastically received, and appointed president for one year, when a constituent congress should be called. But instead of the latter, he instigated a new revolution, by which he was declared president for life, with the title—well calculated to provoke a smile—of "Serene Highness." A despotic spirit was soon manifested, and the result was the revolution of Ayutla, led by General Alvarez, one of the heroes of the wars of independence. After this memorable event, a desperate struggle of two years ensued, when Santa Anna abdicated, and left for Havana, August 16, 1855. Afterward, being a man of leisure, he visited Venezuela, where he remained two years. He then retired to the island of St. Thomas, where he lived quietly, probably meriting his title of "Serene Highness" more than at any other time in his career.

He returned in the early part of the French intervention, pledging neutrality; but having issued a manifesto calculated to cause disturbance, was ordered by Marshal Bazaine to leave the country, which he did; retiring again to St. Thomas.

After the fall of Maximilian, he returned to Vera Cruz to find himself a prisoner under sentence of death. Though this was not carried out, he was required to leave Mexico forever. From this time until the death of Juarez, in 1872, he resided in the United States. He returned once more to his native land, aged, feeble, and broken in spirit and fortune, and died in the City of Mexico on June 21, 1876, aged eighty-four years. He was buried at the church of Guadalupe, only a few prominent individuals following the funeral corétge.

Not the least singular circumstance in the stormy and checkered

life of this remarkable man is its ending. Having passed through every phase of danger, while so many of his contemporaries fell in battle, or met death on their knees, he bore a charmed life, and, surviving defeat and exile, returned to the scenes of his grandest triumphs, and breathed out his last days on his own soil surrounded by his family.

In the accompanying illustrations we see him first as president, covered with the insignia of his successes; and the later portrait presents him as he looked at the time of his death. The contrast is striking and mournful, telling of failure in a man possessing so many elements of greatness, who might have held the highest place in the hearts of his countrymen long after his physical frame had moldered into dust.

GENERAL SANTA ANNA.

The signing of the Federal Chart in 1857 was one of the most important of all the memorable events in Mexican history. Its anniversary is wisely observed as a national holiday.

Of the large number of signers, there remain only twenty-five survivors. Several of these are octogenarians, while others fill places of trust and importance in their country's service. Foremost and best known to us are Señor Ignacio Mariscal, at present Minister for Foreign Affairs: Señor Romero Rubio, Secretary of the Interior; General Ochoa; and the veteran statesman, politician, and soldier, Guillermo Prieto—all of the capital.

We now come to consider a few of the leading spirits of the war of reform which began to be prosecuted when Santa Anna stepped aside from the political arena.

BENITO JUAREZ.

Let us now take a pleasant stroll through the Alameda and along the great highway leading to Tacuba, until we come to the grand old church and pretty *plazuella* of San Fernando, and the Pantheon, bearing the same name. The little plaza is shaded by giant trees, fragrant with myriad flowers, carpeted with soft, green turf, and the air rendered sweet and delicious by the ripple of the sparkling fountain; a place for day-dreams, so quiet and redolent of the past. But, in pursuance of our object, we suddenly find ourselves within a broad, grated doorway, and the next moment a polite little old man, clad in domestic, comes forward, hat in hand, with a smile, and the question:

"What will you have?"

"We wish to see the monument to Juarez;" whereupon he leads the way, halting as we halt to read an inscription on this or that tomb or vault, and volubly relating the history of the occupants of this grand old burial-ground. He became so interesting at last, that I found myself desirous to know something of him, this plain, humble, polite old man. Without ceremony I asked:

"Tell me something of yourself."

"*Muy bien, señora.* You have heard of the battle of Chapultepec, between the Americans and Mexicans?"

"Yes!" I replied; "but what has that to do with you?"

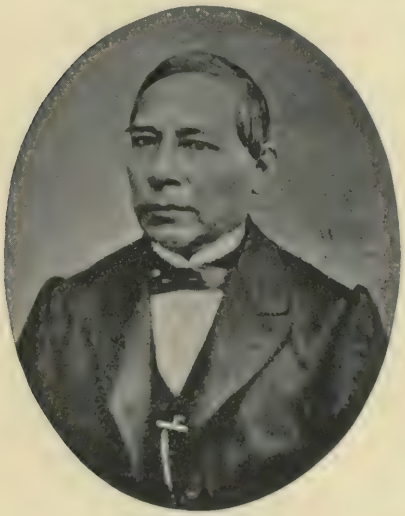
He shook his head, as he recalled the scenes then enacted, and responded:

"I was the bugler on that awful day, and saw our dear old flag go down and the Americans take possession of that place, so sacred to every Mexican."

He then went on to relate the tragic and heart-rending incident of the death of the gallant forty-eight students, boys from fourteen to twenty, who had their swords wrested from their hands and died nobly in defense of their country. We listened to the old man's reminiscences as we passed the tombs of Zaragoza, Miramon, Mejia, and others; but welcomed the timely silence which fell on the party as we

reached the tomb of Mexico's greatest statesman, patriot, and soldier, her Indian president, Benito Juarez. Here he lies, stretched out in majestic, marble dignity; so life-like, so realistic, as to cause a sudden thrill of awe in the beholder. It was a touching inspiration of Manuel Islas when he chiseled this sublime effigy, with the mourning figure of *La Patria* bending over it. Summer and winter this noble tomb is fragrant with floral offerings most gorgeous and beautiful, laid there by his grateful countrymen.

In striking contrast with the grandeur of his last resting-place was the early home of the Champion of Reform. I see it now, a simple adobe structure containing two or three rooms, without windows, their earthen floors cleanly swept, and with, perhaps, only one or two doors for the whole building. The roof was of either adobe or planks; if the latter, it was held in place by numerous stones, while climbing and clinging tenderly to the unsightly walls were tropical vines and plants which, in the profuse luxuriance of nature, covered the whole with their blossoms of gorgeous tints, finally disappearing over the housetop, and transforming the humble home into a bower of beauty. The inclosure was composed of the organ-cactus, standing like sentinels warding off all intruders.



BENITO JUAREZ.

The village of San Pablo Gueltaco reclines unevenly on a rocky spur of the Sierra Madre in the State of Oaxaca, whose shores are washed by the waters of the Pacific. The hamlet has its narrow, irregular streets, its forest trees, tropical flowers, and luscious fruits, and in the grateful shade stands the neat white church to which the devout, in undisguised simplicity and piety, repair at all hours of the day.

The Enchanted Lake lies near, reflecting in its translucent depths the tropic growths surrounding it, and suggesting the romantic and shadowy traditions of the past.

Two hundred Indian aborigines constitute the entire population of San Pablo. They live by tilling the soil in the old-time honest way. The parents of Benito Juarez cultivated their few acres and tended their cattle with the rest, in happy equality. Amid these primitive surroundings the champion of Mexican independence and reform, on March 21, 1806, first saw the light. He never knew a mother's love, she having died at his birth, leaving him to the care of his grandmother and uncle. Here he lived until he was twelve years of age, and was so thoroughly an Indian that not one word of Spanish had ever passed his lips.

About this time he attracted the attention of a worthy citizen of Oaxaca, who took him into his service, and recognizing the boy's talents, determined to give him the best possible educational advantages. He placed him in the ecclesiastical seminary, with a view to the priesthood, but finding that profession repugnant to his tastes, within a year he threw off the robes and turned to the law. He entered the college of Oaxaca, where he pursued his legal studies, teaching at the same time. Here he graduated with honors, and in 1834 was admitted to the bar. During these years he distinguished himself in every branch of study, and his conduct was most exemplary.

He did not long pursue the practice of law, but devoted himself to political affairs. Quite early he began to study the welfare of his country, being deeply imbued with a sense of the importance of a radical change in affairs. The Conservatives imprisoned him for his outspoken utterances, but the effect was to add strength to his vigorous thought.

In 1842 he became chief justice of the Republic, which office he held for three years. He was made governor of his own State in 1847, and remained so until 1852, on every possible occasion introducing liberal measures and useful reforms. As a determined enemy to des-

potism, he was exiled by Santa Anna, when he took up his residence in New Orleans, where he lived for two years in great poverty. On the revolution of Ayutla, in 1855, from which event dates the law of reform, Juarez returned and joined with Alvarez, who commanded the revolutionary forces against Santa Anna. The success of the revolution made Alvarez president, and Juarez became minister of justice and religion. His first move was a bold one—the abolition of the special clerical and military courts, under which these two classes had enjoyed immunity from the general laws. Congress sanctioned the

TOMB OF JUAREZ, IN SAN FERNANDO.

whole, but a change of administration followed, when the new president, Comonfort, fearing the progressive liberalism of Juarez, appointed him governor of his own State.

The promulgation of the Federal Chart in 1857 made a decisive change in the political outlook. In this year Juarez was elevated to the office of justice of the supreme court—a position equivalent to that of vice-president of the United States. In 1858 he became president, but the strength of the reactionary party was such as to cause him to transfer the government from one point to

another until he reached Vera Cruz. A strong defense was his recognition as president by the United States in 1859; but it was not until 1861 that he was enabled to establish his government at the capital, having defeated Miramon, who was at the head of the church party. The next year he was confirmed as president, and at once set about reorganizing the whole body politic. The suppression of religious orders, the confiscation of church property, and the suspension of the payments of foreign debts and national liabilities were the most prominent acts of his administration.

Mention has been made in another chapter of the wholesome effect of his vigorous measures, and the great work still goes on. Juarez seemed to have been born to redress the wrongs of the times, and events so shaped themselves in his stormy career as to develop the wonderful firmness and strength of his nature. After the issuance of his decree suspending the payment of national indebtedness, France, England, and Spain united to invade the country. The allied forces reached Vera Cruz; but Juarez having pledged himself that the interests of creditors should be protected, all withdrew except France. Under pretense of protecting its citizens, but really with a view to establishing a monarchy in which the interests of the church would be paramount, the French government sent an army of invasion, April, 1862, under General Forey, whose first movement was the capture of Puebla. Juarez, finding the capital insecure, retired to San Luis Potosi. In 1864, protected by French bayonets, Maximilian ascended his uncertain throne, while the government of the people, represented by Juarez, moved from one point to another until it finally rested at Paso del Norte.

While here, President Juarez was frequently invited to cross the river, and visit the American officers at Fort Bliss; but he always declined, fearing that such an act might be construed into an abandonment of his own beloved soil.

In June, 1866, he began his southward march. Over much of the same ground which he had traveled a fugitive, he now led his victorious army. In February, 1867, Marshal Bazaine, with his army, sailed

for France, leaving Maximilian behind in a hostile country. The latter was entreated to leave, but his fate withheld him.

Juarez soon had possession of Queretaro, where Maximilian had concentrated his few remaining soldiers. The story of the execution of Miramon, Mejia, and Maximilian, on June 19, 1867, needs no repetition. For some time public opinion, especially outside the republic, censured the execution of these distinguished men; but in counting the cost of their venture, they must have anticipated death in case of failure. The memory of Juarez is undimmed by the shadow of aught that would detract from his glory. Had he never done another act save that of divorcing Church and State, his name should remain forever embalmed in the hearts of his people.

Although every opportunity to acquire wealth was afforded him in the various positions he held, the truth comes down to us that he died a poor man. His family relations were of the happiest nature, and in the society of wife and children he enjoyed relaxation from the cares of state and public affairs.

He was re-elected president in 1871, and, after so much storm and contest, he might have hoped to live out his days in undisturbed calm; but though physically strong, his nervous system gave way at last. He died on July 19, 1872, aged sixty-six years, revered and honored by his contemporaries and a shining example for future generations. The recumbent marble figure in San Fernando is but a faint tribute to his worth.

Among the many pleasant people of historic association whose acquaintance I made at Morelia, was the polite and accomplished son of Melchor Ocampo, who was a prominent figure in the early reform movement, and whose name is familiar to many of our own countrymen of that period. The young man gave us the life of his father, from which I have made a few touching extracts. The enthusiastic compiler, Eduardo Ruiz, properly dedicates the work to the students of San Nicolas, because, as he says, "the last thought of Ocampo, before his execution, was of the students, whom he called his sons."

One of the choicest spirits of the time, and associated with Juarez

in the reform agitation, was Don Melchor Ocampo, Governor of Michoacan. He had also been a cabinet minister under Alvarez, in 1855–56. Alike in his brilliant and studious youth, and in the dignity of his mature manhood, he devoted himself to the cause of emancipating his country from military depotism and from the tyranny of those retrograde ideas which had so long retarded her progress. He was a poet and a scholar, as well as a patriot, philanthropist, and statesman, and his pen and sword were alike consecrated to the service of his country. Like many of his contemporaries and fellow-workers in the field of reform, he did not live to enjoy the fruits of his labors; but who will therefore say his life was incomplete, or not fully rounded out?

His tragic death exemplified all the manly virtues of his life, and it is fitting to relate how grandly and calmly this Mexican hero died.

He had retired to his country place near Pomoca, where he sought a quiet interval from the cares of state, solaced by friendship and surrounded by his trees and flowers.

In the early morning of a day in May, 1861, a company of reactionary soldiers, with their captain, approached the house. They entered and arrested a gentleman whom they saw there, Don Entimio Lopez, under the belief that he was Ocampo. The soldiers were about to retire with their prisoner when Ocampo appeared on the scene. He had been in an inner room, and had just discovered the presence of the soldiers, and his friend's arrest. He approached the captain, asking, tranquilly:

"For whom are you looking?"

"Ocampo," was the reply.

"Well, I am Ocampo: release this gentleman; he is my guest."

Without giving him time to get even his hat, they marched off with him to Tepeji del Rio, where, on being presented to General Marquez, the cause of the proceeding was clear and the issue certain. This general had given orders that any one taken prisoner who had labored in the cause of reform, should be instantly shot.

Ocampo proved his heroism in the trying hour of death. He slept calmly the night before his execution. The next morning, June 3, 1861, he was notified that his hour had come. Standing beneath the shade of a grand old tree, he leaned against its trunk; then asking for pen, ink, and paper, he wrote in a firm hand an addition to his last will and testament in behalf of his family, remembering also some orphan children, and adding a clause bequeathing his library to the Colegio de San Nicolas. Then placing his hands upon the tree, he raised his head as if in prayer, when the discharge of firearms added another to the long list of martyrs to the cause of liberty in Mexico.

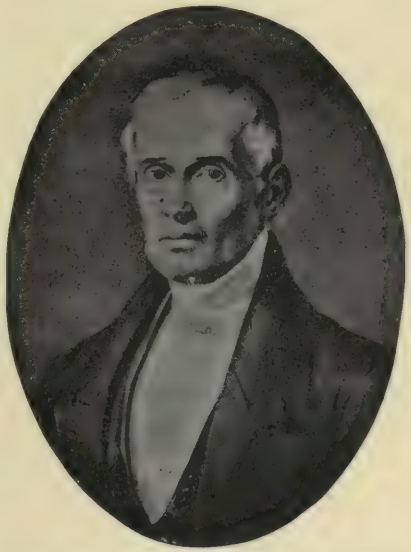
In appreciation of his character and services, his native State has added his name, and is now known as Michoacan de Ocampo. His remains were taken to the capital, and, after lying in state in the national palace, were laid to rest in San Fernando, in the glorious companionship of his co-laborer in reform, Juarez.

Mexico has her hundreds of noble and heroic sons, many of whom have reached their three-score and ten years. They have served her in victory and defeat, and through her darkest hours have never swerved in their patriotic allegiance. Some of them now occupy exalted positions in diplomatic relations with foreign countries.

Among those who have grown gray in her service are Señor Navarro, for a quarter of a century Mexican consul at New York. He was a strong adherent of Juarez, and is a native of Morelia. Another is Señor J. Escobar, the venerable consul at El Paso, Texas, who has faced danger in all its forms, braved defeat time and again, but never lost his love of country. On one occasion at Chihuahua, during the French intervention, he was imprisoned and made to sweep the streets with the common prisoners of the town, for attempting, with others, to celebrate the 16th of September in honor of Hidalgo. The ladies and children turned out *en masse* and strewed flowers along his way as he performed his humiliating task. He has filled various responsible public offices, having been Secretary of Legation at Washington 1861–2–3, and was also sent to England during the war between the States as a confidential agent of his government.

The pages of history have not recorded a more stirring event than the war between the United States and Mexico.

Benjamin Franklin wisely said, "There never was a bad peace nor a good war," and taking up these sentiments after the lapse of a century, Hubert Howe Bancroft says: * "If the injustice of all war was never before established, it was made clear by the contest between the two republics of North America. The saddest lesson to learn by citizens of the United States is, that the war they waged against their neighbor is a signal example of the employment of might against right, or force, to compel the surrender by Mexico of a portion of her territory and, therefore, a blot on her national honor." "The United States," he continues, "had an opportunity of displaying magnanimity to a weaker neighbor, aiding her in the experiment of developing republican institutions, instead of playing the part of bully."



GOMEZ FARIAS, THE FIRST MAN TO RECOMMEND THE TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

In a severely caustic spirit he continues: "The United States could have secured peace by ceasing to assail the Mexicans, who were fighting only in self-defense; but the much desired peace they resolved so to secure by war that a bargain, which was nothing better than a barefaced robbery, should be secured. It was not magnanimity but policy which prompted Polk and his fellows to pay Mexico about twenty million dollars when she was at the conqueror's mercy. It gave among the nations, howsoever Almighty God regarded it, some shadow of right to stolen property. * * * The total strength of the army

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 * History of Mexico, 1824 to 1861, page 544.

employed by the United States in Mexico from April, 1846, to April, 1848, consisted of 54,243 infantry, 15,781 cavalry, 1,789 artillery, and 25,189 recruits; making a total of 96,995 men. The total number called out by the government exceeded 100,000 men. The number that actually served in Mexico exceeded 80,000 men, not all called out at the same time, but in successive periods. At the close of the war, according to the adjutant general's report, there were actually 40,000 in the field. * * * The so-called improvements of warfare, in the opinion of men, justify the continuance of warfare on the ground that the destruction of life and the infliction of suffering have been undiminished by the new devices. God save the mark! Killing men is not a trade susceptible of improvement; the experiences of the Mexican war show that neither side dispensed with the horrors of ancient practices.

"The gain in territory by the United States was immense, comprising a surface of 650,000 square miles. From the mines alone it is computed that precious metals have been extracted to the extent of $3,500,000,000. Besides this, we must remember the vast wealth of Texas, California, Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, Arizona, and Utah.

"The loss in money to Mexico will never be ascertained. * * * And yet, unhappy as the results were for it, one must acknowledge that its honor was maintained. The treaty represents, indeed, its great misfortune, but does not involve perpetually ignominious stipulations, such as many another nation has submitted to at the will of the conqueror."

A bitter dose is this that Mr. Bancroft has prepared to go down to posterity as the history of that war. But in accepting his faithful research, and reluctantly admitting the truthfulness of his assertions, a part of the public, at least, will attribute his severe criticisms of President Polk to a wide difference of political opinion.

It is not the writer's intention to cast any reflections upon President Polk or his administration, or to arouse bitter feeling in the survivors of that struggle. No one more upholds the bravery and

integrity of her countrymen. The war seemed to have been one of the exigencies of the times and our neighbors fit subjects for spoliation.

But did not Mr. Bancroft present his honest convictions, he would repudiate that boasted freedom of speech of which every American citizen is proud.

It is well, however, to have both sides of the question, and if this historian appears too severe to the average American mind, we have the writings of a sweet and gentle woman, which frankly take up the wrong-doings of her countrymen after the conquest of California. Let every American read for himself Helen Hunt Jackson's pathetic story of *Ramona*, and deplore the wrongs that were heaped upon the Temecula Indians, as well as other native races, who lived in California at and after the time of the conquest. How her generous nature revolted at the injustice of her own countrymen; and ere she closed her eyes in their last sleep, she presented her views in so eloquent a manner as to produce a deep and powerful impression throughout this great nation.

Her *Century of Dishonor* likewise unfolds a pitiable story of the course of our government towards the Mexican Indians. Her last words ever penned were the outpourings of her spirit in the form of a prayer to President Cleveland in behalf of the Indians. May it be good seed sown in good ground which shall come forth and produce abundantly in future generations!

Another thought is here suggested, which has already taken form in the minds of many eminent writers, such as David A. Wells, Joaquin Miller, Solomon Buckley Griffin, and numberless others, equally well known. The proposition is, that every banner, cannon, or other trophy captured during that unhappy contest be returned to Mexico. It would be but a just though tardy reparation of a great wrong.

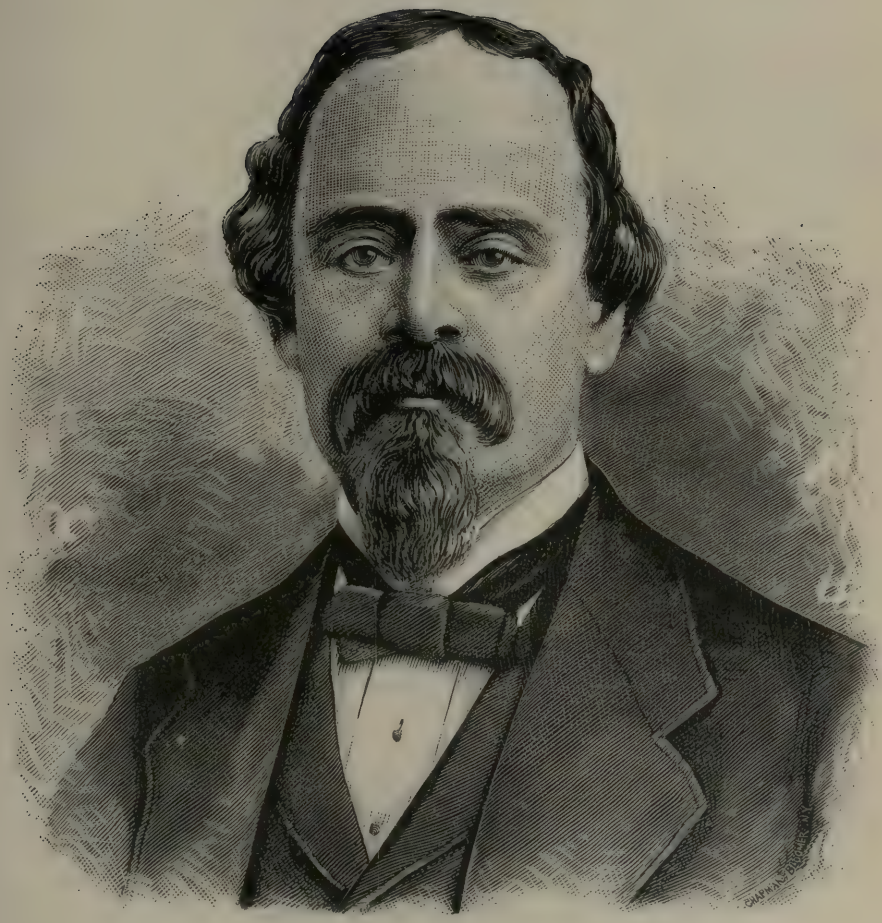
If the matter were placed before Mrs. Cleveland, and the power given her to do as she in the goodness of her gentle heart and purity of purpose thought best, we are sure of one thing this Queen of

Hearts would undoubtedly say: "Give them every one back; I want to see fitting justice done to these people."

For the benefit of those who have not looked into the causes of the Mexican war, especially for the younger generation who may not have had access to standard works on the subject, I will state that the bone of contention was the boundary line between Texas and Mexico, when the former was about to relinquish her claims as a republic and seek admission into the United States. The strip of country involved in the controversy was that lying between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande, about 300 miles long and with an average width of 75 miles, equal altogether to 22,500 square miles. The Mexicans claimed the Nueces as the boundary, while the Americans claimed the Rio Grande.

Several of the most distinguished men of Mexico have married American women. Among them is Señor Mariscal, who at Washington, in 1866, married Miss Clara Smith, a brilliant American beauty. They have four lovely daughters, and live in great elegance at the Mexican capital. Señor Mariscal has been secretary of the Mexican Legation in Washington; twice minister to the United States; once minister to England; twice minister of justice; twice minister of foreign affairs, and justice of the supreme court. At present he fills the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs. Señor Mariscal enjoys the unbounded esteem and confidence of all who know him, and in public affairs no man is considered more upright and honorable. His superior intelligence and intimate acquaintance with the affairs and history of other countries and peoples have enabled him to render that assistance to his own country that perhaps no other could give; while his conversational powers and social accomplishments make him a leading figure in society. He is a native of Oaxaca.

General Ramon Corona, one of the bravest and most faithful of Mexico's sons, was minister to Spain for eleven years, having returned home in March, 1885. He is a man of distinguished appearance, a true type of the gallant soldier, with a splendid physique, noble head, fine, open expression, and the polished manner and gentle courtesy



Ignacio Mariscal

which belong to his race. He began life as a soldier more than thirty years ago, during twenty of which he was in active service, and participated in more than fifty battles. Since his return from Spain he has resumed his command in the army.

In 1867 he was married to Mary Ann M'Entee, a Californian, but then residing at Mazatlan. They have an interesting family of seven children, among them a grown son and two charming daughters. Mrs. Corona, herself, is an exceedingly handsome woman, and is much beloved for her kindness and benevolence. Their home, one of the most delightful and elegant that I visited, stands at the western extremity of the beautiful and historic Alameda. General Corona is now governor of Jalisco, his native State, of which Guadalajara is the capital.

Señor Matias Romero, now and for many years Mexican minister to the United States, married Miss Lulu Allen, of New York, but at the time of her marriage, I believe, resided with her parents at Washington. They have no children.

Señor Romero is a statesman of liberal and progressive ideas, and worthily represents his country.

The marriage of Bertha, daughter of General E. O. C. Ord, of the United States army, to General Treviño, of the Mexican army, is still fresh in the public mind. She died at Fortress Monroe in 1883, leaving one son, Geronimo, known as "the International Baby." President Diaz was sponsor at the baptism, which occurred in Monterey, Mexico.

General Treviño is a fearless and intrepid soldier who has served his country in the council and on the field, and always with zeal and fidelity.

Señor Augustin Arriaga, son of General Arriaga, one of the leading spirits of the Reform war, and who wrote the Constitution of 1857, married a charming American lady from Troy, New York. Including Madame Iturbide, who, as before mentioned, married Angel Iturbide, there are six prominent men of to-day in Mexico whose wives are Americans.

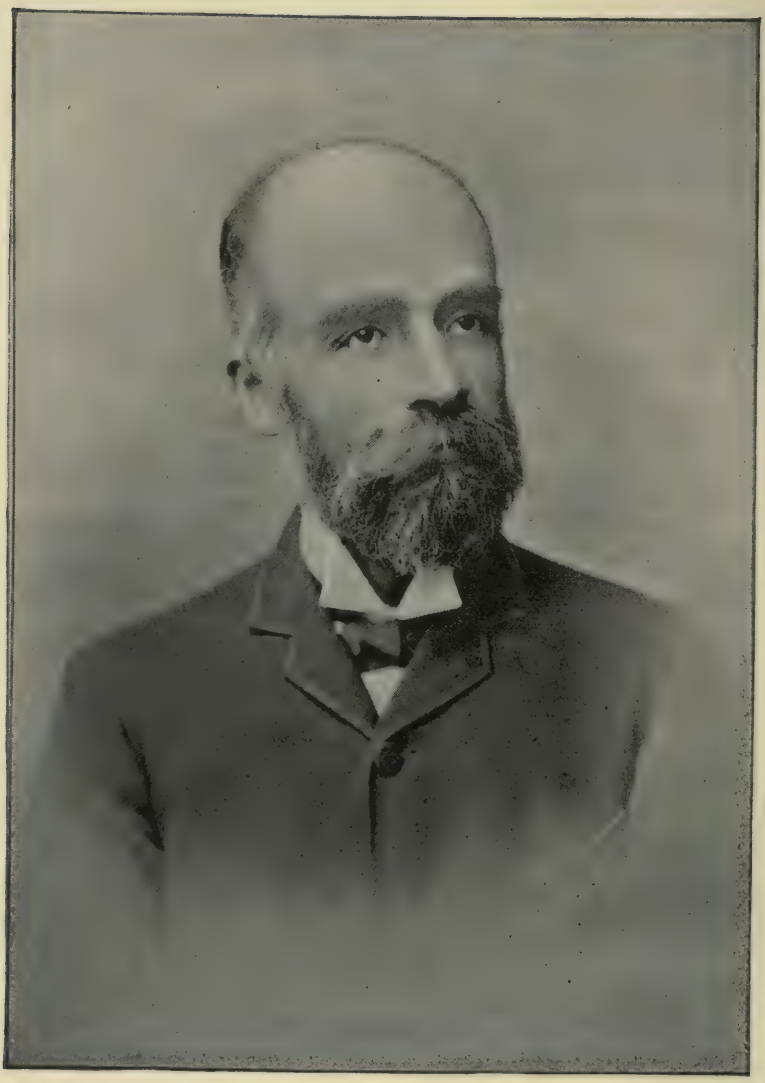
In looking over her political career, we see that since 1821 Mexico has had above fifty rulers, the majority of whom have been generals or in some way connected with the army; while the church, with its chief functionaries, has played an important part. This was a natural condition, in view of the instability of all governmental relations, and these military rulers have been generally men of ability, although but few were permitted to hold the reins of power to the end of their respective terms.

Congress is held in the Theatre Iturbide. It would be difficult to find a more dignified and distinguished body of men. In their debates and arguments they maintain a polished, courtly manner, while their language is classic, fluent, and eloquent. There is no lounging, nor lolling, nor placing of feet in rectangular positions, but each one deports himself in a becoming and graceful manner. In this body there are above two hundred members, ranging from young men of twenty-five years to venerable, gray-haired statesmen.

The Senate is a still more august body, being in great measure composed of men with a lifelong experience in public affairs. There are about sixty members, and their sessions are held in the National Palace.

It was truly gratifying to see the galleries filled with men from the humbler walks of life, who, from their intense interest and attention, were evidently digesting every word that was spoken by these silver-tongued orators.

General Porfirio Diaz, for the second time president of the republic, is a native of Oaxaca, and received his education at one of the leading institutions of that State. Without special military instruction, but following an evident inclination, at an early age he joined the army as sub-lieutenant. He was always on the liberal side, and took part in the revolution of Ayutla. As a colonel he fought bravely against the French, and was captured by them, but made his escape from his prison in Puebla. For victories over the French and imperial armies, he was successively promoted to brigadier and gen-



Matías Romero

eral of division, and finally became the most conspicuous military leader in the war of the intervention and empire. When Escobedo captured Queretaro and Maximilian, Diaz was besieging Mexico at the head of an army of sixty-five thousand men, and soon after the fall of Queretaro he took the capital, thus re-establishing the republic.

As a rival of Juarez, General Diaz in 1871 aspired to the presidency, and after the death of the former he probably would have succeeded to the executive power but for an article in the constitution which required that the office devolve on the chief-justice, then Sebastian Lerdo, one of the most scholarly men of the country. Before the expiration of the term to which Lerdo was elected, Diaz had inaugurated a revolution, and Lerdo was forced to retire, taking up his residence in New York.

But the first genuine peace that Mexico knew was when Porfirio Diaz became president on the 5th of May, 1877. He had fought bravely and suffered much; had been the hero of many desperate adventures and hairbreadth escapes, and had fully earned all the honors his country saw fit to confer upon him. He rescued her from a state of continuous revolution, and by his strong arm and steady nerve guided the battered ship into a haven of quiet. All went well for a period of four years; peace reigned, the tariff was revised and the finances improved, while those gigantic railway enterprises were projected which have since then opened up the country to the admiration and interest of the world.

At the expiration of his term—no man being allowed under the constitution to hold the office of president for two consecutive terms—the reins of government were placed by General Diaz in the hands of his friend and companion-in-arms, General Manuel Gonzales. The wonderful natural resources of the country had recuperated and rallied under the fostering care of President Diaz, and hopes were high that, in this era of peace and prosperity, the troubles of the country were at an end. But brave soldier as Gonzales had proved himself to be, he was unequal to the demands of the occasion. The history of his administration is well known.

The stormy debate in Congress on the subject of the English debt, immediately preceding his retirement, will never be forgotten; when Salvator Diaz y Miron—only twenty-six years old—turned the tide of politics in the National Assembly, and aroused the people to a sense of the wrong and injustice to which they were called to submit. The students from the various colleges who had never before taken a part in politics, gathered into the Theatre Iturbide, and, hearing his burning words of eloquence, were enthused with the same spirit and patriotic zeal. This inaugurated a new departure in the politics of the country, and henceforth the brave and gallant youths of the Mexican republic were to become a power in the land, and eventually prove her lasting regeneration and redemption.

On the first day of December, 1884, at eight o'clock in the morning, with severe republican simplicity, General Diaz was again installed as chief executive. The treasury was empty, the national credit at its lowest ebb, and the whole country groaning under the burden of her difficulties. But President Diaz was fully equal to the requirements of the situation, and, with the full confidence of the people, he again set himself to the task of repairing the injured ship of state, and setting her afloat in smooth waters.

Although beset by so many obstacles, he has proved his superior judgment and intelligence, and his thorough knowledge of the wants of his country. In this second administration she has progressed slowly, but steadily, in all that constitutes a nation's prosperity. Public education has received a stimulus before unknown, the arts and sciences are nurtured, business enterprises encouraged, and peace reigns within the borders of the republic. Knowing the importance of cultivating international good-will, the President is doing all in his power to encourage American enterprise and to insure the safety of life and property.

General Diaz is a man of the highest appreciation of those who have in any way served him during his many perilous adventures. One of the most thrilling of these occurred after the disastrous battle of Incamole, in the State of Tamaulipas, in 1877, when the forces

of General Diaz were utterly routed, and he was fleeing before the enemy. He made his way through Texas to New Orleans, but as his followers were badly demoralized, it was evident that without his encouraging presence the cause of the insurgents was lost. Disguising himself in a slouch hat, pulled down close over his eyes, blue goggles and a white beard, he embarked on a vessel bound for Vera Cruz. He appeared to be a respectable gentleman, with weak eyes and a remarkable rotundity of figure. He registered as Dr. Rodriguez, and at once retired to his state-room, where he was confined by incessant seasickness. His identity was unsuspected by any, with the exception of one of the lady passengers, the wife of a Mexican revolutionist.

At the port of Tampico a regiment of Mexican government soldiers came on board to take passage for Vera Cruz. General Diaz, fearing discovery, doffed his disguise, and, taking a life-preserver, plunged naked into the water, hoping to swim to the shore, ten miles distant. The captain, supposing him a lunatic, sent a boat after him, when his suspicions of the swimmer's insanity were confirmed by his resisting their attempts at rescue. He was, however, hauled into the boat and brought back to the ship. The boat had hardly touched the gang-plank, when the aforesaid lady rushed forward with a large sheet and enveloped the rescued man. Thus concealed from observation, he was brought on board and given in charge of the purser of the vessel, Mr. A. K. Coney. To him Diaz revealed himself, and begged for protection, which the purser promised to give. The colonel of the regiment, suspecting his presence on board, and also the purser's cognizance of the same, offered the latter, in Diaz's hearing, $50,000 for information of the insurgent. In the president's words, his heart sank when he heard the tempting bribe, quickly to beat, however, with admiration and gratitude at the rejoinder of the noble young American, "I know nothing of Diaz."

On the arrival of the vessel at Vera Cruz, he was smuggled off under the guise of a lighterman by the faithful purser. After many other adventures, and when the fortunes of war had placed the refugee at the head of the republic, one of his first official acts was the ap-

pointment of Mr. Coney as consul to Navarre in France, afterwards to Paris as consul-general, and later as consul to the port of San Francisco.

President Diaz has been twice married, his present wife being Carmen Rubio, the lovely daughter of the Hon. Romero Rubio, Secretary of the Interior. Madame Diaz is now only twenty-four years of age; her figure is lithe, willowy and petite; her beauty rather of the Moorish type, her complexion delicately pink, like a sea-shell; eyes large and luminous, with a wealth of raven-black hair peculiar to the women of her country. She is extremely graceful and cordial in her manners, and bears with remarkable composure the honors showered on her as first lady in the Aztec country and mistress of the Mexican "White House." In her dress she is fully up to the European standard, and, her toilets being ordered direct from Worth, she enhances her beauty with rich fabrics and warm hues. In addition to her personal charms, she adds the accomplishment of being a linguist of a high order, speaking English and several other languages with equal fluency.

There are no "White House receptions," nor general social demonstrations, such as we know at our own capital. There is no contest for precedence between the wives of members of the cabinet and diplomatic corps, and perhaps the peace of the country is none the worse for that.

Never before, perhaps, have two as youthful, beautiful and noble women occupied their respective exalted positions as Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz and Frances Folsom Cleveland. They are near the same age, each the pet and idol of her respective people. In Mexican homage and courtesy Madame Diaz, by common consent, is called "Carmelita" throughout her realm—a pet name her people have given her expressive of their love and tenderness.

I recall with much satisfaction my acquaintance with President and Madame Diaz, and the gracious courtesy and hospitality with which I was welcomed in their home. The last personal reminder of this distinguished pair was received on the eve of my departure from the capital, when President Diaz at my request inclosed the photographs

Ramon Corona

of himself and wife, and, in the autograph letter, as seen in front of book, bade me God-speed on my homeward journey.

President Diaz is one of the most dignified public men to be seen in any country. He is now about fifty-five years of age, of medium size, and of erect, strikingly military bearing. He has a rich olive complexion, grayish hair, and dark, expressive eyes, which in repose are peculiarly thoughtful and pathetic, but which light up in speaking, and must have flashed with electric fire in battle. His face is martial, even heroic, and his whole bearing expresses strength and confidence in himself and in his people. His manners are most polished and genial, and his conversational gifts exceptionally fine, indicating kindliness and good feeling and a strong personal magnetism. He is a patriot of the purest order, a statesman, an honest man, and on the Western continent to-day there is not a more brilliant military genius.

CHAPTER XI.

A GLANCE AT MEXICAN LITERATURE.

THE little that survives of primitive Mexican literature comes down to us from a period of barbarism, which, though clothed in external and material splendor, was destitute of intellectual culture and moral enlightenment.

It is hard to believe that the noble and poetic verses of Netzahualcoyotl, the most noted of early Mexican writers, had their birth and growth in the midst of such an environment. This fact, however, but serves to emphasize another fact which the modern writers of Mexico so brilliantly sustain, which is, that the literary and poetic faculty is inherent in the Mexican race. And from those early days down to the present time we see the unusual triple combination of soldier, statesman, and writer. This statement receives its verification by a glance downward from the fifteenth century, when Netzahualcoyotl was the poet-chief of Texcoco, through a long list of warrior-authors to the brave and accomplished Guillermo Prieto, who has nobly served his country by both sword and pen.

The twelve Franciscan friars sent over after the conquest by the General of the Order, were men of profound learning, and may be

called the pioneers of Mexican literature. They attempted and accomplished one of the most stupendous undertakings ever conceived by the most enthusiastic philanthropist. They had not only to learn the language of the Indians to whom they came to preach, but to master, also, a great variety of dialects. This done, they formed of these vocabularies and grammars, leaving an invaluable heritage to their successors in this field of labor. By their patience and devotion they humanized a savage people and christianized a pagan nation.

Cortez compelled the natives to yield to him by force of arms, but his work was but the beginning of their subjugation; the friars completed the conquest by the milder but more potent agency of religion.

It has been related of one of these good brothers, Toribio Benavente, that coming one day to the town of Tlaxcala, and being unable to preach to the people because of his ignorance of their language, he pointed to the heavens, thus signifying his holy mission. The Indians were struck with the contrast between the humble dress of the friar and the gayly bedecked Spanish soldiers, and spoke of him pityingly as "*motolinia.*" The good father, inquiring the meaning of the word, was told that it meant a poor person. "Then," said the friar, "this shall henceforth be my name." From that day he signed himself Motolinia, and was ever after known by that name.

The life of Father Bernardino de Sahagún affords a noble exemplification of the spirit of Christianity. With the exception of thirty years spent in his native Spain; his whole life was passed entirely among the Indians. For sixty-one years did he labor for their advancement and education. He was not a fanatic, seeking to convert by fire and sword, but the loving and patient

BERNARDINO DE SAHAGUN.

teacher. He wrote theological, educational, and historical works. The most noted among the latter is his *General History of the Affairs of New Spain.* He died in 1590, at the advanced age of ninety-one.

In his last illness he was removed to a hospital, but insisted on being taken back to the Indians, that he might breathe his last among the people he loved so well.

Bernal Diaz del Castillo, a companion of Cortez, wrote, fifty years after the conquest, *The True History of the Events of the Conquest of New Spain.* The name of this work is a correct exponent of its nature, for it is conceded by all who have seen it to be a faithful record of scenes and events by an eye-witness. No better history of the country and the times it deals with could be placed in the hands of our own school children. Its simple, charming narrative style would render it extremely attractive to the young. Its reproduction in our language would be an undertaking well worthy of some of cur enterprising school-book publishers.

Of the famous Bishop of Chiapas, Father Las Casas, much has been written. His two historical works were for a long time condemned to oblivion, but have been lately revived. He was a true friend to the Indians, and did all in his power to protect them from the cruelty of their conquerors. His defense of the Aztecs is the subject of Para's great painting.

Father Olmos was one of the earliest writers. Arriving in 1524, four years after the conquest, he was one of the first who made a grammar of the Mexican tongue. He also wrote several other works, most, if not all, of which are lost to us. The manuscript of his grammar lay for a long time in the Paris library, and was at length published in 1875.

Under the name of the manuscript of Zumarraga, two important chronicles were written at the request of Don Juan Cano, the son-in-law of Montezuma, for the purpose of eulogizing that monarch so that the King of Spain might return to Doña Izabel (the wife of Don Juan) the birthright of which she had been dispossessed.

Muñoz Camargo was an Indian chronicler whose principal work is the *History of Tlaxcala*, which, though local in name, is very general in its information.

Oviedo was the first chronicler of the New World. He wrote the *General and Natural History of the Indians*, in fifty books, of which the first nineteen were published in 1535, and were again printed in 1547, and afterward appeared translated into other languages.

Ixtlilxochitl was the original chronicler of the Texcuxanas, and few writers enjoy his fame and reputation. He became an author so as to study the interpretation of the ancient paintings. In his closing years he officiated as court interpreter to the Indians; he died about the year 1648.

Friar Augustin de Vetancourt, of the Franciscan Order, contributed many valuable works and treatises on Mexico and the affairs of his day and time.

Carlos de Sigüenza was one of the most erudite students of his period, and a native Mexican. He made an earnest study of the traditions of the early Mexicans, especially those that bore traces of Biblical origin or intimations of Christianity. He died a learned man, and his works are a high literary authority.

The valuable researches and records of these historians could never have been made but for the work of their predecessors, who rendered inestimable service to history by recording facts gleaned from the "wise men" who had formed the councils of the deposed Indian monarchs, and from the chiefs able to interpret the "picture writings" which then formed the national records and literature.

After a period of prostration the revival of letters began in Mexico toward the close of the seventeenth century. The impetus was inaugurated by Clavigero, Veytia, and Guma, noted historians, and Boturini, a great collector of hieroglyphics and manuscripts.

The next period was distinguished by the advent of such luminaries as Quintana Roo, Ortega, Galvan, and José Joaquin Fernandez, who rose upon the literary horizon amid the storms of civil dissensions.

This brings us down to the present time—that of our own contemporaries, whose productions are actually better known and appreciated in Europe than by their American neighbors.

* * * *

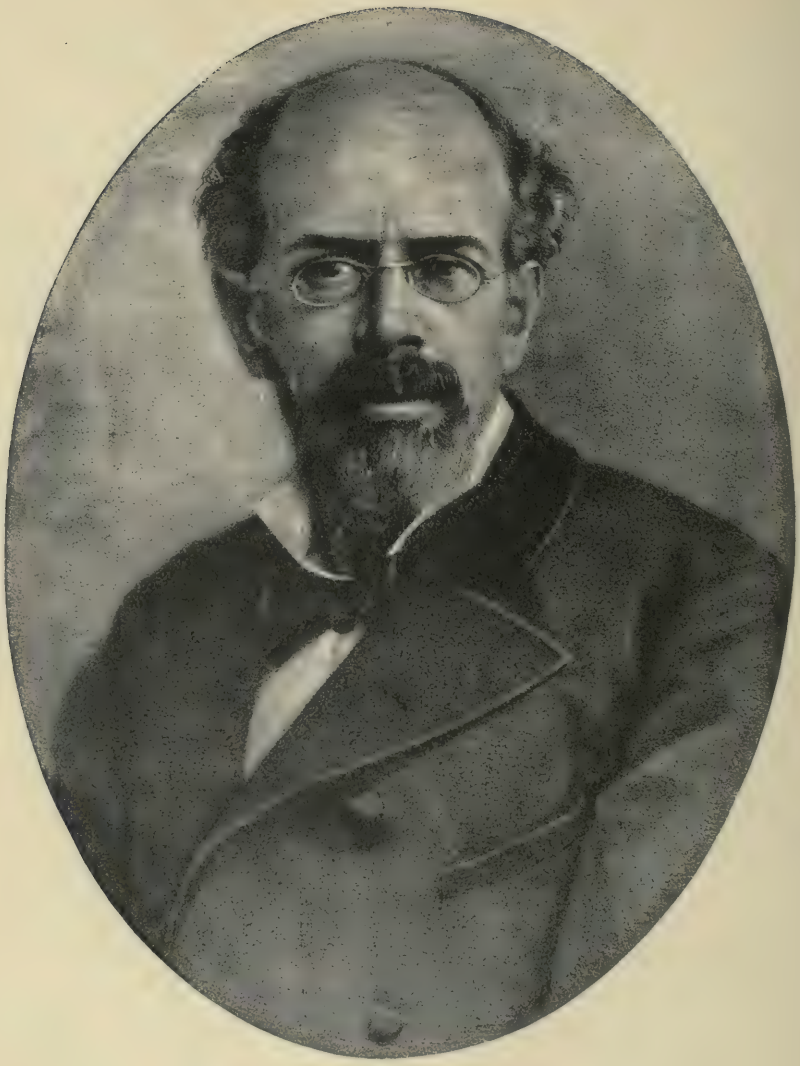
LAS CASAS.

Like New York, the Federal Capital of Mexico is the center towards which all the genius of the provinces, whether literary, artistic, or scientific, gravitates. For there, as in the metropolis of the United States, all brain-workers expect to gain, at least, appreciation, while many hope to win renown.

The principal cities of Mexico, such as Toluca, Morelia, Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Puebla, Merida, and many others of like size, have their literary associations, but *El Liceo Hidalgo*, at the capital, ranks highest; and is, in fact, intended as a National Institute. It was established on the 15th of September, 1849, and has known many vicissitudes during this time, but of late years it has renewed the original designs of its founders.

On each recurring Monday evening the society meets at its handsome hall, and it is then the brilliant genius and flowing wit of the members may be fully enjoyed. Scientific essays and literary productions are read before this Lyceum, and nothing that is unsound, unscientific or weakly sentimental, can escape the censorship and rigid criticism of such able men as Riva Palacio, Ignacio Altimirano, Vigil Pimentil, Juan de Dias Peza, Juan Mateos, Ramon Manterola, Ireano Paz, Francisco Sosa, and others.

The meetings are well attended and appreciated, not only by the cultured part of society, but also by many of the plainer and less educated of the population. Not infrequently bevies of ambitious



Vte Rosa Palacio

college boys are numbered among the most attentive listeners to all discussions and debates, giving expression to their enthusiasm in rounds of applause. But the pleasure of these reunions is greatly diminished to the stranger who finds himself seated so as to look at the guests on the opposite side of the room, and the only view he has of the speaker is obtained by twisting his neck and looking in a sidewise direction. However, the aim of the society is of a pure and lofty nature, its sole ambition being the encouragement and development of native talent, and right royally is it succeeding, so that it matters little as to how or where one sits.

The name of Vicente Riva Palacio occupies an exalted place in the history of his country. It would seem, therefore, an act of injustice to place him only among the writers, when he has played so grand a part among the gallant heroes in "grim-visaged war." For, from the age of twenty-three to the present time, he has filled almost every place of honor that could be bestowed upon him by his people. A man of brilliant genius and liberal ideas, he enjoys the reputation of being the most humorous and versatile of Mexican writers. It is somewhat surprising that, although by profession a lawyer, we yet find him, also, a statesman, a leading politician, a soldier, a poet, a journalist and dramatist, and in each position he has reached high distinction.

As a politician, he has filled acceptably not only the office of Governor of several States, but has also been Justice of the Supreme Court and Cabinet Minister. From 1870 to 1879 he was Minister of Fomento (public works, commerce, industry and colonization), during which time he used signal efforts for the development of the country in the extension of railways and telegraph lines, the improvement of public buildings and roads. Like others of his countrymen, he has suffered imprisonment, but his confinement was cheered by the muses, and some of the sweetest poems he ever penned was when behind the prison bars.

As a writer, his works are not only extremely popular in his native land, but throughout the whole of Spanish America. By request of the

Federal Government, he edited the national history entitled "*Mexico á travers de los Siglos*" ("Mexico Viewed through the Course of Ages"). Among the most popular of his novels is that of *The Hill of Las Campañas*, which is a thrilling and faithful account of the last days and execution of Maximilian.

At this time Riva Palacio is enjoying the honor of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Mexico to the court of the noble Queen Christina of Spain. As his time is not fully absorbed in his diplomatic duties, he is now writing a historical *brochure*, and will also soon publish a volume of Mexican legends in verse.

General Palacio's magnificent mansion is the grand center and rallying point of all toilers after lore, and it is there his courtly hospitality shines resplendent, dispensed with equal impartiality to all, whether they be distinguished and acknowledged in the world of letters or only humble aspirants for fame. They here meet together, a common brotherhood, and among them all the host is himself the most brilliant and witty.

An entertainment, probably not excelled intellectually and socially by any given in a private house during the winter, was the *Velada Literaria* (Musical and Literary Reunion), given by General Palacio on the first night of the New Year, and of which he had previously given me a hint.

The house throughout was a grand scenic illumination, of which the center was the *sala grande*, with its brilliant assemblage of elegantly dressed people. Diamonds shimmered and flashed, adding to beauty which might be sufficient of itself, the charm that jewels and the accessories of wealth can give, and lighting up the faultless Parisian toilets.

Several ladies were present whose jewels summed up from $100,000 to almost double that amount.

An unusual feature was the reading of a beautiful poem by Señora de Flaquer, the editress of *El Album de la Mujer*—the only paper at the capital edited by a woman and devoted to the interests of women.

All the leading writers of the city were present, and each one read an original poem written specially for the occasion. With something of the enthusiasm of the time, I recall a charming poem by Juan de Dios Peza. His rich, soft voice is wonderfully effective; its sonorous intonation and smooth inflections, added to the eloquent gestures of the reader, carried his hearers along with rapturous enjoyment.

Francisco Sosa

But Altimirano, Francisco Sosa, Juan Mateos, and others, as they stepped before the audience with dignified and graceful bearing, received an equally hearty greeting.

Our distinguished host read a poem full of dramatic effect, based upon the tales of the pirates of the Gulf. A most weird and peculiar effect was added to this reading by a piano accompaniment composed and dedicated to the author by a señorita, a musician of great celebrity. The voice of the reader and the tones of the piano flowing in admirable accord, now moved the audience to tender sympathy, again aroused soul-thrilling emotions or blood-curdling horror at the will of poet and musician.

Among the many brilliant renderings of musical compositions, was the remarkable performance on the violin of two boys of twelve and thirteen years. Without book or break they played throughout the music of *Il Trovatore* with marvelous technique and admirable expression.

The exercises of the evening closed with a superb banquet given in the *comedor grande*. The flow of wine was only equaled by that of wit. The Mexicans seldom indulge to intoxication ; their frequent potations "cheer but not inebriate"—only add brilliancy to their conversation without clouding the intellect.

In all that elegant assemblage I was the only American guest present, of which distinction I was justly proud, and endeavored to wear with becoming dignity the honor of being the sole representative of our great nation.

My embryo book was made the subject of many kind toasts drank to its success, and the hope was expressed that its effort toward bringing in friendly contact the two nations, would be appreciated by my own people.

One of the most erudite and brilliant of the *literati* in Mexico is Ignacio Altimirano, who is also an eminent jurist, and was at one period a judge of the supreme court. Altimirano is a corresponding member of the Spanish Institute, also of several literary societies in France, England, and Germany.

He is a pure descendant of one of the Indian races. He won the prize in his municipality in Oaxaca, and his education was completed at the "Instituto Literario" at Toluca. On going there, some one observing his marked Indian parentage, laid his hand kindly on his head and said : "Nothing will ever come from this brain." The utter fallacy of the prophecy is too well known, both in this country and in Europe.

The most popular poet in the republic is the venerable Guillermo Prieto, who may justly be styled "the Mexican Béranger." He has also been called the Robert Burns of the republic, and, like the Scottish poet, he sings the songs of the people. Identifying himself with them in feeling, he is able to express their every emotion, and in

their own tongue. Not even the despised *leperos* are neglected, but with that exquisite "touch of nature" that he possesses, he finds and acknowledges kinship with these degraded pariahs. Guillermo Prieto is not merely a poet; he has served his country on many battle-fields, and was the chief counselor of Benito Juarez during the most perilous days of Mexico's national existence.

Prieto's *Romancero Nacional*, published about a year ago, is a collection of historical incidents related in verse, and is so highly appreciated that the Federal Government has ordered it to be used in all the national colleges.

Even now, at the advanced age of eighty-one years, Señor Prieto holds the position of Professor of Ancient and Modern History in the Military College at Chapultepec, and has not only compiled a history of Mexico, for the cadets, but has written an excellent work on political economy for the instruction of his pupils.

"The Mexican Longfellow" is Juan de Dios Peza, whose exquisite poems are best appreciated by the aristocratic and cultivated classes. Señor Peza has now in press a volume of Indian traditions.

The distinguished philologist, Don Francisco Pimentel, is also a *litérateur*, but, with a noble and holy object, has devoted the greater part of his life to the study of the native Mexican languages, and now speaks twelve of the Indian dialects. Señor Pimentel has greatly encouraged the study of the Nahuatl and Ottomie languages in the Government School of Agriculture, because he fully coincides in the opinion of the great educator and philanthropist, Señor Herrera, who maintains that the only way to elevate the Indian races is to learn their native dialects and then go to their *pueblos*, or tribal settlements, to instruct them in those matters most essential to their mental and moral development. Señor Pimentel is a member of various scientific and literary societies in France, Germany, and the United States.

Alfredo Chavero, although more generally known in Europe and in this country as an archæologist, is not only a literary man but an eminent lawyer, and is to-day president of the Chamber of Deputies. His

quota of that invaluable history called *Mexico à travers de los Siglos* has just been published.

Señor Chavero has written numerous dramas and *zarzuélas*, several of which have been enthusiastically applauded in Cuba and the principal cities of Mexico.

Chavero's most important work, entitled *A Study of the Aztec Calendar Stone*, has created quite a sensation among archæologists. He maintains that this relic was an altar dedicated to the "Sun God."

The talents of Mariano Bárcena are so varied that he may justly be called the Crichton of Mexico. He had accomplished at the early age of thirty-nine a vast work in the study and application of various arts and sciences.

Señor Bárcena has acquired a brilliant reputation as a botanist and mineralogist. He has also had charge of the national observatory for several years; nevertheless he has always found time for the composition of poetry and music, and has long been a corresponding member of several scientific associations in Europe and the United States.

Since the decease of Barreda and Ramirez, who by common consent were the leaders of the new "Schools of Philosophy," the foremost philosophers in Mexico are Parra and Ramon Manterola. The former is a positivist, very austere in manner and inclined to be a recluse, while Manterola—an ardent searcher for truth, devoting the best years of his life to the study of mental and moral philosophy—aims at introducing practical reforms which will speedily ameliorate the condition of his people. Señor Manterola, as one of the editors of *El Economista*, has made valuable suggestions which the Federal Government adopted, thus paving the way for the recent abolition of the "Alcabalas," or Inter-State Customs. During his leisure hours Señor Manterola has written some dramas, which have been well received in Mexico; and it is even whispered that one of these dramas is to be translated for the American stage.

As a savant, a *litérateur* and moral reformer, few Mexicans have surpassed Padre Carrillo, a native of Yucatan. Padre Carrillo has devoted many years to the study of philology, is a member of the

Ethnological Society of New York, and a corresponding member of the Imperial Academy of Berlin, and of the Spanish Institute.

The journalists now residing in the Federal capital are so numerous that it will not, in this limited space, be possible to mention more than a few of the most brilliant and useful writers—such as José Maria Vigil, Ireano Paz, Arroyo de Anda, Francisco de Sosa, who is also a poet, a historian, and the biographer of many distinguished Mexicans; Enrique Chavarri, best known by his *nom de plume* "Juvenal;" Cassasus, whose excellent translation of Longfellow's *Evangeline* received the approval of *El Liceo Hidalgo;* Garcia, editor of *El Monitor Republicano;* young Lombardo, who, in his *Impressions During a Tour of the United States*, makes a very just appreciation of our country; Alberto Bianchi, the author of a work on the United States; Juan Mateos, a publicist, poet, and novelist, whose *Buccaneers of the Gulf*, while historically true, is a wonderful piece of word-painting; Bernabe Bravo, a facile and agreeable writer; the "Duque Job," whose real name we have forgotten; and Justo Sierra, who has won many laurels as a poet, and is the author of a history of Mexico that is considered a reliable text-book.

An entire volume might be devoted to the poets of Mexico, most of them rarely gifted men. The poems of Manuel Flores, entitled *Pasionarias*, equal some of the best productions of Byron. José Maria Ramirez, a popular poet during the second empire, edited *La America Literaria, La Tarantula*, and contributed to other journals. Later in life Ramirez professed atheism, and styled himself a philosopher.

Jesus de D. Cuevas merits distinction among the poets of the day, for his aspirations are pure and noble. Señor Cuevas has written several dramas, two of which have been translated into English.

Yucatan, the land of song and romance, is justly proud of the poet and dramatist Péon Contreras, who now resides in the Federal capital. Some of his dramas have been performed in all the large cities of the Republic, and are always well received.

Campeachy is the birthplace and present home of the gifted writer Don Pablo Araos, whose poems are not merely sentimental, but of a

moral and philosophical character, evidently intended to elevate his countrymen.

Prominent among the *literati* of Yucatan are Señores Castellanos, Cisneros, Aldama, Sanchez Marmol, and Perez Ferrer.

The latest work of the distinguished archæologist, Peñafiel, giving illustrations and explanations of numerous Aztec hieroglyphics, was published under the auspices of the Federal Government, and is regarded as a boon to historians.

I must not omit to mention Señor Ignacio Mariscal, Minister for Foreign Affairs, who, in addition to his diplomatic abilities, has shown marked literary talent. Sharing the poetic gift common to his countrymen, he is not only the author of many meritorious works in both prose and poetry, but has also made fine translations of Longfellow's *Evangeline* and Poe's *Raven.*

Manuel Acuña was an impassioned writer of great talent, and among the modern writers none have made a stronger or more lasting impression. His betrothed becoming the wife of another during his prolonged absence was more than his soul could bear, and he took his own life, which had been rendered unendurable by her faithlessness. His poem, *A Rosario*, expresses the keenest pangs of disappointment mingled with undying love for the faithless one. The closing verse is eloquent of his utter wretchedness. He says: "But now that a black gulf has succeeded the entrancing dream—farewell! Love of my loves, light of my darkness, perfume of all flowers that bloomed for me! my poet's lyre, my youth, farewell!"

Mexican journalists are a bold and fearless set of men and express their disapprobation of any public cause with but little regard to consequences. Therefore the best of them may any day find themselves political prisoners in Belem.

There are but two American newspapers published in Mexico—the *Two Republics*, a daily, and the *Mexican Financier*, a weekly. The first is owned and edited by Mr. J. Mastella Clarke, the latter is the property of Boston capitalists, and ably edited by Messrs. Levy and Guernsey. These gentlemen are on very harmonious terms with the

GUILLERMO PRIETO.

native editorial fraternity, and belong, with them, to the "Mexican Press Association."

The Mexican newspaper reporter is not so ubiquitous and persevering as his American brother. I have known of houses being entered by lightning-rod men, sewing-machine agents, and other inevitable invaders, but an "interviewing" reporter penetrating the sanctities of a home is a thing unheard of. The rattle of the family skeleton is not a healthy subject for the versatile talents of a knight of the quill. The *costumbres del pais*, backed by the powerful aid of barred windows and heavy doors, forbid all such investigations, and he would as soon think of leaping into the Gulf of Mexico as daring to break through those Mede-and-Persian laws or storming those forbidding portals.

The Liceo Morelos is also an institution of merit. It unites with readings, recitations, and scientific discussions, amateur theatricals, *tableaux vivants*, and other social features. The latter entertainments are generally given in honor of some of its members, which include the most brilliant men of the capital, among them many journalists. Ladies, also, are numbered in its membership.

Social reunions are held in compliment to various members of the society, and every eulogistic speech relates to the person thus distinguished.

On the occasion of the birthday of Señor Augustin Arroyo de Anda, one of the most prominent members of the Mexican Press Association, he, together with his wife, was thus honored. A few of the compliments of the evening were embodied in the following flowery language:

"The presence of Señora Arroyo de Anda brings always to my dreaming mind the ideal type of Goethe—the beautiful personation of Marguerite in the most perfect and inimitable poem, Faust."

Another:

"Although the modest violet hides its blue flowers among the leaves of the plants

surrounding it, nevertheless its delicious perfume discovers it to those who pass near; so you, if your modesty makes you seek solitude, in exchange, the beautiful perfume of your virtues and qualities of lady and wife discover you to those that have the pleasure of admiring you."

"To Señor de Anda:

"Happy you, sir, that pass another birthday among the thousand demonstrations of affection that you have been known to conquer by your virtues and by your talents. The Mexican Bar is rejoiced. The society sees in you one of her chosen sons. The country regards you a good citizen. Home proclaims you sovereign. You have the happiness of the noble and beautiful and virtuous lady that united with yours her destiny. What more would you desire? Nothing more, since you are happy. And humanity, also, owes you much. You have defended its sacred statutes in those unfortunates whose defense you have made so many times with brilliant effect."

At these reunions the versatility of talent of Mexican writers is remarkable. One of them delivers a eulogy in prose upon some prominent person. The enthusiasm runs so high, knowing the genius of the speaker, that he is called upon, amid storms of applause, to transpose the speech into poetry, which is done upon the spot, without a moment's preparation. In the theatrical entertainments, each one takes a part, and they often play to crowded houses of friends.

Among her women writers, Mexico may well be proud of such poets as Esther Tapia de Castellanos, Señora Castro, Isabel Prieto de Landazuri, Laura Klinehaus, Refugio V. de Ortiz, and of such prose writers as Señora Flaquer, all of whose productions are an honor to their sex.

Señora Castro writes under the name of Mariposa Indiana (Indian Butterfly). She is of pure Indian origin, which fact is suggested in her *nom de plume*. On the eve of my departure from the capital, I was made the recipient of the following graceful little poem, written in memory of our meeting. Of course it loses much in the translation, but the sweet sentiments remain intact. The poem was accompanied

by pressed pansies ("for thought"), an invariable custom with the Mexicans; also a note, which I append as characteristic of the people as well as of the writer's own individuality:

SEÑORITA: Please accept this little poem as a slight appreciation of the very pleasant afternoon we passed together in Tacubaya, in which you won my regard and affection by the love you seem to bear my country and its people.

Pray receive the sincere regard of one who will never forget you.

B. S. M.,

A. ISIDRA DE JESUS CASTRO.

ADIOS TO FANNY!

"One afternoon in April
I winged my way to see
A friend in Tacubaya.
Judge of my agreeable surprise
Upon finding there two beauteous nymphs—
Two flowers of America's soil—
And as I was ever an enthusiastic admirer of beauty,
I saluted them with pleasure.
Later on, as the sun was sinking to rest,
Gently touching and tingeing with its golden radiance
The soft fleecy clouds,
One of the nymphs, as she bade us farewell,
Said she was about returning to her native land.
Then methought it were well
To give the lovely peri a token,
And sent to her this flower, called heart's-ease.
This floral offering expresses all
I fain would tell her.
Nymph of gentle presence, when far away,
Think of Mexico, and return some day,
And when on the wings of the breeze
Thou sendest a message to us,
Always remember the sublime beauties
Of my idolized country.

Adios ! thou cherished nymph !
Adios ! oh ! lovely fairy
Forgive me if I importune thee ;
But to-day, when thou homeward goest,
Receive the fond farewell of
'La Mariposa Indiana.' "

CHAPTER XII.

MORE ABOUT THE COMMON PEOPLE.

The Silent Aztec Child of the Sun.

THE silence of dead centuries
That lie entombed on yonder hills
Is his. These dreamful poppy seas
Wave on ; and all their languor fills
The land ; he lists, as if he heard
God speak through some still gorgeous bird.

His babes about ; the golden morn
Strides godlike down the lofty hill :
His wife and daughter grinding corn—
" Two women grinding at a mill."
Oh, mystery ! This sun of old
Was god ! was god ! and ample gold.

His golden hills had flocks of snow,
His valley fields had fat increase.
He saw his white sails fill and blow
By restful isles of flower seas.
The wood-dove sang his ceaseless loves—
His harshest notes this soft wood dove's.

The Spaniard holds his lands ! Upon
His fields, his flocks, his hold is tight !
But, oh, this glorious golden dawn,
The golden doors that close at night,
His gold-hued babes, her russet breast
Are his ! The world may have the rest.

Mexico City, April. JOAQUIN MILLER.

It was my good fortune to meet Mr. Miller at the Mexican capital and hear him recite the above poem before it had taken form on paper. Being in deep sympathy with the subject of this chapter, he kindly presented me with an autograph copy to insert in my book. Its tender pathos and quaint versification cannot fail to be admired, and are worthy the genius and wide fame of this gifted "Poet of the Sierras."

Whether seen beneath the brilliant white sunshine of a cloudless day on his native plains, or under the mellow effulgence of the peerless Queen of Night in the valley, consecrated by the shrines of his forefathers, the "Silent Aztec Child of the Sun" presents a picture unique in the history of the world. He is the primitive man, unmoved by the march of civilization around him, but in every lineament and movement, reflects the griefs and struggles of past centuries. He lives surrounded by the traces of those mysterious races which preceded him. All speak of the mutations of the world—the subjugation of mighty powers—and he has accepted the inevitable with a sad and unresisting stoicism.

He is ever picturesque. In his mountain home engaged in pastoral pursuits, in holiday attire on his patron saint's day, or in rags under the electric lights of a great city, the traditions of the past hang over him, investing him with the interest attaching to the pathetic last man.

To-day men and women may be found with accredited documents proving their descent from Montezuma and the princes of Tezcuco, but owing to inertia their claims are unasserted.

The conquest and Spanish domination wrought a metamorphosis

A TYPICAL INDIAN VILLAGE.

in the life and character of these Indians. Vast estates were once theirs. Their flocks and herds roamed at large upon the plains of their fathers. The blue sky, the shining lakes, the forests and mountains belonged to these children of the sun. To-day they are in dire poverty; the lands once tilled by their vassals they now till for others. They are the patient burden-bearers of this once grand Indian Empire. If their yoke is not easy, nor their burden light, we hear no complaint.

If we compare them with our North American Indians, we are struck with the contrast presented. At one fell blow the Aztecs were conquered, their spirit of independence crushed out. We have contended with our Indians for more than two hundred years. They have scalped and murdered the white man and burned his home, but as yet we have not been able to grapple the subject.

He retreats, we follow, and so long as he is not completely subdued, so long will he continue to pursue his own barbarous course. He feels the time coming when the white man will possess his all—when not a foot of land, and perhaps but a mere remnant of his traditions, will be left to him. While he can, he will carry his revenge in his own hand. He wants nothing—cares for nothing—if he has not his hunting-ground. He has no local habitation and no handicraft to amuse and divert him from the thought that each day provides for itself; and he must keep his arrows sharp, his flint and steel in readiness, to meet the pale faces that pursue him.

The Mexican Indian leads a peaceful life and remains on the same soil, even though it be his no longer. He is satisfied, feeling the worst is past and perhaps a better day in store for him. Shut up in his hut of *adobe* or palm, without either light or air, the chase and the camp have no charms for him. It troubles him little that he belongs to a conquered race. The independence of Mexico has not yet accomplished much for these people, yet they are content. Would that the great question of our own Indians might be settled, and that they could regulate their lives in as useful and peaceful a manner as their dusky-hued brethren in the land of the Montezumas!

The Mexican Indian is by inherent custom an agriculturist, and notwithstanding the fact that the conqueror imposed upon him burdensome and distasteful labors—among them that of mining—he at the first opportunity returned to his favorite vocation, to which he still adheres at the present day.

He is an uncompromising antagonist to any change of locality, and clings to the place of his nativity with unwavering fidelity. There is but little mirthfulness or merriment in his composition. An intense believer in the supernatural, it cannot be better illustrated than by the fact of Montezuma, in spite of all his splendid resources, yielding with so little resistance to Cortez' small band of four hundred and fifty men; for he must have felt convinced that the Spanish conqueror was the one designated by prophecy and tradition to possess the land.

BEFORE HER HUMBLE COTTAGE HOME.

"According to what you declare," said he, "of the place whence you came, which is toward the rising sun, and of the great Lord who is your King, we must believe that he is our natural Lord."

Without being inventive, they are great imitators and marvelously ingenious in the construction of the infinite variety of curiosities of the country.

Straw, wax, wood, marble, grass, hair and mother earth are all successfully treated by these dexterous brown fingers. True to the

life are these imitations, even the tiniest wax figures not more than an inch in length, representing venders of vegetables, fruits, or other commodity. But to me the most wonderful are the productions of the Guadalajara Indians in clay and glazed pottery. Of the latter, their pitchers, vases, water-jugs, animals and toys of all sorts are beautiful, while in the former an extraordinary artistic conception is evinced. In an incredibly short space of time they will model for you a life-like bust, either from the life or from a photograph. The strength of expression and fidelity to the subject are remarkable.

Their *plumaje* (feather-work) is delicate and artistic. Cortez and his men were much interested in the cloth woven of feathers, so intricate, multicolored and beautiful. They no longer manufacture feather cloth, but expend their skill in this line in the representation on cards of all kinds of animals, birds and landscapes.

On feast-days these ingenious people have their stalls on the Zocalo, with their street agents, and business is animated. Each one of these days finds still another variety of toys, and some of them are indeed laughable. For the 1st of November they have cross-bones and skulls, funeral processions (*calaveras* in wood), and death's-heads in imitation bronze, with glaring eyeballs and grinning teeth. All these are arranged on a miniature table, with a small bottle for *pulque*, and on one corner a cake or piece of bread of the kind the dead may be supposed to like.

Their rag figures and dolls are a comical invention. They make baskets with taste and ingenuity, from the size of a thimble to one or more yards in height. They excel in frescoing. They manipulate tissue-paper into decorative forms, and in numberless ways display aptness and imitative skill.

In brief, these productions of their natural ingenuity would require, in other countries, years of patient toil and study, if they could even then be reproduced. But I have been told that any attempt to educate them in their peculiar branches of art would be the means of losing their entire knowledge. This wonderful skill is purely the result of an artistic tendency—a faculty handed down from his ancestors.

But, as may be seen in other avenues of business in this land of rest and romance, they work on insignificant articles for days or weeks, seemingly to the exclusion of all else, and then dispose of them for a mere trifle.

A CHICKEN VENDER.

The Indian voice is soft and low, almost flute-like in its sweetness, in this quality contrasting with the shrill tones frequently heard in the higher ranks of society. Their step is light, even cat-like, in its softness—a characteristic of all classes, regardless of station.

On *dias de santo* and other feast-days, outdoor gambling of every description is indulged in by this class, while bull-fights and *pulque*-drinking constitute their principal pleasures.

The love for spectacular display is also a predominating characteristic with them. It is shown in the pleasure taken in sky-rockets and all pyrotechnics, especially if accompanied by a band of music.

Their taste also finds expression in the universal love of flowers. Not only are the humblest homes embellished with such gay and gorgeous flowers as would constitute the choicest treasures of a northern hot-house, but in the streets and markets, edibles and other commodities are exposed for sale side by side with them, and for a *tlaco* or *medio* one may buy a lovely bouquet.

They are also great admirers of pictures, and groups may be seen any day in the principal cities, gazing intently on those exhibited

in the windows. But I have caught glances, pathetic to the last degree, as they peered through windows where shoes and stockings were exposed for sale.

The laboring class rise early and work late, rarely going home before the close of the day. Their wives bring them their dinner, and the whole family sit down to the bread of contentment upon a curb-stone.

The large number of unoccupied and non-producing among the common people may to some extent be accounted for by the bounty of nature and the cheapness and great variety of food-products. It is little wonder that they have no ambition to rise higher in the social scale, when the luxuries of life, without the least adulteration, may be obtained for a mere song. The idle, indigent and thriftless have equal advantages in the food they eat, with the toiling and industrious. The *atole* of all kinds, the barbecued meats, soups, beans and rice, together with the great variety and cheapness of fruits and vegetables, render their dietary one to be envied. From six to twelve cents will purchase a substantial and well-cooked meal, and it is an interesting event in one's experience to see the motley assemblage in the market place, and to hear their gay sallies at the mid-day meal; so that in many respects they have decided advantages, so far as relates to food, over even people of affluence in some parts of the United States.

The climate, also, brings its blessings to the poor. They may sleep in a house, if it can be afforded; if not, their lodging may be in the streets, the recesses of the churches, or any place that Morpheus may overtake them.

Clothing may be domestic or muslin, with a blanket or *rebozo*, and no special inconvenience is experienced. But, however poverty-stricken and wretched their condition, the women are always expert and canny with the needle. A woman with scarcely a change of raiment will embroider, crochet, and do plain and fancy sewing that would put to the blush our most dexterous needlewomen. She sits on the sidewalk from morn till eve, selling a basket of fruits, but not a moment does she lose from her stitching.

One fact worthy of being chronicled is, that the common people are making a considerable effort toward advancement in learning to read and write, even while employed as servants in families. I saw several at the capital who, unaided, were studying Spanish one day and English the next.

Mexico has a population of about 10,000,000, of which one and a half are pure white—Americans, Germans, French, English and Spaniards—and two and a half mestizos—leaving about 6,000,000 of Indians.

It has been estimated that there are five hundred different dialects in the country. The Indians have, in the main, retained their own race and tribal characteristics. Spanish is the language of many of them, but numerous tribes are to be found who speak purely in their own tongue, and cling to their own traditions, dress, and, to some extent, their own peculiar forms of religious worship, seldom intermarrying with others.

In the sixteenth century, according to *Mexico à travers de los Siglos* the types were classified as follows, and, barring the natural increase of population, they remain about the same to-day:

Children of	*Spaniards*	born in the country		are called	*Creoles.*
"	*Spaniards*	and	*Indians*	"	*Mestizos.*
"	*Mestizos*	"	*Spaniards*	"	*Castigos.*
"	*Castigos*	"	*Spaniards*	"	*Españoles.*
"	*Spaniards*	"	*Negros*	"	*Mulattos.*
"	*Mulattos*	"	*Spaniards*	"	*Moriscos.*
"	*Negros*	"	*Indians*	"	*Zambos.*

Occasionally race characteristics, after lying dormant for perhaps generations, crop out unexpectedly in families, causing quite a shock when they appear. A dark, or as is sometimes the case, black child makes its appearance, and this is called *Salta atrás* (a leap over several generations).

The *mestizos* are the handsomest, and the *zambos* must rest con-

tent with occupying the position of the ugliest and most unattractive of the races.

As to the real merits of this classification, it is not possible for me to speak. I only know how the various shades and complexions impressed me as a subject for study. The dark, olive-tinted types seized upon my fancy from the date of my advent into the country. I felt a deep and sympathetic interest in them, as being the more directly connected with the aborigines. In their quiet and humble manner I read the history of a conquered people. In these dark shades there exist at least two different types. The pale though dark, swarthy, bloodless face, with melancholy, expressionless eyes and dejected bearing, indicates the one, while the other, the type above all others pleasing and interesting to me, possesses a rich brown skin, with carmine cheeks and lips; glistening, white teeth, united with great, wondering, half-startled, luminous eyes, soft and shy as those of the gazelle. Even their forms and gait are different, the one thin and shambling, the other, plump, full-blooded, graceful and active. Their politeness and humility, even among the most ragged and degraded, are touching. This is not confined to their bearing toward superiors, but is also shown to each other.

The salute of the poorest to his bronze-colored compatriot as they pass, makes the air musical with their liquid Indian idiom. Their code of etiquette is expansive enough to cover that practiced in the grandest homes in our American cities. In this respect the wealthiest *hacendado* has no advantage over the humblest *peon* who toils for him a natural life-time. They are strictly careful never to omit the *Don* and *Doña* to each other, and "where you have your house," and "*muy á su disposicion*,"—terms synonymous with the higher classes—are in no way modified by the lower. Even their children are taught to say, on being asked their names, *su criado de V.* (your humble servant).

The talent for music is even more striking than that of the cultured higher classes. It is no unusual thing to hear every part of an air carried through in perfect harmony by full, rich, native voices,

entirely ignorant of the first principles of the art which they so successfully practice.

The government is now doing a great work by granting pensions to all meritorious persons in the cultivation of any talent. I saw in the Conservatory of Music, in the capital, two Indian girls who had walked from Querétaro, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, to present themselves as pupils in that admirable institution. I heard them sing selections from Italian opera, and the sweetness, strength, and range of their voices were far beyond the average, and produced a profound impression upon the audience.

The brass bands, with which travelers' ears are regaled everywhere in the country, are composed of this part of the population. It is no uncommon thing to see bands composed entirely of young boys, from twelve to eighteen years, who render the music in such a manner that a master from the Old World would find but little to criticise and much to commend.

Their music is of a sad, melancholy kind, even that danced or sung at their fandangoes. *La Paloma* is a universal favorite, and as they sing it, often their bodies and faces look as if it were an appeal to the Virgin or some of the saints, rather than an air for enlivenment or amusement. In this way the sentiment and deep-toned pathos in their natures find expression.

The large class of useless, lazy, indigent, ragged, and wretched objects in the streets of a Mexican city impresses the stranger that there is no good among them. But there is a large and industrious population possessing kindly and gentle impulses, the women practicing, as far as possible, the tender charities of the cultured higher classes.

Even the *lepero*, the representative of the very lowest and most degraded of the male element, assumes the extremes of two conditions. On the one hand, he has no compunctions of conscience in appropriating the property of another, nor does his moral nature shrink, perhaps, from plunging the deadly dagger into the back of his unsuspecting victim, while other vicious and ignoble traits are imputed

to him; but, on the other hand, he has a heart and much of the sentimental and romantic instinct which invests him with many of the attractions of the bandit.

The most beautiful and distinctive female type of the common people is the *China* (Chena), familiarly known as the *China poblana.* With many added attractions she may be considered the counterpart of the French grisette. But the *China* has a rich and luxurious tropical order of beauty that is especially her own, with hands, arms, and feet that could not be excelled for artistic elegance by Praxiteles. She has the warmth of nature and faithful devotion which charac-

THE ARTIST'S REVENGE.

terize all Mexican women. Her peculiar costume, now rarely seen, possesses a semi-barbaric charm that interdicts all rivalry; but it will soon be a memory of the past, having given place in great measure to a more modern style.

The common people have, generally, a great dread of having their pictures taken. A sort of superstition haunts them that the process will deprive them of some part of their being, either corporal or spiritual. This dread was realized when the artist took her revenge on a curious crowd who had gathered so closely around us as to almost impede the manipulations of her pencil. I was constantly on the *qui vive* for some of my former *mozos* who had left me some years before to go to their families. I was certain on one occasion that I had found one of them, but he had risen from the rank of *mozo* to a *cargador*, with all the dignity and equipments of that station. When he entered the house where I was, on an errand, the resemblance to Miguel Rodriguez

was so striking that I told him so, and begged him to allow himself to be sketched. But no sooner were the initial marks made upon the paper, than, looking on to examine the work, he became filled with unreasonable but not-to-be-combated terror, saying, perhaps the man he looked like had robbed me, and so, with the inevitable finger motion, and a "No, I cannot permit it!" turned and fled out of the room, down the steps, and up the street like a deer before the hounds.

In writing of this class, I have allowed them to speak for themselves, and surely no history is more reliable and complete than that related by the actors in the events recorded.

They are possessed of a certain amount of piquancy, as expressed in their peculiar dialect and idioms. With this there is united also a strong vein of humor, and they usually see a point as quickly as any people.

In consideration of the fact that they have but little education, their native shrewdness and intelligence are surprising. The most highly educated and enlightened cannot cope with them in the matter of barter and sale and the counting of money. By instinct they know just how, when, and where to strike the weak point of a stranger in any business transaction.

Americans are special objects of interest in this line. They always imagine that all Americans are possessed of boundless wealth.

The love of money is well developed, and the possibility of winning even a *tlaco* at gambling is sufficient to induce them to lose a whole night's sleep.

These people are made up of that mixed race of natives and whites called *mestizos*.

Their social life is of a free nature, and consequently but few marriages take place among them. The women are vulgarly called *gatas* (cats), or *garbanceras* (bastards); the former are those who usually perform the offices of chambermaids, nurses and cooks, the latter generally do the marketing.

As the shops where the marketing is done are kept by the common

people, when a *marchanta* (customer) appears, the shopkeeper begins to pay her compliments, and say things with double meanings. She usually answers in the same manner, which causes the shopkeeper to laugh. If the servant is at all attractive, and the clerk understands that she is a match for him, and sees that she receives his compliments with pleasure, he takes her basket, keeps on talking to her, and tries to keep her as long as possible. They carry on something like the following dialogue by the clerk saying to her:

"*Que cosa se le ofrece, mi vida?*" ("What do you want, my life?")

"*No se enoje porque hasta eso sale perdiendo*" ("Don't get mad, for you will only be the loser").

"*No le importa, anda dispacheme,*" she replies ("Mind your own business, come wait on me").

"*Pues deme la mano y digame como se llama*" ("Well, give me your hand and tell me your name"), he rejoins.

Her reply to this is full of stinging sarcasm, which finds vent in the following way:

"*Ora si! que encamisado, tan igualado! Parece que soy su jugete. Anda dispacheme y no esté moliendo que se me hace tarde y la niña me regaña porque me tardo con el mandado*" ("Well, I should say you were a naked upstart. One would think I was your plaything. Come, wait on me, and don't bother me, for it is getting late, and the mistress will scold me for being so long doing the errands").

When he sees she is a little angry, he gives her back the basket with the things she has bought. She then throws the money to him on the counter, in an angry manner, for him to take out the cost of what she has bought. When he gives her back the change, he takes her hand, which she pulls away, after he has given it a squeeze. The next day she returns to the same shop or stand, but this time she presents herself a little less reluctantly than before, and without minding at all what is said to her. On the contrary, she leads him on, by throwing little stones at him or giving him a sly pinch.

At the end of a month or two they make an appointment to meet

where they may take advantage of the opportunity to treat of their love affairs more freely. The day, hour and place being appointed, by means of which they can see each other alone (which is the first object of all lovers), they get permission from their employers, and dressing themselves the best they can, hasten to the trysting place.

The first time they look at each other they are somewhat disconcerted, and try to pretend indifference. But she is not so severe in her manner but that he feels authorized in venturing on a caress. From that time he thinks it proper that she should not serve any longer where she has been, although she has been giving him a part of all her wages. In reply she says she "does not want to lose her peace of mind, because men always say the same thing to women, and she does not want him to repent by and by and put her out into the street." But at last she adds, "If you will not forsake me and will treat me kindly, I am disposed to love you; only you must tell my parents, and, if they consent, and your intentions are good, you can rely upon my being your sweetheart."

After this, the man takes the woman by the hand or puts his arm around her and covering her with his own *serape*, which is the general custom, they go to some stand where things, if not of very good quality, are excessively cheap, and eat *enchiladas* and *tamales* and drink *pulque*.

Often the honeymoon does not last long; dissension and strife are apt to ensue, and the old story of domestic infelicity is repeated. Still, though the woman concludes her husband does not love her, if he does not use the rod, they are not so miserable as might appear.

A woman of the common people prefers a man of her own class, however poor and rough he may be, to one of a higher station, whatever offers or promises he may make her. For they still preserve the traditional aversion which the creoles and native races have always felt for foreigners.

Among the Indians the violation of conjugal faith is more rare than in any other class of society, not even excepting the middle

class, which, beyond question in Mexico, as in all other countries, is the most moral and upright.

When legal marriages occur, the parents make every arrangement when the young people have arrived at an age at which they are able to bear the responsibilities of married life. When such a case presents itself, the parents of the lover go to the house of the sweetheart, and take with them a *chiquihuite* (a certain kind of big basket), containing a turkey, several bottles of native brandy and other drinks, bread, ears of dried corn, and peppers of different kinds. The first time the parents of the lover go to ask for the girl's hand, they organize a sort of procession, composed of some of the relatives and friends of the family and a band of music, which plays without intermission from the house from which they start to the dwelling of the maiden.

A MOUNTAINEER.

Once there, the band and the rest of the procession are profoundly silent, while the petition is being made.

The first request is generally refused by the parents of the girl, until they consult with the relatives and ascertain the will of her who is sought in marriage. If the result is favorable, they appoint the wedding day; if unfavorable, the answer is reduced simply to returning the basket with its contents.

As soon as the news in the affirmative is received, the family of the bridegroom invite all their friends to the fandango which is given on the day of the wedding, in honor of the newly-married couple.

The bridegroom appears in pantaloons and short jacket of cashmere, white embroidered shirt, red sash, raw hide or deerskin shoes, and a highly decorated, broad-brimmed hat. Followed by his family, *padrinos* (those who are to give him away), witnesses, and those who have been invited, he proceeds to the house of the bride, where he is overwhelmed with attentions from the family.

The dress of the bride consists of a blue skirt with red sash, and a chemise with a deep yoke and sleeves elaborately embroidered with bright-colored beads, a red silk handkerchief with points crossed in front, and held by a fancy pin. The handkerchief serves to cover the neck and breast, leaving the arms free. She also wears many strings of beads, and silver hoop ear-rings of extraordinary size. Her hair is worn in two braids, laid back and forth on the back of her head, the ends tied with red ribbons. She wears *babuchas*, a kind of slipper made either of deerskin trimmed with beads or of gay cloth. The toilet is completed with a white woolen mantle, cut in scallops trimmed with blue, and hanging from the plaited hair.

After they have proceeded to the church and have been married according to the usual religious ceremony, they go to the house of the bride, accompanied by the greater part of the inhabitants of the village where the marriage has taken place, followed by sky-rockets, music, and shouts from the boys. In the house there is a large room decorated with wreaths, flowers, and tissue-paper ornaments, with palm-leaf mats and wooden benches running around the room. Here the wedding feast takes place, presided over by the bride and the *madrina* (the one who gave her away), who sit on the mats at one end of the room, while the bridegroom and his *padrino*, and other guests, occupy the wooden benches. There they receive the congratulations of relatives and friends. But before the dinner, the bride removes her wedding finery, and puts on a house dress, and grinds all the corn that will be necessary to make the *tortillas* for the repast.

When the dinner, which generally takes place about six o'clock, is over, the dance begins, accompanied in its motions by songs which, though agreeable, are somewhat melancholy. The older guests re-

main at the table drinking *pulque* and recalling their youth, until this cheerful beverage reconciles them to the epoch in which they live. The greater part of the night is spent in this way.

The following day they repair to the house of the bridegroom, where the feast is concluded with another dinner and dance; the only difference being that on this occasion the bride has nothing to do with the preparations.

The two days which are devoted to the solemnization of the wedding being spent, the couple receive the blessing of their parents and retire to their own house to enjoy the honeymoon.

The following is a specimen of a street conversation between a man and woman of the common people.

Says the man: "*Pos onde va mi vida, pos de donde sale tan linda como una rosa? ni signiera habla?*" ("Where are you going, my life? Where do you come from as nice as a rose? Don't you want to speak to me?")

"*Pos ande habia de ir? Mire que pregunta!*" ("Where am I going? Listen, what a question!"), she replies.

"*Pos claro onde va? ò ya porque lleva su rebosito nuevo se la hecha de lado!*" ("Well, that's all right, but where are you going? Now that you have on your new *rebozo*, you are beginning to put on airs!"), he retorts. At the same moment he catches her by the *rebozo*.

"*Oh, suélteme, mire que aburricion con V. todos los dias que lo encuentro me ha d'estar moliendo! Caramba con V.?*" ("Oh, let me alone! what a nuisance you are! Every day I see you, you bother me so! Goodness, what can I do with you?") she vehemently replies.

"*Pero no se enoje. Me quiere ó no me quiere? digame y si no me dice no la dejo ir!*" ("Don't get mad. Do you love me or not? tell me, and if you don't tell me I shan't let you go"), says he, pacifically.

"*Dale otra vez, pos ya no se lo dije el otro dia que no me ande molestando?*" ("But didn't I tell you the other day not to bother me again?") says she.

"*Cuando me lo ha dicho? mire nada mas que embustera!*" ("When did you tell me that? See what a story-teller you are!") answers the man.

"*Bueno, si no me deja, se lo digo al gendarme que ahi viene!*" ("Well, if you don't let me go, I'll tell the policeman who is coming there!") she threateningly answers.

"*Digaselo, el no tiene que ver con mis negocios!*" ("Tell him, then; he has no right to know my business!") says the man, insolently. And when she sees that she can't go, then she says, entreatingly:

"*Que quiere? y dejene ir que se me hace tarde*" ("What do you want? Let me go, now, because it is getting late").

He: "*Pos ya se lo dije que si me quiere ó no?*" ("I have already asked you, do you love me or not?").

"*Pos yo lo quisiera pero dicen que es casado, pos para que me quiere? entonces vayase con su nuyer!*" ("I should like you, but I was told that you are married; if so, what do you want with me? Go on to your wife!") she replies.

"*Miré! nada mas lo que son las jentes de mentirosas. Quien se lo dijo? Si fuera casado, no la quisiera, pos digame nada mas*" ("See what story-tellers the people are! Who told you? If I was married, I wouldn't love you. Only tell me"), he retorts.

"*Bueno, que deveras me quiere?*" ("Well, is it really true that you love me?") she now pleasantly replies.

"*Pos Hasta la paré d'enfrente, como no? V. mas dulce que un acitron y mas buena que'l pan caliente. Qualquiera sénamora de V. nada mas con que se le quite un poquito el genio de Suegra que tiene, entonces si valia la plata, pero no tenga cuidado que yo se lo quitare!*" ("I love you about as much as that wall in front of us. Why not? You're sweeter than preserves or candy, and better than hot bread. Whoever sees you will love you, only you must leave off some of that hot temper such as mothers-in-law have, and then you'll be equal to a silver mine; but never mind, don't bother yourself, I'll get all that out of you!")

After this, her hot temper gets the better of her, and, tossing his hand from her shoulder, and releasing the *rebozo*, she says:

"*Déjeme! déjeme!*" ("Get out the way, and let me alone!"), and,

wrapping her *rebozo* more tightly about her head, passes rapidly from his sight.

Under ordinary circumstances, the common people are easily controlled, but if anything occurs suddenly to rouse their slumbering wrath or animosity, every animate object had better retire before the advancing frenzied multitude. Face a stampede of buffaloes—jump into the raging sea, or risk the relentless cyclone—but always keep clear of a Mexican mob. Let their anger be aroused at a bull-fight because of the inefficiency of the *torreros* or the tameness of the bull, the further one gets from the scene the better for him. They demolish the ring, tear down its whole interior, smash the benches and seats into atoms, and did not the *rurales*, or strong police force, take charge of the bull-fighters, they would be in danger of losing their lives. The mob comes down upon them like a thundering tornado.

It has been estimated that the number of people who serve in one capacity or another is about one-fifth of the common population. That part relating to the household is in a great measure an inseparable adjunct of it; but there are also separate services that are performed by people on the outside, who come daily for the purpose. The low wages, and the generally poverty-stricken condition of the masses, place the servants in a state of extreme dependence.

An average house in the city has from ten to twenty servants, and I have seen some grand houses where thirty or thirty-five were employed. Each one has his or her separate duties to perform, and there is no clashing and no infringement one upon the other. A larger number of Mexican servants can live on peaceable terms than those of any other nationality. It is a rare occurrence to hear them quarreling, whatever disaffection may exist.

The leading servants of the household may be classified as follows:

El portero—The man who takes care of the door.
El cochero—The driver.

El lacayo—The footman.

El caballerango—The hostler.

El mozo—A general man for errands, etc. (I have given an idea of him in all his glory.)

El cargador—A public carrier.

El camarista—In hotels he is the chambermaid ; in private houses he attends the gentleman of the house, brushes clothes, etc.

La recamerera—Female chambermaid, as employed in private houses.

Ama de llaves—Mistress of the keys, literally ; the housekeeper.

Cocinera—The cook.

Galopina—The scullion.

Pilmama—In the Mexican idiom, *piltoutli niña* (*mama-cargar*)—The woman who carries the child out to walk.

Chichi—Mexican idiom, *chichihua*—Wet-nurse.

Molendera—The woman who grinds the corn.

Costurera—Sewing woman.

Planchadora—Ironing woman.

The position of *portero* is the most responsible one about the house. Both day and night he is charged with the safety and well-being of its inmates. They are generally excellent and reliable men, and perform their duties with remarkable zeal and fidelity. In large cities he does nothing but guard the door, but in smaller towns the position of *portero* is often merged in that of *mozo*, or general man. At the capital one man will have the responsible care of a large building, in which perhaps ten or a dozen families reside. They all look to him for the safety of their rooms or apartments. He lives with his family in some dark little nook under a staircase, or, if the house is so arranged, he may have a comfortable room with a window on the street or *patio*.

A Mexican *lacayo* in his picturesque hat and faultless black suit, elaborately trimmed with jingling silver, is indeed a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," but not a single instance have I ever heard of a señorita's eloping with him: the difference in station is never overlooked when it comes to matrimony.

These servants have deep attachments for the family with whom

PETATE, JARANA AND POTTERY VENDERS.

they live. They sometimes serve in one a life-time, and when no longer able to do so, are succeeded by their children, in the same capacity.

In case of a death in the family where they are employed, they at once don the somber *luto* (black), and never appear outside the house without it for six months.

This faithful attachment is especially and frequently shown by the *pilmama*. She will tenderly and patiently nurse each child in rotation, and to the last one her devotion is unimpaired. She also takes charge of baby's clothes, and herself washes the dainty fabrics, rather than intrust them to a *lavandera*. Children have their own pet name for the *pilmama*, abbreviating it into *nana*, "*Quiero mi nana*" ("I want my nana") being frequently heard. The *chichi* (wet-nurse) does nothing but give sustenance to the babe, and is never permitted to leave the house except under the surveillance of the *ama de llaves*.

This latter functionary has entire charge of the household linen. She directs the army of servants under her, and is a kind of queen-bee in the hive. She holds herself far above the servants, will carry no household packages, and is very tenacious of the dignity attaching to her position. Indeed, it not infrequently happens that she is a relative or connection of the family. She has frequently three or four assistants.

Mexican servants as a whole are tractable, kind, faithful, and humble. They shrink instinctively from harshness or scolding, but yield a willing obedience to kindly given orders. They are accused of being universal thieves, in which accusation I do not concur, although, indeed, the extremely low wages for which they work might seem to warrant, or at least excuse, small peculations. But they have this redeeming trait, that they generally appreciate the trust placed in them, and this sometimes to a remarkable degree. Instances were not uncommon during the days of revolution when *porteros*, *mozos*, and other servants voluntarily sacrificed their lives in defense of the life or property of their employers. But they have their peculiarities,

acquired and engendered by the various circumstances that have hedged them about, for which all allowance must be made. If due patience and tact be exercised in the outset by foreign housekeepers, they will surely become deeply attached to the entire household, and better servants are not to be found. Especially is this true with regard to American children, to whom they become extremely devoted. But it must be remembered that their customs are overgrown with the moss of centuries, and care must be exercised in disturbing it by foreign methods of labor, or the application of new ideas. They know their own way, and have a repugnance to any interference with their precious "*costumbres.*"

In their various employments their deportment is of the most quiet kind. If the mistress desires their attention, unless near at hand she does not call their names, but merely slaps her hands together, which attracts immediate attention. This clapping is practiced in the street as well as in the house. Nothing would sooner confuse a servant than calling her name in a loud, harsh key.

On the frontier the mistress is known as *señora*, but in interior towns and cities she is always the *niña* (child), no matter if she has reached a hundred years.

The hand motion by which a servant is summoned is the reverse of our beckoning sign—the palm being turned outward.

The wages of a cook are from $2.00 to $5.00 per month; coachman, from $10.00 to $30.00; serving women, $3.00 to $8.00; and so on in like proportion.

With these small sums entire rations are not furnished them. They are paid a *medio* and *quartillo* each day, independent of their wages, to buy coffee and bread in the morning, and bread and *pulque* for each dinner and supper; or they are paid 62½ cents every eight days, for this purpose. In some places a *medio's* worth of soap is given them each week to have their clothes washed, and the lower the wages, the less soap they get. The value of this soap is often collected a month in advance, thus leaving a glaring deficit in their clean clothes account.

They generally leave the last place in debt, which is assumed by the new master. If the servant's wages be $4.00 per month, and she owes $12.00 or $25.00, as the case may be, she draws only $2.50, leaving $1.50 for her *abono* (amount of indebtedness).

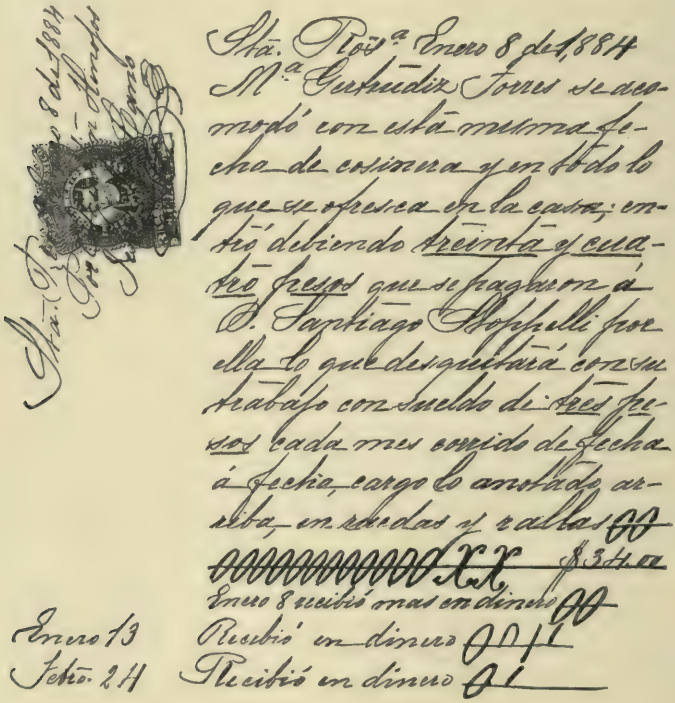
A singular method of keeping accounts is that employed by the untutored common people. I saw an Indian on the line of a certain railway who had engaged to furnish goats' and cows' milk for the contractors. The cows' milk he purchased from another party; the account with the railway and that with the party from whom he bought the milk were kept on a stick stripped of the bark in alternate sections. Certain kinds of notches were then cut on either side, indicating pints or quarts; other notches, straight or oblique, represented *quartillos* (3 cents), *medios* (6 cents), or *reales* (12½ cents), the payment for the same.

An error occurred in the settlement of the accounts, which the book-keeper did not observe, but which was discovered by the Indian, and, though against himself, he would only settle according to the notches on his stick.

Customs may vary in different provinces as to the way of keeping private accounts. At the capital the lives and "*costumbres*" of the servants are different from those in small towns and interior cities. I append the account of a cook at Santa Rosalia, which will give an idea of the forms called *librettos* there used between servant and employer. In the table given below it must be stated that *X* crossing the line means ten dollars, and *V* above the line, five dollars; *O* crossing the line is one dollar, while a small naught above the line is half a dollar; a straight mark crossing the line (|) is a *real*; and a short one above the line is a *medio*.

By this it will be seen that "Gertrude Torres, under a certain date, agrees to cook and do whatever work is required of her in the house. She enters the house owing her former employer thirty-four dollars. Her new master assumes this debt, without which she could not have changed her place. Her wages are four dollars per month, and from this sum Don Santiago Stoppelli retains three dollars toward the liquida-

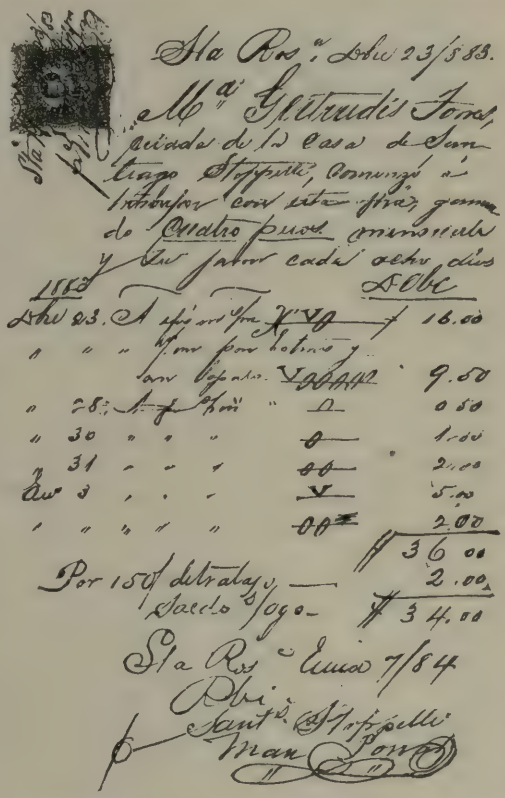
tion of the original amount. The accompanying plates show how these accounts are kept.


Sta. Rosa Enero 8 de 1884
Ma. Gertrudiz Torres se acomodó con esta misma fecha de cosinera y en todo lo que se ofresca en la casa; entró debiendo treinta y cuatro pesos que se pagaron á D. Santiago Stoppelli por ella lo que desquitará con su trabajo con sueldo de tres pesos cada mes corrido de fecha á fecha, cargo lo anotado arriba, en ruedas y rallas 00
00000000000 XX $34.00
Enero 8 recibió mas en dinero 00
Enero 13 Recibió en dinero 001
Febro. 24 Recibió en dinero 01

The furnishing of the homes of the common people is necessarily meager; sometimes only mats laid upon the dirt floor serve for beds, or a few rudely made bedsteads and chairs, with pictures of the saints and a quantity of home-manufactured toys, constitute the outfit. They are *jente ordinario*, but their houses are reasonably clean. One corner of the room is generally devoted to an infinite variety of pottery suspended on nails, This is collected from all parts of the country, and is their chief household treasure; even small children can point out the different kinds and tell where each piece was made.

Let one enter when he will, he is sure to be greeted politely, and to have the kindliest hospitality extended to him. I remember one of

the houses into which I went where a pretty young woman of twenty years sat crocheting, while the baby slept in his *petate* cradle and the husband lay sick on his humble cot in the corner. She cordially welcomed me, and when I was seated, he, though feeble and trembling, raised himself upon his elbow, tendering me the hospitality of his *pobre casa;* then asked his wife to prepare for me a cup of coffee or chocolate, which she did.



I condoled with him on his illness and hoped he would soon be well. To this he replied he hoped so, but as he had consumption, there was little chance for his recovery; but if it were possible, he would like to get well, "in order to serve me the rest of his life!"

I was agreeably surprised to find so many sewing-machines, and that the women understand their use quite as well as we do. A machine agent informed me that the women of this class are as prompt to meet their installments as those in any country. But the price of sewing is so very cheap—only one cent a yard—that they must do a great deal to render themselves self-sustaining.

Babies are cared for with great tenderness. They are wrapped as tightly as possible in "swaddling-clothes" until about one month old, when the *calzoncillos* (little breeches) are substituted, for both

boys and girls. The accompanying illustration represents a girl of two months. I asked the mother if it were girl or boy. "*Mujer*" ("woman"), she answered, "*Felicita Rodriguez criada de V.*" Never was there a more delighted mother than when I asked her to hold the baby until its picture could be made.

"YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT."

The *cuna* (cradle) is a concomitant of every humble dwelling. It is sometimes suspended from the ceiling, but quite as often it hangs under the table. The material of which it is composed is usually palm or maguey, and its quaint little occupant looks quite comfortable, snugly sleeping in the *rebozo*, while the cradle sways back and forth of its own accord.

These poor women are often the mothers of such beauties as would arouse envy in the breasts of many aristocratic parents. Miguel Mondregon, whose picture is here given, was one of these children. His mother was a cook. We met him in the street in Tacubaya on the opening of the feast of Candlemas, and when asked his name, he gave it, taking off his hat, as seen in portrait, which is an excellent likeness of him, and saying: "*El criado de V.*" His style of dress is typical of his class. No urchin was ever happier than he when paid his *real y medio* (18 cents) to stand, hat in hand, while being sketched.

His cheeks and lips were like cherries; his mouth a perfect Cupid's bow; his complexion brown as a *frijole;* and his eyes great, soft, melting, glorious orbs. An old woman, standing near, hearing our comments upon his beauty, remarked:

"Yes, he is a beauty now, but wait till he is twelve or fourteen years old, and he will be *mas serio*," meaning that he lost his *spirituelle* expression and became coarse and sallow. Pity it is that this loveliness is so evanescent.

The *evangelistas* (letter-writers) have a distinct position to themselves. They subserve a valuable purpose to the great army of servants and low-class people, who, through them, carry on a correspondence with their lovers. With a board on his knees, or perhaps sometimes a plain little table, and a big jug of ink, and pen behind the ear, the *evangelista* is ready to serve his customers. Anxious lovers stand around awaiting his leisure, the desire to transmit their sentiments making his services in high demand. Note paper, variously shaped, is at hand, and for a *medio* or *real*, a letter is furnished that will be expressive of grief, jealousy, love, and overweening affection.

Love-letter written by "un evangelista."

APRECIABLE SEÑORITA.

Quisiera tener el lenguaje de los angeles ; la dulce inspiracion de un poeta ; ó la elocuencia de un Ciceron, para expresarme en terminos dignos de Vd. Pero por desgracia mi mente la cubre el velo de la ignorancia, y no puedo menos que tomarme la libertad de revelar á Vd. mis aficciones ; pues desde el primer dia que tuve la dicha de conocer á Vd., la calma ha huido de mi, y dominado por la pacion mas violenta, me adverbio a decir á Vd. que la Amo, con el amor mas puro y berdadero, y que aun me parece con ésta declaracion que hago á Vd. de mi amor, que no supera el ardor que mi triste y afligido corazon sufre, mientras tanto obtengo la contestacion de Vd. quedo impaciente por saber el fayo de vida ó de muerte que dé Vd. á su apasionado.

Es cuanto le dice á Vd. quien á sus pies besa.

MANUEL GOMEZ Y SUAREZ.

[*Translation.*]

ESTEEMED SEÑORITA.

Would that I possessed the language of the angels, the sweet inspiration of a poet, or the eloquence of a Cicero, that I might then express myself in a manner

worthy of you. But alas! my intellect, my brains, seem veiled in ignorance, and I cannot resist taking the liberty of revealing my love, my affection. When I first had the happiness of meeting you, my peace of mind fled, and governed solely by the most violent passion for you, I dare tell you *I love you*, with a love most pure, most true, and notwithstanding this declaration of my love you will not even then realize what my sad, afflicted heart suffers until your answer reaches me. I impatiently await your fiat, whether of life or death, to your devoted, passionate one.

Meanwhile I say to you, that I kiss your feet.

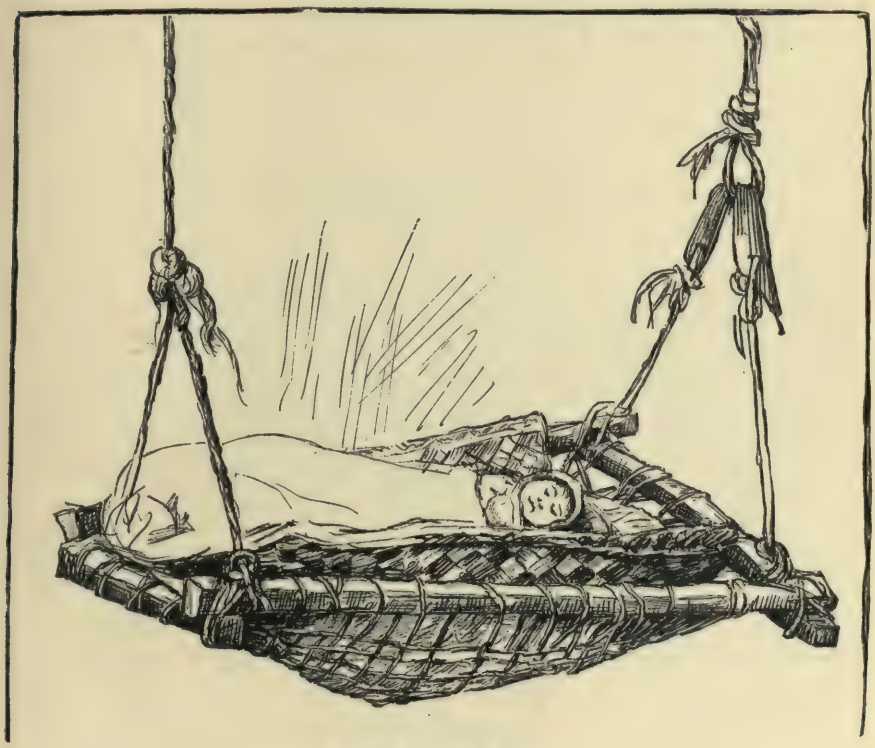
MANUEL GOMEZ Y SUAREZ.

A character which must be considered in the light of a nuisance, is to be found in both sexes all over the country. Plausible and gifted with all the "*suavidad en el modo*" of their betters, they ply their vocation in the street, as well as in private houses. If in the street, they come upon you unawares. Suddenly brown fingers are thrust under your nose, holding a comb, a toy, jewelry or a piece of dry goods or embroidery. You dare not even look at it, or feign the least knowledge of their presence, for if you should do so, they will haunt and pursue you for squares without ceasing. Enter a store, and be ever so much interested in the purchase of some article or textile fabric, here comes the irrepressible vender and again puts the article in your face, this time with a great reduction in price.

Another class with which strangers are sure to be annoyed, are the women with black shawls drawn tightly about their heads and faces; neat calico dresses, cat-like tread, though invariably in a hurry, and with the most benignant expression on their countenances. If in your house, they approach you most humbly, with many kindly inquiries after the health of the family in general, and as to how the night has been passed. While doing this, the shawl goes slightly back, revealing some article of needlework, a handsome shawl, silk dress, or whatever else they may choose for gulling you. A long history of the article follows, ending by a high price being asked for it. You don't want it, so the price is reduced until perhaps you look a little more inclined; but at last no sale is effected. She goes away apparently much disappointed and almost with tears in her eyes. But

be patient! she will come again with softer tread, and with such honeyed words as will surely win their way.

She makes her appearance the second time with a handsome tray in hand, on which rest several kinds of tempting *dulces*. These she tells you have been sent by Doña So-and-So, also naming the street;



CRADLE OF A POOR BABY.

that she has heard you are a stranger, and sends these as a token of her regard.

Nothing remains but to accept them with many thanks for her interest, and the hope that she will soon call on you.

The next day the thoughtful woman again enters, with a humility of manner that even Uriah Heep could not excel. She makes all manner of inquiry as to the health of each inmate of the household. She then states that it was a mistake about the *regalo* she had brought

a day or two before (of course you have long since eaten them); that the Doña told her to sell them at a certain house, and she had made the mistake. You ask her the price, that being the only alternative, and it is a startling one. She is paid, and perhaps never again appears in your house, but she has amply paid you off for not buying the first article she offered.

Happily these people do not exist in great numbers, and, though incorrigible wherever found, strangers soon discover their transparent tricks.

The *rebozo* is the boon of all these women, as they can carry securely concealed any number of articles without being detected by human eyes.

The *rebozo* also often assists in making the head of the wearer assume a ludicrous shape. Take a rear view, as the women sit cuddled up in groups of several dozen, or even hundreds, on the celebration of some feast, and with the flickering lights of a thousand torches dancing over their tightly drawn head-gear, the resemblance to a school of seals, with their heads peeping out of the water, could not be more perfect.

The *molendera* is a woman who does the grinding on the *metate*, whether corn for *tortillas*, coffee, or spices. Should the *molendera* set up an establishment of her own, and make *tortillas* for sale, or, as is sometimes the case, go at certain hours each day and make them for families, she then becomes a *tortillera*.

These *tortilleras* are a separate and distinct class, and have their own rules and regulations for conducting business. They employ ten or a dozen women, who grind the corn and make the *tortillas*. When made, the women who sell them in the markets and streets come with their baskets and take them away, paying wholesale rates.

The proprietress of the establishment is called the *patrona*, and the Queen of Sheba never moved about with more dignity and consequence.

She pays her employés each day a *real y medio*, I have made it convenient to drop in at the hour for settling up with them.

She has a little chair or stool before her, herself unostentatiously occupying the space in front of it on the floor. The *real* in silver, and six cents in *tlacos* for each "grinder," are laid in little piles, each one being named for the woman to whom it is to be paid. The *patrona* sits by and looks on serenely after counting over and over the piles, with satisfaction and self-importance emanating from her, and expressing in unspoken language—"You poor contemptible '*grinders*,' you have no position!"

Jay Gould, in his mansion on Fifth Avenue, when reflecting on his

A TORTILLA ESTABLISHMENT.

enormous investments, could not feel more remote from the toiling multitude in the street beneath him than the *patrona* of the *tortilla* establishment feels her superiority to her subordinates.

I never went into one of these places without being most cordially invited to be seated. On accepting the invitation, an animated conversation would follow, while eating the delicious hot *tortillas*, fresh from the smoking *comal*, and admiring the animated bronze statuettes that ambled and capered about without even the disguise of a fig-leaf.

Invariably they desired to know my nationality. If I told them to

guess, they were sure to say France, Andalusia, or Spain, but "an American never!"

The portrait of Gregoria Queros represents one of these functionaries, and also the pure type of an Indian that she is. One might easily imagine her to be the mother of a hero, not only by her face, but also by her conversation.

On entering her house, she began by asking the usual question, and guessing I was from France. But when told I was an American, she turned her head doubtfully to one side, as if in reflection. The silence was broken by my asking her:

"What do you think of the Americans!" and the somewhat startling reply came:

"*Los Americanos son como los Indios barbaros*" ("The Americans are the same as wild Indians").

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Because," she answered, "in 1847, when I was sixteen years old, they came down here and fought terrible battles all over this country. Just think of Chapultepec, Molino del Rey, and Churubusco; ah! what sad days those were to us!"

GREGORIA QUIROS.

"Well," I added (endeavoring to recall her from reflections so painful), "what other objections have you to them?"

"They are never satisfied. They always want more land and more money. This is what they live for."

During this interesting colloquy she preserved a politely respectful demeanor, and felt evidently pained to

be compelled to tell me such absolute truths. A sharp neuralgic pain in her face brought forth a moan and a sigh, when she explained that for a whole year she had never been able to go for one day without the handkerchief on her head.

I asked her if she knew President Diaz.

"Who? Porfirio? I don't know him personally, but he has the reputation of being a very good and brave man; but—he has already been married twice."

I could only infer that his bravery and courage would vanish, if he should ever try matrimony again. I never found either a man or woman of that class, who spoke of the president by any other than his Christian name.

The *lavandera* is an important outside servant. Owing to the construction of the houses, in part, and to the fact of the water being conveyed to them from the city fountains, washing is rarely done on the premises.

The *lavanderas* also have their own rules and regulations, and are as rigid in exacting the observance of them by their subordinates and satellites as any other class.

In some cities and towns the *lavandera* is not also the *planchadora*. She does not even starch the clothes, but is supplied with soap for the washing. At those places presided over by a *patrona*, the contract is taken for all, but the custom is to charge by the piece and never by the dozen. But in the smaller towns and cities she will receive a *real* a dozen for washing alone, having soap furnished.

When she returns them, the *planchadora* comes, counts, and, on being supplied with starch and coal or wood, again takes them away to finish the job. There is, however, an agreeable offset to all this —the *planchadora* is also the *apuntar;* she mends carefully every article requiring it before taking her work home.

At the capital there are laundries inside the houses where *lavanderas* may go and rent, for a *medio* a day, a compartment of brick in which the water flows from a fountain.

Springs usually burst from some steep declivity of the neighboring mountains, and not infrequently in the descent to valley and lowland the water circles and winds about through the adjacent trees. In such desirable locations are the spots coveted by the *lavanderas*. Sometimes for the distance of two miles they may be seen like a bright fringe along the edge of the stream, in costumes which would delight a painter in search of the unconventional.

WASH-HOUSE AT THE CAPITAL.

On these occasions their hair is unbraided and hangs in a superb mass of rippling waves to the end. The only dress is a red woolen petticoat and the chemise, both of which serve only to enhance the classic beauty of form disclosed by the peculiar costume.

WASHERWOMEN IN THE COUNTRY.

Six or seven days of the week, kneeling in graceful attitudes, these laundresses may be seen expending their tireless energy on the

ropa (clothes). Armed with the crude washing equipments of the ancient Egyptians—only a stone slab, or at best a wooden tray resembling our bread-trays—they make their week's washing whiter than the whitest. However it is accomplished, the fact remains that without boiling, washing-soda, washboard, tub or bucket, and even in many cases without soap, this perplexing branch of domestic life is brought to perfection.

WATER-CARRIER.

The *aguador* is the most noted of all the classes who serve outside the residence. As there are few houses furnished with pipes, the water supply is transported by this functionary.

His costume is peculiar to himself and well adapted to his vocation. It varies in every province. That worn in the City of Mexico is the most picturesque, and deserves a description. Over a shirt and drawers of common domestic he wears a jacket and trousers of blue cloth or tanned buckskin. The latter are turned up nearly to the knee. With his leathern helmet, broad leather strap across his forehead, called *frontera* (from which depends the *chochocol*, or water-vessel), leathern apron, and sandals of the same, called *guarachi*, we might imagine him to be a man in armor, so completely is he enveloped in this substantial equipment.

The piece that covers the back, and on which the *chochocol* rests, is called *respaldadera*, or back-rest ; that which reaches from the waist to the knee, *delantal* or apron ; and that which protects the thigh, the *rosadera*. All these pieces are fastened by means of thongs to a

leather waistcoat, which serves to support and balance the large jar. Both jars are attached to straps which cross on the head over a palm-leaf cap with leather visor. It is essential that these vessels correspond in size and perfectly balance. If either be suddenly broken, the *aguador* at once loses his balance and falls to the ground.

On the opposite side to the *rosadera* he carries a deerskin pouch called *barrega*, adorned with figures. This pouch serves for carrying the nickel coins and *pitoles*, or small red beans with which he keeps an account of the number of trips he makes, being paid at the end of a week or fortnight, according to the number of beans he leaves at a house. He also keeps a corresponding "tally-sheet" with beans, and compares notes with his employer when being paid.

The *aguador* is a person of importance; nobody knows better than he the inner life of the household that he serves. He is often made the messenger between lovers, and when for any reason he may refuse to perform that office, the ingenious lover resorts to artifice, and by means of wax fastens the missive upon the bottom of the *chochocol*, and the unconscious *aguador* thus conveys it to the expectant fair one, who informed of the device, is ready to remove the epistle. He often wonders why the young mistress comes out so early in the morning to meet him, and that he so frequently finds her lover standing at the door of his house.

The *aguador* scarcely ever dines at home. His wife meets him with a basket covered with a napkin at the entrance to some house, and there, together with his children and companions, he dines with good appetite and without annoyance of any kind. Then he goes to the fountain where he is accustomed to draw water, frees himself of his jars, and stretches himself in the shade to take his *siesta;* or he spends the rest of the day at some *pulque* shop, playing a game called "*rayeula*" with his companions, or repeating pleasantries and proverbs to the maids that happen to pass near him, and drinking *pulque*. But in the midst of this monotony, they also have their days of enjoyment, their days of merriment and diversion. The feast of the Holy Cross arrives, and when day begins to dawn, they burn

an endless number of rockets and bombs, which they call *salva* or salute.

When the sun rises, the sign of the cross has been already placed on the spring of the fountain, or in the center, if the fountain is in a public square. The said crosses are adorned with rosaries or chains of poppies and *cempazuchitl.* On that day the water-men bathe, dress themselves in their holiday clothes and go to dine in community, eating heartily and drinking white and prepared *pulque* the greater part of the day.

One of the poor waterman's joys is the Saturday of Passion Week, or *Sabado de Gloria;* but this day is not so animated as the former, for it is confined to strewing flowers on the water of the fountain and burning an image representing their profession.

The following account of the superstitious beliefs of the Nahoan Indians is taken from *Mexico á traves de los Siglos.* They had singularly materialistic views in regard to death. They believed that *Mictlan* (literally hell) was reached by the dead after a long and painful journey. Their hieroglyphics indicate that the dead must first cross the Apanohuaya river, and to do this it was necessary to have the aid of a little yellow dog (*techichi*) with a cotton string tied around his neck, which was placed in the hands of the dead. Dogs of no other color could be used, as neither white nor black dogs could cross the river. The white ones would say, "I have been washed," while the black ones rejoined, "I have been stained." These dogs were reared by the natives for this special purpose, and the *techichi* is that well-known favorite among *perros*, now called the Chihuahua dog.

After crossing the river, the dog led his master, devoid of clothing, between two mountains that were constantly clashing together, then over one covered with jagged rocks, and then over eight hills upon which snow was ever falling, on through eight deserts where the winds were as sharp as knives. After this he led him through a path where arrows were flying continually; and, worst of all, he encountered a tiger that ate out his heart, when he fell into a deep, dark, foaming

river, filled with lizards, after which he appeared before the King of Mictlan, when his tortuous journey was ended and his identity ceased.

It was also a belief that when the body began this journey it must have been buried for a period of four years. In this belief it was not the soul, but the body in actuality that made the mysterious journey.

For those who enjoy euphonious names, I will state that the name of the last stopping place was "*Izmictlanapochcalocca*, on which the alligator *Xochitonal* is encountered ; the alligator is the earth's symbol and Xochitonal the last day of the year, which shows the body here reached the last stage of its existence and became dust of the earth."

When the two are united we see readily the connecting link in their ideas : that at the end of a certain time the body is converted into dust, and the dead are finished forever.

The Milk Tree for Dead Children—*El Arbol de Leche de los Niños-Muertos*, embodies another superstitious tradition of the Nahoa Indians, which was the existence of a mansion where children went after death. This was called *Chihuacuauhco*, from a tree which was supposed to grow there, from the branches of which milk dropped to nourish the children which clung to them. It was believed that these children would return to populate the world after the race which then inhabited it had passed away

A CELESTIAL MONOPOLY.

The superstitions of to-day among the Mexican lower classes, though without this post-mortem materialism, are quite as strong and as closely adhered to. They are almost numberless, and the most

insignificant has its own place, not to be substituted by any other. Evidences of this appear in the performance of the simplest duty. Let them begin to make a fire, and the first movement is to make the sign of the cross in the air before the range; or if about to cook any such articles as *tortillas*, many of them, as preliminary, make the cross and utter a few words of prayer. The moon has much to do with these fancies, and many of their individual failings are laid to the account of that luminary.

These are carried with humorous effect into the smallest minutiæ of household labors. In killing fowls, they pull the head off, then make the sign of the cross with the neck on the ground, and laying the chicken on the place, declare it cannot jump about; but I noticed they always held it firmly on the cross.

Many of them keep a light burning both day and night in their houses. In the majority of instances, the light is merely a wax taper placed in a glass half filled with water, with a little oil on the top. Beside the taper a cross is fixed.

On one occasion, I went into a *tortilla* establishment where were eight or ten women grinding corn, and seeing the light I asked the *patrona* why she kept this light burning.

"Because," she answered, "I want God and all his saints to keep this house from evil spirits. We have to work very hard all day, and when this light is burning they dare not come near."

"Do you keep it burning always?" said I.

"Yes, always; without it we would be in total darkness." Then, turning to me, she asked:

"Have you not God and saints in your country?"

"Yes; but we believe that God will protect us without the light, and we do not depend on the saints;" which ended the colloquy.

I have been at times much impressed with the seriousness and sentiment so evidently underlying these little superstitious actions. The old *tamalera*, the music of whose *grito* appears in these pages, came to our house the evening I left the capital. She released her

burden from her back, and then began as usual to chat with me, her extreme age and trembling frame appealing strongly to my sympathies. When I had sung her *grito* over and over with her, she made the sign of the cross over the *olla* in which she kept her *tamales*, then crossed herself, saying: "In the name of the *Divina Providencia* may I have enough customers to buy these *tamales*, that I may go early to my home. I am weary of trudging these streets, and *mi pobre casa* is far away." Before leaving, she turned to me, and, with tears streaming down her face, placed her hand on my head and said: "*Niña*, you leave us to-night to go to your home, that is far, far away in another land; may the *Divina Providencia* take you safely there; may you find your people well, and some day before I die, may you return to us here, and sing again with me this *grito!*"

On the feast of All Souls, they place a table on the sidewalk containing such articles of food as their dead friends and relatives liked best—even to the *pulque*. When morning comes, it is, of course, all gone, and the donor is duly happy, because she imagines the dear dead ones have returned and partaken of their favorite food, when in reality, mischievous boys have consumed these precious edibles. On this day the various venders and outside help come for their gifts, just as newsboys come for their contributions on New Year's. These gifts are disguised under the name of *calaveras*—skulls. Each one asks in his own characteristic fashion, the paper carrier in the following verse:

"Your faithful carrier
Cheerfully presents himself,
Encouraged by the hope
Of obtaining your favor:
You who are a subscriber,
Applauded everywhere
For that sincere loyalty
With which you are accustomed to pay:
He only comes to beg you
To give him his 'Calavera.'"

The *curandera* is another outside household appendage. She is the professional nurse, and as such is faithful, ready, and attentive. In this capacity her services are invaluable. She may also assume the rôle of practicing physician, and with numerous remedies and herbs of every kind, she becomes quite a power in the land. There is a world of witchcraft and superstition in the practice of the *curanderas*, and the common people stand in great awe of them.

In the rural districts their pharmacy consists of ground glass, beaten shells, white lead, and an infinity of herbs. Their diagnosis embraces *calor y frio* (heat and cold), and their therapeutics are always directed toward these two conditions. A disease quite common which these women assume to cure is *empeche*, a condition where undigested food adheres to some part of the stomach. To dislodge the *empeche*, they give white lead and quicksilver, at frequent intervals, in compound doses. For paralysis, they have been known to give blue and red glass beads, ground up in equal portions, a tablespoonful at a dose. Strange to relate, the patient recovered.

VICENTA.

"I became a doctor by my natural intelligence."

If a child is slow in learning to talk, they recommend a diet of boiled swallows. This is infallible. If he is slow about walking, his legs should be rubbed with dirt. This accounts for the fact that *pelado* (poor) children acquire the use of their limbs sooner than those of the higher classes.

The portrait of Vicenta gives an excellent idea of the intellectual development of these women doctors. From a conversation I held with her, I feel confident she had some believer in "Altruistic Faith" as partner in the practice of her profession; for when I asked her how she became a doctor, she coolly replied: "By my natural intelligence."

CHAPTER XIII.

TO PUEBLA, CHOLULA, SAN MIGUEL SESMA, AND ORIZABA—ALONG THE MEXICAN RAILWAY.

A BUNCH OF GRANIDITAS.

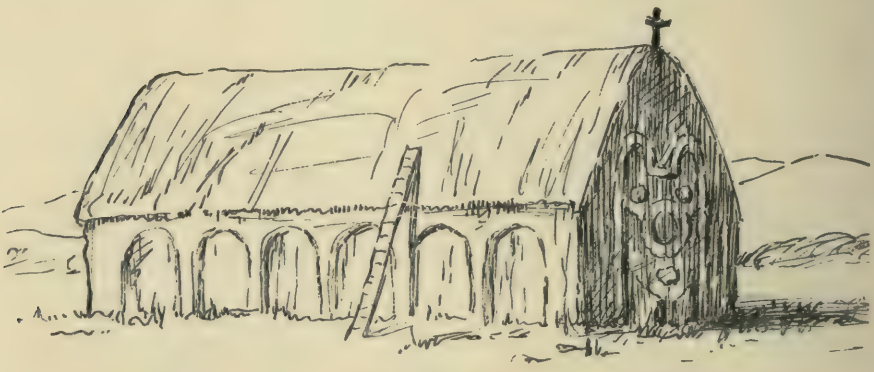
WE left the capital at early dawn for a visit to Puebla and other places of interest, along the Mexican or Vera Cruz Railway, which penetrates the tropic glories of the *tierra caliente.*

Swiftly we sped along the smooth rails, passing numerous wayside shrines, where, in the not remote past, earnest devotees halted for a prayer as they wended their way on their knees to renew their vows at the great temple of Guadalupe. Picturesque Indian burden-bearers trotted along beside the cars, peering through the windows, now and then taking off a hat or waving a hand in salutation to some passing acquaintance.

We whirled through fields of maguey, growing in parallel lines which intersected each other. The rapid motion of the train causing these lines to successively converge and diverge, the figure of a star was constantly being presented, and I could not but be delighted in fancying I saw pictured on these distant plains the emblem of my own great State.

At San Juan Teotihuacan our nineteenth century civilization in-

trudes on that of pre-historic times. In this Mexican Pompeii cemented floors and frescoed walls exist whose colors of green, yellow, and red are exceedingly brilliant. A strange and complex order of architecture, with columns and frescoed stonework, is revealed, and the remains of temple, amphitheater, or monument have been partially exhumed. What grand disclosures await the



A HAY-RICK.

scientist when full explorations have been made of the buried Mecca, the ancient city, the temple, or place of sepulture of the Toltecs! The Mexican Government has now placed the exhuming of these wonderful ruins under the charge of Señor Leopold Batres, an enthusiastic archæologist, under whom the work is progressing satisfactorily.

At Apizaco we leave the main line for Puebla, distant thirty miles. The entire journey from Mexico consumes only six hours, and the dust is the sole drawback to this delightful trip. But even this discomfort is largely mitigated by passing occasionally through valleys in a high state of cultivation, where the mind is constantly diverted by new scenes and objects of interest. Among them are the peculiar corn-cribs and hay-ricks, the latter built in imitation of churches, with cross, column, and spire in the distance, almost rivaling those of stone and adobe. When at last Puebla is reached, the mind is fully prepared to take in all things new and strange.

A fluent English-speaking German—interpreter for the hotel—assured us that the "Casa de las Diligencias" was the best house, and we soon found ourselves in a grand old convent, with corridors lined with gorgeously blooming plants, while the cleanly spread tables reminded us that we had left Mexico without breakfast.

The *camarista*, with long black hair *à la pompadour*, keen, beady eyes and rigid lips, presented himself to register us in a book and enroll us on the big bulletin. We ordered separate rooms, and, gathering up our luggage, he preceded us and placed all our chattels in one apartment.

CORN-CRIB.

"But the other room—where is it?" I asked.

"You have two beds," he answered.

"Well, but we also want two rooms," I rejoined.

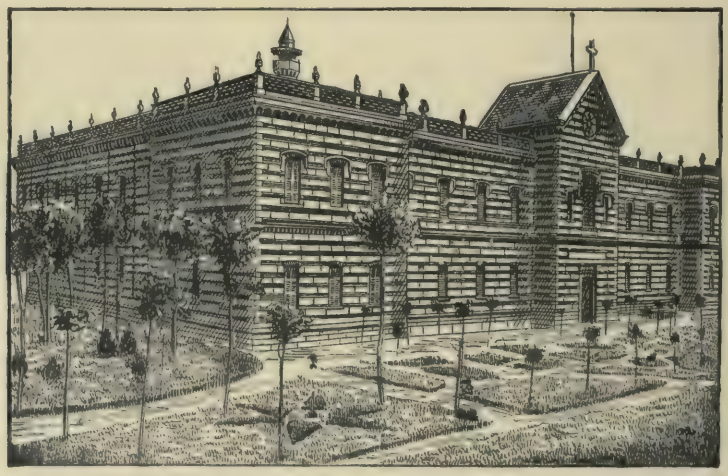
Snapping his eyes, and drawing his lips more closely than ever, he muttered in a long-drawn half whisper: "*Dos cuartos y cuatro camas por dos señoritas Americanas solitas! Valgame Dios!*" ("Two rooms and four beds for two señoritas alone!") Then, letting his voice fall still lower, he continued: "*Que cosa curiosa!*" ("What a curious thing!") This man of business had evidently made up his mind that one room with two beds was the proper thing for *dos señoritas Americanas solitas.*

The point of difference being duly settled by the *administrador*, we were gratified to find in our rooms no printed rules, and that he with the pompadoured hair would have no occasion to announce, like the other *camaristas*, "*Falta jabon y cerillos*," as both soap and matches were bountifully supplied.

It was the carnival season; and from our windows we had views of ludicrous rag-tag processions parading up and down, grotesque enough to call forth smiles from a Niobe. Before my window, in a pretty house with red-tiled front, I saw a señorita, from behind a gay

awning, wave her dainty fingers at her lover on the sidewalk, where he stood at least four hours daily.

Puebla has a population of one hundred thousand, and is one of the handsomest and best-built cities on the American continent, being constructed of gray granite. It is the City of Churches—perhaps more emphatically so than many others that have received the name. The schools, colleges, and public library are upon a grand scale. Public benefactions of the highest order are numerous—hospitals for children, the deaf, dumb, and blind, for men and for women. Of the



CASA DE MATERNIDAD.

latter, the *Casa de Maternidad* (Maternity Hospital), the newest and handsomest, was founded by a private citizen, who left in his will the sum of $200,000 with which to build and furnish it. The material is red brick and white stone in alternate layers, and the spacious interior is exquisitely neat and orderly. Every possible comfort and convenience that could be afforded in any like institution anywhere, is here liberally dispensed.

Puebla enjoys, and justly so, the reputation of being the most cleanly of all Mexican cities. The streets, like those of Mexico, run at right angles—north and south, east and west—and are swept every

morning; the sidewalks are well paved, and all have their individual sub-sewers. They are admirably drained by a slight incline towards the middle, and at every corner there is a stone bridge—a guarantee against overflow and in the rainy season the consequent inconvenience to pedestrians.

The elevation above sea level is more than seven thousand feet, but the climate is mild, and being free from dampness, is far more desirable than at Mexico.

Like every other Mexican city, Puebla has a large share of historical associations. Founded by the Spaniards in 1531, it has since that time figured conspicuously in the stirring scenes which have occurred in the country. One of the most desperate encounters that took place between the French and Mexicans was here, and in commemoration of this event has originated one of the greatest national festivals, bearing the name of Cinco de Mayo (5th of May).

This city has been called the Lowell of Mexico. Manufactories of cotton, blankets, crockery, tiles, glass, thread, soap, matches, and hats abound. Some of the latter were snowy white with silver trimmings, the prettiest I ever saw, and in such numbers that every bare head might have been covered—which I regret to say was not the case.

Puebla is called the "City of the Angels." The tradition runs that, in the building of the cathedral, when the artisans ceased from their labors at the close of the day, the angels continued the work at night. This building is the central architectural feature of the city. Bishop Foster, on his visit there, thus wrote of it to *The Christian Advocate:* "The cathedral itself is surpassingly grand in every respect, quite equal to its better-known and more famous rival in the national capital, and must take rank among the first twenty cathedrals in the world. It is more chaste than, and quite as costly as, its great competitor. Its chapels and shrines, arranged along its transepts, are rich in pictures, images, and adornments. Its high altar is of amazing proportions, symmetry and elegance; filling the vast and high-arched nave, it is most impressive. The choir, occupying the portion of the nave in front, is of elaborate finish in carvings and costly lattices. The

vast columns and capitals are of Mexican marble, as are all the bases of the altars throughout. Everywhere the precious stones of Mexico give beauty and substantial worth to the interior of the vast pile. . . . It comes down to us from an age which it is probable will not repeat itself. . . . The exterior is not comparable to the interior, though of vast and impressive appearance, and of the universal mixture of Spanish and Moorish architecture, built of hewn granite, and swelling grandly above the surrounding structures."

One who appreciates the ancient in architecture will find ample

STREET IN PUEBLA.

scope for the gratification of his taste in Mexico. Wonderful masses of stone are reared with a grand and impressive simplicity, and retain their interest even when stripped by time, change, and decay of all their once florid and gorgeous ornamentation. In the last stage they are pathetic and venerable. In one of our rambles we came suddenly on a convent through which the street had been cut, and high up in the niches and recesses we saw life-sized statues and frescoes of great beauty.

We visited churches and convents, many of which are devoted to hospitals and other secular purposes. At the home of the Methodist missionary, in the old building of the Inquisition, we saw niches built

like chimneys into the walls. It was horrifying to think that these were the identical places where once unhappy victims were immured in living tombs.

A better view is here obtained of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl than at Mexico, the crater of the former being plainly visible without glasses, while the position of his snow-capped sleeping companion is reversed. At Puebla we have her side view from the feet, while at Mexico the head is toward the city.

Pueblanas enjoy the luxury of ice brought daily from these mountains. The ever-faithful Indian has his own unique method of transportation, and constitutes himself the ice-wagon. He first wraps the ice in straw, and then, to avoid the disagreeable results of leakage, he fastens underneath the cargo large leaves of maguey, which form a conduit. Thus comfortably equipped, these tireless creatures trot the whole thirty-six miles, between the hours of two and ten in the morning, receiving for their pains and trouble one dollar!

It was a gala day in Puebla. The venders of fruit, fancy wares, flowers, and vegetables had assembled from all quarters, in the market. A whole family from Cholula were there—the man and his wife selling vegetables. As they had bright faces, we stopped to converse with them. The usual curious crowd gathered about us, intent upon hearing every word. Questions being in order, I asked the Cholulan what he knew of the Conquest.

"Only what my forefathers have told me," he replied.

"Tell me," I said, "what they told you." He began at once, and related the entire history without a break, as handed down to him, not forgetting to dwell upon the virtues and graces of Doña Marina.

"What do you think of Cortez?" I asked.

"When he came, we were all in darkness"—shutting his eyes to suit the words; but he brought us *la luz de la Santa Cruz*—the light of the holy cross.

Here I saw the pretty brown-skinned Indian women of San Pablo, a village in close proximity to the city. Their dresses were of uncut manta, washed until snowy white. Kiltings began at the sides, falling

in classic folds, and ceasing near the front in a broad plain space. There was no fullness in the back, which seemed to add to their ease of movement. A broad, hand-wrought, bright-colored sash, tied at the side, held the skirt in place. The chemise had a deep-pointed yoke, elaborately embroidered with various-colored beads. They wore on their heads a kind of hood, also of manta, which partly concealed their shoulders, but left in ease and freedom their exquisitely molded arms. With hair hanging far below the waist, in full braided plaits, lips and cheeks of cherry-red, eyes softly glowing, and white teeth shining, the whole twenty that we saw would have made a gorgeous picture, but my efforts to procure even one portrait were unavailing, owing to their inherited prejudices. As they passed before us in close Indian file, with hardly a hair's-breadth space between them, all stepping as lightly as sylphs, under their burdens of fruits and vegetables, each one spoke to me, and in answer to my inquiries, gave me a kindly "*adios, niña.*"

As but little is known to the outside world of the vast resources of the state and city of Puebla, I append the translation of a letter on this subject to *El Diario del Hogar*, a paper published at the capital:

"Excepting the capital of the republic, Puebla is the city which has most railroad stations, there being at present six, ample and well built—namely, the Mexican; that of the line of Izucorde Matamoros; that of the Texmelucan line; that called San Marcos; that of the Carboniferous Zone; and the Urbano, or city line. In its neighborhood the city has coal on the ranches of Santa Barbara; it has the inexhaustible quarry on the hill of Guadalupe, from which have come the pavements, houses, palaces, churches, and other great or large edifices in adjacent towns. This stone is dark and of a very fine grain. Further, Puebla has a quarry on the hill of Loreto, from which is taken a soft stone called *xalnenen*, used in building. There is the kaolin which supplies the factories of Puebla, where are manufactured the tiles that were known as *talanera*. There is a very fine clay for red earthenware and brick, which supplies the potteries in the suburb of La Luz, and the eighty-nine kilns for making the

Roblano brick, which is known to have the consistency of stone, and the greater part of the plain on which the city is built is of a calcareous nature. There is abundance of chalk, or marl, for making lime, and this is manufactured in more than sixty kilns which run the year long. There is also another quarry at a league's distance, whence comes in great abundance the stone called *chiluca* in the capital. From the river Tetlaxcuafar, which traverses the city, and from the full-flowing Atoyac, half a league away, is taken gravel in abundance, and divers sorts of sand for building purposes. Three leagues off plenty of iron is found and a large foundry is kept running, there being others for bronze in Puebla. The neighboring mountains of Ualintze, of Tepenene and Tepozuchitl furnish the town with wood and some charcoal. The city has sweet water and sulphur water, and sundry little streams which all the year nourish the farming and gardening lands.

"Besides these elements, all of which it seems almost an exaggeration to attribute to so restricted a territory, we must mention that its easy means of communication find at a distance of seven leagues the mountains of Tecali and Tepeaca, which consist entirely of translucent marble, fine and vari-colored, which is called 'Mexican onyx,' as well as other solid marbles used for pavements. These mountains of marble would suffice to build a hundred cities of the size of London, Paris, Pekin, Vienna, or New York, without including in the calculation the mountains of transparent marble of Tecuantitlan, in the district of Acatlan, whose territory covers seventy square leagues of stone-fields of divers marbles. The city of Puebla, instead of being built of dark granite, might consist of buildings of transparent marble—a city unique on the continent: it certainly has the material near at hand.

"Brief reference might be made to the resources of Puebla which may be made available at reasonable rates, by means of the easy modes of transport. The range of coal of the district of Acatlan commences at Tefeji de Rodriguez and ends at the Pacific shore in the State of Guerrero, spreading over the State of Oaxaca until it reaches Tehuantepec. To the north of the State extensive fields of

coal in the district of Alatriste and that of Noreste los de Tezintlan. Native quicksilver is plentiful in the districts of Atlixco and Matamoros, and gold and silver mines are worked clandestinely. In the districts of Tecali and Chiantla lead abounds of a high grade. In Chiantla and Acatlan are iron mines, worked only on a small scale. In the district of Chalchicomula exist abandoned mines of gold and silver, the chief one being called 'La Preciosa.' In the district of San Juan de los Llanos is the famous 'Hucha,' now abandoned, and the 'Cristo.' In Tetla de Ocampo are those gold placers which formerly gave the town the surname of 'The Golden.' In the same district is the tract of kaolin which gives life to the manufactory of porcelain or stoneware called 'cuayuca.' In the district of Zacatlan one of the cities furnishes abundance of quicksilver, and another rock crystal; beyond Ahuacatlan there is a mountain, conical in shape, known as Zitlala, which in the *Nahuatl* tongue means 'star,' this name having been bestowed by the natives by virtue of its brilliancy, like a sparkling star, in the rays of the rising and the setting sun. This is simply one great rock crystal, whose tiniest fragments resemble diamonds. In the district of Huactunango are various mines of gold, silver, and iron, which no one has engaged to work, and in Tefiji are three crags where emeralds are found, but which the natives of the Zapoteco race have concealed from the eye of the explorer. As a specimen of these emeralds, in a little town in the district of Cholula existed one of these gems, three-quarters of a Spanish yard in length, which served as the *ara*, or consecrated stone, on the altar of the church. Maximilian had it in his hands, and offered for it $1,000,000, which the Indians would not accept. Later, an armed force went to attack the town, to capture this gem, which was worth more than $2,000,000, but they were repulsed. In consequence of this attempt, the Indians concluded to lose the emerald by design, to protect it from the covetous. However, that remarkable treasure found its way into the hands of the wily Jesuits. They, in order to secure it, promised eternal salvation to the dead, the living, and the as yet unborn, in the vicinity of that town, that they might obtain

STREET AND ARCADE IN PUEBLA.

the stone and cut it in portions as they have done, to sell it piecemeal beyond the seas. This is historical: it were better the neighbors of the town had received their $1,000,000 for the jewel, rather than only the hope of eternal glory for the past, the present and the future crimes among them. An emerald of immense value suffered Hell for those who have sinned and who shall sin, giving them a key to open the doors of Heaven eternally at their will.

"In the district of Chalchimula there are also marbles, and in Alatriste there are great hot springs superior to those of the capital of Puebla, and equal probably to those of Aguascalientes and of Atotonilco el Grande, of the State of Hidalgo.

"Treating of the vegetable kingdom, the districts of Huachinango, Zacatlan, Tetela, Zacapoatla, Tlalauqui, and Tezuitlan produce the finest woods in the world, such as the varieties of cedar, ebony, the mahogany, zapatillo, the oyametl, pine, ocotl, juniperus sabina, oak, madroño, bamboo, ayacohuite, liquidambar, India-rubber tree, and that which yields the gum chitle, and, above all woods, the writing-tree, whose veins of color upon a yellowish ground form monograms, flourished letters, abbreviated words, and a thousand capricious figures and profiles. This wood has been adjudged, at the Expositions of Vienna, Paris, and Philadelphia, the finest from the five continents. In the districts of Acatlan, Chiuatla, and Matamoros, belonging to this State, to the southward, are produced the aloe, silk-cotton tree, logwood, tamarind, *huizacha* (a species of acacia), *mezquit*, *venenillo*, tlalhuate, huaje, and other woods with Mexican names, whose qualities and duration leave nothing to be desired. Some of the trees produce the most exquisitely fragrant gums, known as myrrh, incense, and *copatle*, besides the rich essence of the aloe. The yellow dye known as *Zacatlaxcatl*, so highly prized in China, Cochin-China, Tartary, and Japan, is abundantly produced in these districts and in Tecamachalco and Telmacan. The palm which is used for mats and common hats is produced in the districts of Tepip, Tepeaca, Tecali and Tehuacan; and in the last named, cactus of the most extraordinary dimensions, as well as the vine from which is made a wine superior to that of Spain and

Italy. In the district of Tlatlauquitepec is raised the famous ramie, or vegetable silk, which has enriched and given a name to Asiatic India. This plant was with difficulty brought to France and acclimated in Provence, but without success as an industry. It was then brought to Louisiana in the United States, and, although acclimated, it was never successfully treated by mechanical means, notwithstanding American effort. The magistrate of the Supreme Court of Mexico, Licentiate Mariano Zavala, brought from Louisiana a small lot of ramie, which was planted and successfully developed in the village of San Angel; but his attention did not go beyond curiosity. One day he was visited by his friend, D. Manuel Ortega y Garcia, of the district of Tlatlauqui, and Zavala presented him with the plants, six in number, telling him the mode of cultivating them. Ortega y Garcia went to the little village and transplanted the plants with brilliant success. In two years his plantations contained forty thousand plants two and three meters in height, although the plant obtains no greater height than a meter and a half in Asia. Ortega knew that the treatment of ramie was impracticable by the mechanical means employed in Europe and America; therefore he studied chemical means for that purpose, and after much endeavor, he succeeded in separating the fiber and presenting to the Minister of the Interior fine skeins, dyed in three colors, three meters and a half in length, which are now displayed spread over statues in the salon of the Minister Riva Palacio and in the house of the venerable editor, Don Ygnacio Complido, who also received a gift of several skeins. The ramie propagates prodigiously in portions of our warm, moist climate, as in Cordoba, Tlatlauqui, Cuetzala, and Huachinango. When the plant is developed, the sprouts bearing four or five leaves are removed and planted a Spanish yard apart, with surety of the success of the new plantation. The ramie is little sensitive to changes in temperature, and it neither breeds nor nourishes worms or caterpillars; neither gives life to mildew or parasitic growth. Each plant produces from $1.75 to $2.25 worth of fiber, the cost of its cultivation amounting to six cents. Thus the profit is greater than from tobacco, coffee, cacao, or cotton: more-

over, from the refuse fiber is manufactured fine Chinese paper, and coarse wrapping-paper.

"The State of Puebla has a variety of climates, from that which is oppressively hot to one cloudy and cold. In some northern districts are produced cotton, tobacco, vanilla, coffee, rice, sugar cane, and all the fruits of the cold zones and the hot; in the southern districts the fruits of the hot zones, cotton, tea, coffee, and the Mexican agave of the species *oyamec*, which produces the *mezcal* liquor. The best sugar plantations are in the south, and they produce molasses, aguardientes, and sugar of various grades. In this zone are the immense grazing lands of cattle, goats, sheep, and horses; the salt mines of Chiautla, Chinantla, and Piaxtla, and the purgative-salt of Chietla. In Atlixco are produced pease, rice, corn, beans, chile pepper, barley, benne-seed, and some wheat. The districts of the north yield the same products, excepting the wheat, the salt mines and the grazing on a large scale; in exchange, Zacatlan produces apple-brandy superior to the Spanish Catalan, and delicious wines from the orange, quince, and blackberry. In the central districts grows the best wheat raised in eastern Mexico, all the fruit and grain of cold climates, the *mulato chile*, whence comes a soda refined here, and another which is treated in France; also wool and bristles.

"The flora of this State is abundant and varied, as known to the scientific commission exploring the territory, and its products would supply the perfumeries and drug-shops of the world.

"The races and classes inhabiting Puebla are as follows: The Hispano-American, which is the principal one; the Aztec, the Chichimeca, the Tatonavue, the Cuatocomaque, the Tepounga, and the Mizteca, whose tongues and dialects to-day, as well as a great part of their customs, are of the primitive people. The capitals of the most populous and cultivated districts outside the State capital are: Tehuacan, preëminent in agriculture and commerce; Teziutlan, under the same conditions, where live some capitalists, almost millionaires. The city of Chalchicomula is agricultural and industrial, in the line of mills. Atlixco and Matamoros are beautiful, rich, and productive of utensils.

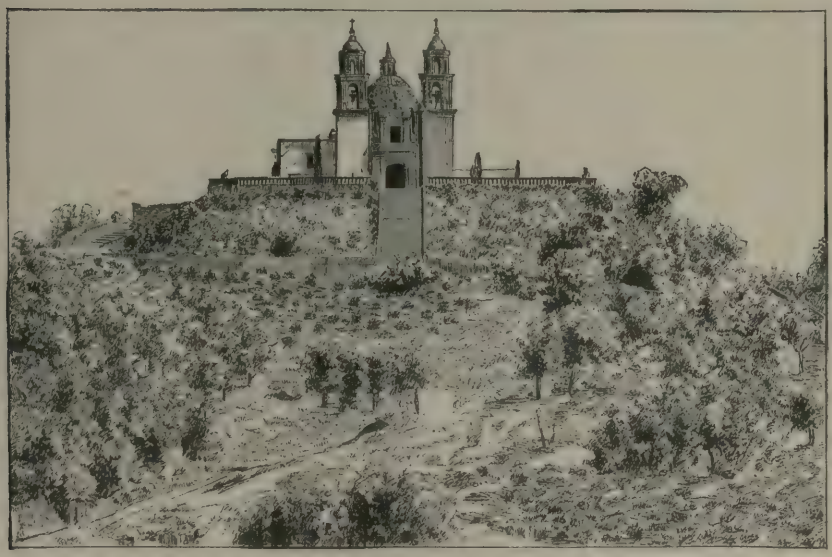
Zacatlan, agricultural and industrial in the branch of liquors, and Tecamachalco, given to agriculture and milling. The garden spots of the north are: Zacatlan, with its natural beauty, its fair, lovely race, and distinguished families; Teziutlan, with the panoramas its territories offer; its people white and elegant, and the culture of its sons; Zacapoaxtla, with its florid vegetation, its agreeable, fine, mixed race, and the inclination of its sons toward literature, distinguished above all the people of the State; the inhabitants of Tetela de Ocanepo, whose people are clever and unpretentious—every one here can read and write, understands domestic history, general geography, geometry, numbers, the use of arms, and constitutional rights. In the towns forming the district of Tetela there is no Roman Catholic guild, nor is there need of a police judge, because here occur no robberies, no homicides, no quarrels, no impositions, no adulteries, nothing of crime or disorder. The Tetelanos are the Lacedemonians of the State of Puebla. The gardens of the south are: Picturesque Atlixco, watered by a hundred streams of crystal flood, with its orchards of varied fruits, its thickets of mixed flowers of loveliest hue, and withal a cultured society; Izricar of Matamoros, traversed by an overflowing stream like Atlixco, with its proud buildings, its lovely brown women, its ardent temperament, its fertile meadows, and its valuable sugar plantations, which bring enormous rental to their owners; Acatlan, land of fire, with its forward meadows, its fruitful ground-plots, its sugar-mills; its cane-fields, and its active commerce with the Pacific coast."

Tram-cars, built in New York, run in all directions from the city, some extending from ten to fifty miles, to villages, sugar haciendas, and factories. To Cholula it is but seven miles over the lovely green valley of Puebla, and in making the trip, we constantly enjoyed fresh and charming views. These included an ancient aqueduct and an old Spanish bridge across the river Atoyac, which affords water-power for factories and foundries.

We see the great pyramid of Cholula for miles before reaching it —a grand and imposing monument to the aboriginal builders! That these ready-handed Indian workers should have erected a mountain,

without beasts of burden or implements of any kind, and by passing the brick from hand to hand, surpasses the calculations of all scientists.

It is built of *adobe* bricks of irregular size, from sixteen to twenty-three inches in length. The erection of this stupendous structure could never have been imposed upon freemen, and must have been the work of slaves or prisoners of war. According to Prescott, the base covers about forty-four acres—other authorities say sixty—



PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.

while Baron Humboldt suggests a comparison with "a square four times greater than the Place Vendôme in Paris, covered with layers of brick, rising to twice the elevation of the Louvre." The platform on the summit is more than an acre in extent.

The sides of the mound face the cardinal points; but the regularity of its outlines has been broken and defaced by time, and the whole surface is covered with the dirt and vegetable growth of ages. From this circumstance many have supposed that the elevation was not artificial, at least as regards its interior; but so far as explorations

have been made, there is no reason to doubt that it is entirely a work of art.

In addition to trees and shrubs covered with vines and mosses, lovely wild flowers of delightful fragrance abound everywhere. We gathered our hands full, and pressed them on the spot as souvenirs of the Pyramid of Cholula. Relic venders in rags followed us around with a unique collection of cross-bones, pottery, *idolos*, and the customary bric-à-brac. We were ready purchasers, being willing to believe almost anything on this historic and pre-historic ground.

Much speculation has arisen as to the object in rearing so stupendous a work, whether constructed for religious use, or as a place of sepulture for kings and notables. A recent theory is, that it was erected for defense, as a place of refuge for an agricultural population otherwise unprotected.

According to Humboldt, "In its present state (and we are ignorant of its original height), its perpendicular proportion is to its base as 8 to 1, while in the three great pyramids of Gizeh, the proportion is found to be $1\frac{6}{10}$ to $1\frac{7}{10}$ to 1; or nearly as 8 to 5."

A table made by Baron Humboldt, relating to the proportions of various pyramids, is as follows:

PYRAMIDS BUILT OF STONE.

	CHEOPS. Feet.	CEPHREN. Feet.	MYCERINUS. Feet.
Height	448	398	162
Base	728	655	580

PYRAMIDS OF BRICK.

One of five stories in Egypt near Sakharah, height, 150 feet; base, 210 feet.

Of Four Stories in Mexico.

	TEOTIHUACAN. Feet.	CHOLULA. Feet.
Height	171	172
Base	645	1355

Humboldt continues: "The inhabitants of Anahuac apparently designed giving the Pyramid of Cholula the same height, and double

the base of the pyramid of Teotihuacan. The Pyramid of Asychis, the largest known of the Egyptians, has a base of 800 feet, and is, like that of Cholula, built of brick. The Cathedral of Strasbourg is eight feet, and the cross of St. Peter's at Rome forty-one feet, lower than the top of the Pyramid of Cheops.

"Pyramids exist throughout Mexico—in the forests of Papantla, at a short distance above the level of the sea; on the plains of Cholula

EL CASTILLO, OR "HILL OF FLOWERS."

and of Teotihuacan, at an elevation which exceeds those of the passes of the Alps.

"In the most widely different nations and in climates the most different, man seems to have adopted the same style of construction, the same ornaments, the same customs, and to have placed himself under the government of the same political institutions."

A contemplation of this pyramid naturally led us to think of those other wondrous structures, Papantla, Misantla, and Mapilca, erected by the Totonacs, and situated between Jalapa and the Gulf coast; and also Xochicalco, Uxmal, Palenque, and others in other parts of the republic.

But little is known about the famous and ancient ruins bearing the poetical name of Xochicalco, or "Hill of Flowers." This ignorance is probably due to its isolated and rather inaccessible position. The *cerro* (hill) is three hundred feet in height, and its summit reached by five winding stone stairways.

Crowning the eminence is the Castillo, a building measuring sixty-four by fifty-eight feet. This structure is composed of great blocks of porphyry, held together without the aid of mortar, and covered over with strange and grotesque sculpturings of men, beasts and fishes.

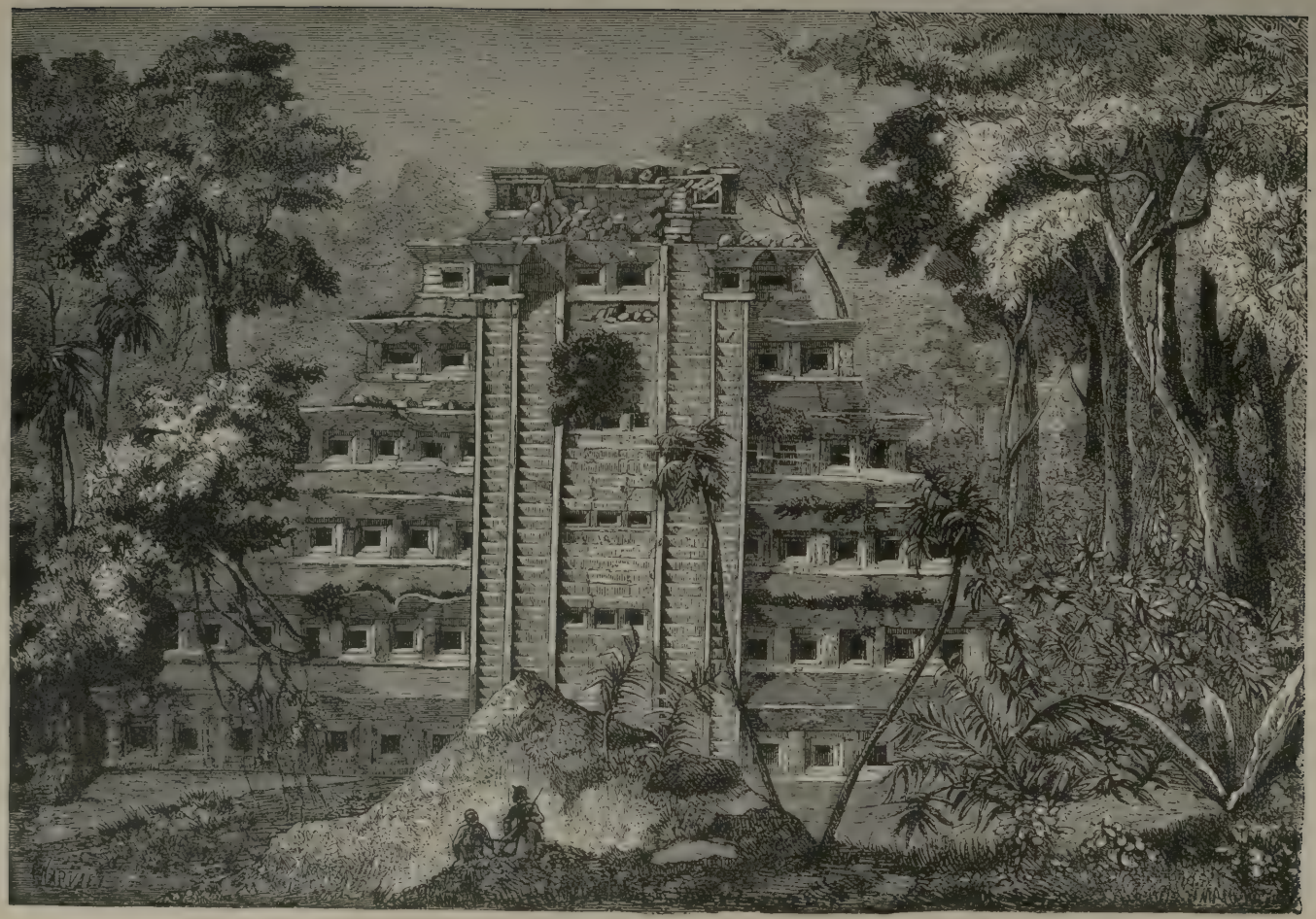
The origin of this unique and wonderful structure is shrouded in mystery. Who were the builders, and for what purpose it was built, none can tell. As a writer remarks, "It has outlasted both history and memory."

When we consider that the immense blocks of stone were probably all brought from great distances and borne up the hill by what means the imagination cannot conceive of, we are struck with amazement at the magnitude of the undertaking and the patience of the builders. Entirely without mechanical appliances, how they accomplished the feat of transporting and placing those huge stones, fills us with a wonder only equaled by a contemplation of its sister enterprise, the pyramids of Egypt.

The pyramid of Papantla is built in six stories, and a great stairway of fifty-seven steps leads to the top, which is flat. Strange shapes of serpents and alligators are carved in relief over the sides.

As these "peculiar people" so frequently planned their structures with some mysterious regard to "the times and seasons" and to the heavenly bodies, it is thought by some that the three hundred and sixty-six niches in the walls of this temple bore some connection with the ancient Toltec calendar.

But to return to Cholula. The deity worshiped by the ancient Cholulans was more peaceful and less bloodthirsty than *Huitzilopotchli*, the terrible and warlike god of the Aztecs. He was known as "god of the air," *Quetzalcoatl*, and in his hands was intrusted everything relating to agriculture and the arts. So happy was his reign that it



PYRAMID OF PAPANTLA.

became known as the Golden Age. "Under him the earth teemed with fruits and flowers without the labor of culture. An ear of Indian corn was as much as a man could carry. The cotton, as it grew, took of its own accord the rich dyes of human art. The air was filled with intoxicating perfumes and the sweet melody of birds."

The great pyramid or temple of Cholula was said to have been erected in his honor; and if a grander monument exists, made of earthly material by human hands, history has not recorded it.

From the apex of this colossal structure we gazed on the open plain of Cholula, and toward Tlaxcala, the "Land of Bread," whose hardy inhabitants, having first been defeated, became the fast and faithful friends and allies of Cortez. In the end this proved to be the key to Mexico. After the conquest, as an acknowledgment of their uniform good faith, the Tlaxcalans were exempted from servitude.

The little band of Spaniards, numbering only four hundred and fifty, accompanied by six thousand allies, marched to Cholula, which then had a population of two hundred thousand. They were hospitably received and supplied with provisions. But soon Doña Marina, the faithful interpreter of Cortez, discovered a plot for their destruction. Cortez assembled the caciques, acquainted them with his knowledge of their treachery, and demanded an escort on his way to Mexico. The next day thousands were assembled in his quarters, when, at a signal, the Spaniards attacked them and at least three thousand were slain. The natives trembled at the prowess and vengeance of the "white gods."

Cholula is now a mere village. Its four hundred pagan towers have long been demolished, but from the eminence where we stood I counted twenty spires and crosses on the Christian temples of the adjacent Indian hamlets.

The imagination may find full scope in contemplating this grand scene. Looking northward stands the mountain Malinche—the name given to Cortez by the Indians—brown and sere in the distance, on whose rugged and massive sides not a plant grows nor a flower blooms to break the monotony of its awful self. Popocatapetl, Iztaccihuatl,

and Orizaba stand guard over the enchanted valley, their snow-white tops vying in crystal whiteness with the fleecy clouds that encircle them, while the calm, fleckless vault around and above tempers the grandeur of the view, and soothes the spirit into sweet poetic serenity. We turn from it in silence, with feelings of reluctance and regret.

Returning at sunset, we had a new source of diversion in a lively conversation with two señoritas and their mother. They gave us their names and the number of their street, informing us that there we would "find our house."

Despite its many advantages, I was surprised to find so few English-speaking people at Puebla. But, strictly conservative as it is, we traveled about, sketching and making notes as freely as inclination led, meeting only kindness and courtesy from all classes.

In this connection a pleasing little incident occurred further indicative of the natural kind-heartedness of the people. We had gone there quite alone and unattended, not taking, as we generally did, letters of introduction, preferring to travel *incog.* Walking on the street, I became suddenly ill, and sought relief in a neighboring drug-store. The proprietor insisted on my remaining for some time, giving me several doses of medicine, which were efficacious. On leaving, he handed me a prescription and a bottle of the medicine, and positively refused all compensation. "No," he said, "you ladies are strangers here, and alone; you shall not pay me anything."

We left with regret, which was only counterbalanced by pleasurable anticipations in fulfilling a promise to visit Madame de Iturbide at her country-seat near San Miguel Sesma.

At Apizaco we were met by Don Augustin, her son, who had come from the capital to escort us to the hacienda, distant five miles from the station of Esperanza. The carriage was in waiting, and soon the spirited team was hurrying us along over the plains. Never before had I seen the Mexican aloe or maguey in such magnificence. Its "clustering pyramids of flowers, towering above their dark coronals of leaves," lined the drive on either side, to the very door. Here we met a royal welcome from our distinguished countrywoman. Sur-

rounded by her numerous retainers, we could easily imagine ourselves in a feudal castle of the middle ages. The illusion was deepened on seeing her two little Indian attendants, whom she had taken from the common herd and dressed as *hacendados*, in buckskin suits and silver buttons. I was not surprised at their satisfaction in their finery when Madame Iturbide assured me that, save the possibility of a single garment, these were their first clothes. These little brown-skinned monkeys were constantly bobbing in and out—with "*si, niña*" between each breath—bowing, and waiting on us with as much zeal as if on them devolved the sole dispensing of the honors and hospitalities of the mansion.

In the late evening we promenaded on the *azotea* while our hostess regaled us with delightful reminiscences of her life in Mexico. We inspected with the prince the whole interior working of the hacienda—visited the cows, the horses, and the finest specimens of swine I ever saw, so immense that they almost rivaled the cows.

Madame Iturbide told us that, in accordance with a long-established custom, the peons would sing at half-past four o'clock in the morning. Promptly at the hour, the *recamarara* awoke us to hear the song.

The place of assembling was near the family residence. The first that came, turning his face to the east, began singing, and continued until all had arrived, when they chanted in chorus,

THE ALABADO; OR, SONG OF PRAISE TO THE MORNING.

"Praised and uplifted (or upheld)
And also glorified
Be the divine sacrament!
Give us to-day sustenance!
Give us Thy divine grace!
And succor us, O Lord!
In the work of the day.
And thou, Mother of the Word,
Immaculate and pure conception,
I beseech thee from my heart
Not to forsake me, Mother mine."

The music made a deep impression on my sensibilities. At times it seemed like the gentlest breathings from a reed instrument; then it would mellow down to mere sighing sounds, like whisperings from an Æolian harp. It was mournful, pathetic, imploring, and was the language of the soul in quaint, almost unearthly sounds. These weird strains were wafted to my ear on the calm morning air, and the invocation inspired me with the same sad and dependent thoughts and feelings so deeply rooted in the hearts of the dusky chanters of the dirge-like melody.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, in *Ramona*, makes mention of the observance of this beautiful custom by the Mexicans in the early days of California.

We were shown that remarkable grass known as *raiz zacaton*, from which whisk-brooms and stout brushes for heavier uses are manufactured. The top is a luxuriant green, several inches in height, but no use is made of it, only the root being profitable. The peons employed to gather this fibrous substance call to their aid powerful mechanical appliances to remove it from the soil, so deep does it extend below the surface, and so tough are its myriad tendrils. It is exported all over the world and constitutes one of the most important products of the haciendas in this section of the country.

This hacienda, like all others, has its *administrador*, and an important office is his. While in many respects his duties are similar to those of an overseer, yet he differs very materially from that functionary. In the present instance the young gentleman who fills this position is a college graduate, speaking several languages, a bachelor of arts, and a justice of the peace. His accomplishments do not in the least militate against his efficiency as *administrador*, for he manages the estate most admirably, enjoying the utmost confidence of the family. He preferred his assured salary of twelve hundred dollars a year to the uncertain returns of the practice of his profession.

During this visit I obtained a better insight into the life of the peons than I had before known. From their evident contentment, I concluded that their condition was not, after all, so lamentable as I

had imagined. If they have but little of worldly goods, they are rich in a politeness which redeems defects of face or person. In meeting a superior, their great clumsy straw sombreros are quickly removed by hard, horny hands, and the words gently uttered: "*Ave Maria Santissima!*" The superior never fails to perform his part of the salutation, and touching his hat brim answers, "*En gracia concebida*" ("conceived in grace"). If they pass twenty times a day, the same rule is observed. I was amused to see the little monkeys in the house practicing the formula.

A charming incident of the visit was a drive to the upper part of

AQUEDUCT.

the hacienda, which extends along one of the spurs of Black Mountain. Don Augustin rode close beside the carriage on his beautiful Andalusian mare, *Beso*—"Kiss." Our way for miles lay beside the primitive aqueduct of hewn logs which for two hundred years or more has supplied the hacienda with water from mountain springs. San Miguel Sesma is one of the oldest haciendas in that part of the republic, and extends over more than twenty square miles. The sides of the mountain are covered with pines, oaks, and a variety of other woods. At every turn we enjoyed views of sublime scenery, and at the top six geographical heights were plainly visible—Orizaba, Popocatapetl, Iztaccihuatl, Malinche, Black Mountain, and, in the dim distance, Perote.

We crossed a slight ravine, which, a rod or two below us, had, within a few years, deepened into a fissure of one hundred and ninety feet. To me it was almost as frightful as the Nochistongo. On descending the steep side of the mountain, the prince performed a daring feat, which exhibited his remarkable physical strength. The *cochero* seemed unable to restrain the mules and carriage from rushing headlong over the precipice. Instantly, and with the unerring precision of a professional ranchero, Don Augustin hurled his lasso, and deftly catching it around the step—Beso frothing and leaping—held back the wagonette all the way down.

Our delightful visit ended, we pursued our journey, the prince kindly escorting us to Orizaba. A few miles from Esperanza we leave the scorching winds, blinding dust, and perpetual upheaval of powerful column-like whirlwinds through which the cars run for some distance, and come to inviting shade and refreshing breezes, as we wind and twist about the mountains in leaving the table-lands. The descent is grandly wild and beyond the power of pen to picture, and travelers who have reveled in the beauties of Old World scenery give precedence to this. A writer on the subject said it is "as from earth to heaven—a little bit of Paradise." We remained on the platform to obtain an unobstructed view until our senses were dazed and giddy, as the brave little double-headed Fairlie engine pulled us safely, apparently on mere threads, along a lofty peak, darting through tunnels, crawling around curves, over slender bridges, at times hundreds of feet above some frightful abyss.

The pretty village of Maltrata looks white and peaceful in its snug retreat at the foot of the table-lands. We are told it is twenty miles away, but directly through it is only two and a half.

We purchased roses, tulipans, and other flowers of tropical growth for a mere song, from Indian venders, as well as orchids of dazzling loveliness, with their glowing yellow, pink, and red centers.

Notwithstanding the apparently dangerous route of this railway, I was reliably informed that no accident had ever occurred by which lives had been lost. It was under construction for thirty years, cost

thirty millions to build, and has survived no fewer than forty different managements, besides time and again losing its charter by revolution; but its completion at last attained was a great boon to the republic. On its way to the capital it ascends seven thousand six hundred feet, and its length is only two hundred and sixty miles: and "this is the short and long of it."

As is the case with all railways in Mexico, whether of tram or steam, there are first, second, and third class rates. From Mexico to Vera Cruz, the first-class ticket costs $16.50—the second class, $12.50; but there are no Pullmans attached, and the difference consists in having neatly padded coaches for first class, while plain chairs in common coaches accommodate the less fortunate.

From Maltrata the foliage and vegetation assume a more tropical appearance, but there are wanting the tangled masses of vines and luxuriant growths one naturally expects to see. The heat, however, grows more intense, and when finally we halt before the pretty station house at Orizaba, everything and everybody seems wilted and panting under the heat. Don Augustin saw us safely to the "Hotel de las Diligencias"—a name which has a peculiar and particular attraction for hotel proprietors all over the country. Don Augustin gave us the desired information that the hotels had retained the names of former times, when they were head-quarters of the stages.

Orizaba has perhaps twenty thousand inhabitants, and considerable manufacturing interests. The Alameda is a quiet, shady park with an abundance of glorious flowers peculiar to the section. Among them I saw nothing grander than the sweet-scented *Datura arborea*—generally known as the Floripondio—hanging like snowy bells, ready for the fairies to ring; and the Tulipan vibrating in the soft breeze, like flaming banners. I had seen both of these at the capital and other points, but they are insignificant compared with those grown in the tropics.

The Zocalo, the cathedral and the market—the latter always a place of interest to me—were duly inspected. But the heat was so intense,

Street in Jalapa.

Convent of S. Francisco. Jalapa

that the great quantities of fruits and vegetables lay scorched and wilted under the quaint palm umbrellas that were no more than tissue paper between them and the burning sun, and the venders had no desire to talk, and this languor had on us, likewise, a depressing influence.

With the usual number of *muchachitos* following with evident satisfaction all our movements, we strolled along the principal streets, across picturesque bridges, sketched and made notes by the Molino de Guadalupe, whence we caught a lovely view of a shrine of Moorish design, across

SCENES IN THE TROPICS.

a broken aqueduct, against a setting of blue in the distant mountains.

The coffee tree, with rich, dark green leaves and bright red berries—resembling cranberries—grows side by side with oranges, lemons, bananas, the cocoa-palm and gorgeous flowers, all in tropical luxuriance, overhanging low adobe fences.

The coffee berry is not allowed to ripen on the tree, but when in the red state, the branches, laden with fruit, are cut and left for several weeks to dry in the shade. After this, women and children bark it, when it is ready for shipment.

The city is walled in by mountains, and during the months of February, March, and April—as I was told by an old inhabitant—is visited almost nightly by wind storms. According to our own experience these rival the wildest hurricanes.

Our rooms were on the north or front of the hotel, consequently adapted to give the wind full sweep. Sure enough, at midnight, the tropical storm came up without a note of warning—moon and stars shining brightly in a cloudless sky—but if the Furies had been let loose our terrors could not have been intensified. Panes of glass were shivered to atoms over our heads, doors were lifted from their hinges and thrown with violence to the floor; everything movable was tossed in wild confusion, and "*las dos señoritas Americanas solitas*" expected to find themselves in the morning gray-headed from fright.

In the midst of the awful din and hubbub of the storm the mocking-birds on the corridor added their shrill quota to the general confusion of sounds, and I was humorously reminded of the experience of Mr. William Henry Bishop at Cordoba, when he spoke of their "dulcet ingenuity," and declared that a "planing-mill or a foundry full of trip-hammers would be a blessing in comparison."

Orizaba had now lost interest to us, and at the right hour we went to the station, expecting to continue the journey to Vera Cruz and Jalapa, but hearing a rumor of yellow fever, we decided to return to the capital.

Meeting Father Gribbin on his way from the coast, and fearing to

encounter another storm at the hotel, we accepted his kind invitation to the house of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Quinn, who reside at Mr. Braniff's factory, four miles from the city.

The hospitality of our whole-souled entertainers was greatly enjoyed after our stormy experience of the night before.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE.

"THIS tradition," says the historian Altamirano, "as written by Don Luis Becerra Zanco about 1666, because of the simplicity of its language, and also because of its reflecting more the characteristic sweetness and softness of the Nahautal language, in which the tradition was undoubtedly originally preserved, is the most authentic."

The subject of Guadalupe has been one of such intense interest, that about sixty-one Mexican and Spanish writers have written elaborately on it. So prominent is she, that thousands of children are annually christened by her name.

The tradition, as generally believed, is as follows: "At an early hour on the morning of December 9, 1531, Juan Diego, a humble Indian, who had been recently converted to the Catholic faith, was quietly pursuing his way from a town adjacent to the City of Mexico, to mass. Pausing for a moment at the foot of a mountain known as the *Cerro del Tepazac*, which is about three miles from the city, he was held spell bound by sweet and sonorous singing, which seemed to

proceed from a great number of birds that sang in perfect accord and harmony.

"It seemed to him that the entire rocky hill above him was vibrating and echoing the sweet notes of the myriad, tiny-throated warblers, and raising his eyes to that point, he beheld a beautiful rainbow, formed from the brilliant rays reflected from the center of the cloud. The Indian was held in silent wonder and admiration, but without fear he stood, contemplating in his heart the strange revelation.

"Ere he had recovered from his surprise, the singing ceased, and at once there issued from the clouds a voice, soft and gentle as a woman's, calling him by name, 'Juan,' and begging him to draw near.

"He hastened to climb the hill, and there he beheld in the midst of the light a most beautiful lady, whose clothing, he said, shone so brightly that the rays from it lighted up the rough cliffs of the rocks which rise from the summit of the hill until they seemed to him like precious stones, cut and made transparent; and the leaves of the prickly pear, which are small and stubby at this point, on account of the barrenness of the place, seemed to him like clusters of fine emeralds, and their branches, trunks, and thorns like shining gold; and even the ground of a small plane on the summit appeared to him to be of jasper, dotted with different colors.

"The lady, with gentle, smiling face, spoke to him in the Mexican language, and told him that she was the Virgin Mary, the true Mother of God, and that she wished to have a temple in that place, where all those who loved her and sought her might come for comfort in their afflictions.

"She commanded him to go to the palace in the City of Mexico and tell the Bishop of her desire.

"The Indian threw himself upon his knees and promised to obey her commands. According to promise, he went directly to the house of the Bishop, to which he gained admittance only after great trouble and delay. Being at last in the presence of his lordship, he fell upon his knees and delivered his message.

"The Bishop was much astonished at the communication, and

judging it to be a dream or an imagination of the Indian, he sent him away, telling him to return in a few days, after he had had more time to consider it.

"Juan Diego, sad and disheartened, returned on the same day as the sun was setting. When he reached the hill, he found the Virgin again awaiting him.

"She repeated her commands, and the Indian promised to return on the following day.

"He kept his promise, and the Bishop told him to go back to the Virgin and ask for some sign, and sent with him a servant.

"When they reached the hill, the Virgin was there awaiting him. She still repeated her commands, and he then went home, finding one of his uncles dangerously ill. They sent him to the city for a priest to deliver extreme unction. He thought to avoid the Virgin by passing at the foot of the hill, and what was his surprise to find her descending the hill to meet him.

"At this, the fourth apparition, she gave him the desired sign, telling him to go to the rugged rocks, where nothing had ever been known to grow, and there he would find fresh, sweet, Spanish roses, covered with dew.

"The Indian did as he was bid, and found the roses as she had promised. He filled his blanket with them and took them to the Bishop.

"There in the presence of his worship and numerous attendants, he threw the roses on the floor, and as the blanket unfolded, they beheld with astonishment the image of the Virgin imprinted upon it.

"They then became convinced that the apparitions were genuine, and set about to erect the church on the *Cerro del Tepazac*, where the vision had appeared."

The *tilma*, or blanket, which received the marvelous imprint of the Virgin, is still preserved sacredly in the Cathedral of Guadalupe, and visitors, by paying a small fee to the sacristan, may see it.

CHAPTER XV.

AMONG THE CHILDREN.

THE following is one of the numerous stories related by Mexican mothers to their children, and one which Señora Calderon often told her little son, Pepito, in my presence:

THE STORY OF GAITAGILENO.

Once there lived a king, who had a very beautiful wife. The king went off to a dreadful and tedious war, and on his return, the queen's bosom friend told him many false and malicious stories of the queen's unbecoming conduct during his absence.

Without waiting to have an explanation with his wife, or endeavoring to ascertain the truthfulness of the woman's assertions, he determined to rid himself of her as quickly as possible.

The queen never suspected the cause of her husband's displeasure, nor that her bosom friend had been the cause of her sudden misfortune.

One day, without warning, the king caused her to be placed in a close carriage, and accompanied by her mother, he proceeded with them, over a rough and uninhabited country, to a famous but isolated castle. On arriving there, the great doors sprang open as if by magic, the carriage drove in, and then the doors clanged together again, with such force and fury as to startle the queen, who had no idea that she was to be thus imprisoned; for when those great portals closed in that manner, no human voice or power, save that of the king, could cause them to open.

Before going to the castle, the king had taken the precaution to have the great cellars filled with every kind of edible,—corn, rice, *frijoles*, wine, cheese, ham,—and also huge chicken-coops, filled with fine fat chickens.

Here, after seeing that the two women could not suffer for want of food, he left them and returned to his own palace.

In the course of time, a son was born to the queen, whom she named Gaitagileno; and day by day he grew more sprightly and beautiful; and it was soon made clear to the mother and grandmother that he was a boy of remarkable intellectual strength. But ere long, like the birds, he wanted his liberty, and could not believe that the world was no larger than the limits of the castle.

When he attained the age of seven years, he took two ropes and, with the cunning ingenuity of a boy, lassoed the water-spouts in the court, to the house. There were other spouts that opened out upon the street.

Gaitagileno climbed up on the first lasso, and from there he went over the top of the house, and then lassoed the front water-spout, from which he made his descent to the ground, and escaped from the castle.

After this, he ran with all his might along the highways and country roads, asking every one he met if he could point out to him the way to the king's palace.

As might be expected, the shock was so great to his mother that she came near dying of grief for her lost boy, and so continuous was her weeping that she became blind.

Gaitagileno had heard that the king was his father, so he was willing to risk and suffer a great deal that he might be the means of finally releasing his mother from her long imprisonment.

After a perilous journey, footsore and weary, he at last reached the king's palace. He knocked violently on the door, and when it was opened to him, the servants refused to admit one so poorly dressed, for he was attired completely in coarse brown clothing. The doors closed on the poor boy, but he was undaunted, and again began knocking. On opening the door again, they told him the king

was not at home, but that he must tell them what he wanted, and as soon as the king returned they would make known his wishes.

He told them he had heard that the king wanted to employ a secretary, and he had come asking the position.

The king was not at home, but the queen's old friend, who had supplanted her in the king's affections, was there, and as she belonged to a family of witches, she knew it was the king's son.

At that moment the king returned, and on learning the boy's errand, and having tested his ability as a scribe, he was so pleased with the lad that he gave him the position.

The woman was much displeased at this, and at once set about trying to get rid of the boy, although the king still did not know the boy was his son. She pretended to be so pleased with Gaitagileno that it was the greatest desire of her heart that her sisters should know him, and at once asked for and obtained the king's permission that he should go on a visit to them. She then wrote a letter, which she gave to Gaitagileno, telling her sisters, who were witches, who he was, and that they must be sure to bewitch him and make him suffer a great deal.

He read this letter in the carriage, and as he had taken pen, ink, and paper along with him, he wrote another letter in exactly the same handwriting as the first, but telling them exactly to the contrary, and that they must show him all through their palace. They received him with kindness, and the youngest one at once offered to go with him, leading the way into the garden, where he found gorgeous flowers, grand old walks, and an exquisite fountain in which were fishes of brilliant shades swimming about unconcerned, while birds in their cages sang their sweetest songs.

The stones about the fountain were black and enchanted, and the birds and fishes were princes.

They went into a large hall where were the pictures of all the family, and before each there was a lighted candle. She said to Gaitagileno: "If you cut the faces out of these pictures you will at the same time cut the real faces of living people; and if you put out the light of any one of these candles in front of the pictures, the person will

then die." She had shown him in the garden plants of immortality, and a tree the leaves of which would, if applied to the temples, restore the sight.

When night came on, Gaitagileno waited for all in the house to be asleep, when he quietly stole into the garden. He had a magic whistle, with which, if he blew one way, everything would wake up; and if another way, all would go to sleep.

Having assured himself that all were asleep, he went into the hall where the pictures were, and, taking a knife, the first thing he did was to go before the face of the woman who had supplanted his mother, and said: "Infamous woman! you have been the cause of all my mother's sufferings." He then cut the picture, and at the same moment, in the palace, the king saw a knife pass before the woman's face, and she screamed aloud, 'An invisible hand has wounded me!" and at once expired.

He then went before each of the other pictures and put out the lights, and all the people died whom they represented.

He then went to the garden, gathered some leaves from the tree of immortality, and some from the plant to restore sight, blew his whistle, and at once all the fishes and birds and stones became disenchanted; and great was their joy to be in their natural condition once more.

They took Gaitagileno on their shoulders, strewing flowers as they went, and, accompanied by strains of sweetest music, proceeded to the king's palace singing, "Long live Gaitagileno!"

On entering the city, he found the whole population in deep mourning. Everywhere mourning emblems were displayed, which he ordered torn down, and red flags put up in their places.

The king was angry, and desired to know why he had presumed to do this. "Because," said Gaitagileno, "I am your son, and the old woman was an infamous wretch, and has made my mother's life a torment.

"Come with me at once and restore her to her rightful place as queen, and release her from that awful prison."

They started at once in the king's carriage, and when they reached the *zaguan*, the boy exclaimed in a loud voice: "Mother! Mother! It is I, your long-lost son, who, with the king, your husband, have come to restore you to your rights."

THE GOOD "NANA."

He embraced her, and then applied the leaves to her temples, and she opened her eyes once more to see her husband and son before her.

The king fell upon his knees and begged to be forgiven, and they all returned to the palace, where they were received with great joy. Gaitagileno was loved and respected by all who knew him, and, leading a noble and worthy life, was known as the savior of many nations.

One of the many sweet lullabies I have heard the mothers sing to their children is as follows:

"Se fueron las Yankis al Guaridame,
Y el Yankie mas grande
Se parece à Pepito.
Chorus: A la pasadita tra-la-ra-la-ra.

"Se fueron las Yankis à la Ladrillera,
Y el Yankie mas grande
Se parece à Elena.
Chorus: Y a la pasadita tra-la-ra-la-ra."

"The Yankees went to Guaridame,
And the biggest Yankee there
Looked like Pepito.
Chorus: To the *pasadita*, tra-la-ra-la-ra.

"The Yankees went to the Ladrillera
And the biggest Yankee there
Looked like Elena.
Chorus: To the *pasadita*, tra-la-ra-la-ra."

The air of this ditty is extremely musical, and though the words do not suggest anything particularly soothing, yet, crooned by the low, sweet voice of the mother, it never fails to produce a quieting and soporific effect upon the most recalcitrant infant.

This is as popular with the Mexican tots as "Rock-a-bye baby" or kindred melodies are with ours.

Their nursery tales, too, as well as their ditties, bear an analogy to our own.

The *Nana* is preparing the children for bed; the little ones chatter

LISTENING TO THE STORIES.

and yawn alternately, and the nurse is hoping that their drowsiness will spare her this time her nightly task of story-telling. Not so, however. Tucked at last in bed. with the exception of the youngest, whom she holds on her lap, one calls out: "*Cuentome! cuentome!*" ("Tell me a story, tell me a story!") The others quickly chime in—"*Cuentanos!*" ("Tell us a story.")

"*Bueno, pero estan quietos.*" ("Very well, then, but you must be quiet"), she answers. Then taking in hers the baby's fingers she begins:

"*Niña chiquita y bonita*" ("A pretty, sweet little girl"), holding up the little finger.

"*El señor de los anillos*" ("The gentleman gives the ring"), holding up third finger.

"*El tonto y loco*" ("Idiotic and crazy"), holding middle finger.

"*El lama cazuelas*" ("Licks the cook-pot"), elevating forefinger.

"*Mata las animalas*" ("Kills the little animals"). This last is accompanied by the very expressive gesture of tapping the thumb-nails together.

If this charming recital fails to act as a narcotic to her little hearers, she goes on with:

"*Este era un rey que tenia tres hijas,*
Y las metio en unas botijas y
Catrape el cuento ha acabado.

"*Este era un rey que tenia tres hijas,*
Los vestio de colorado
Catrape el cuento ha acabado."

("This was a king who had three daughters,
And he put them in earthen jugs—
Now my story is ended.

"This was a king who had three daughters,
And he dressed them all in red—
Now my story is ended.")

And so on to yet more blood-curdling and fascinating romances till slumber seals her listeners' eyes, and her task ceases.

CONUNDRUMS.

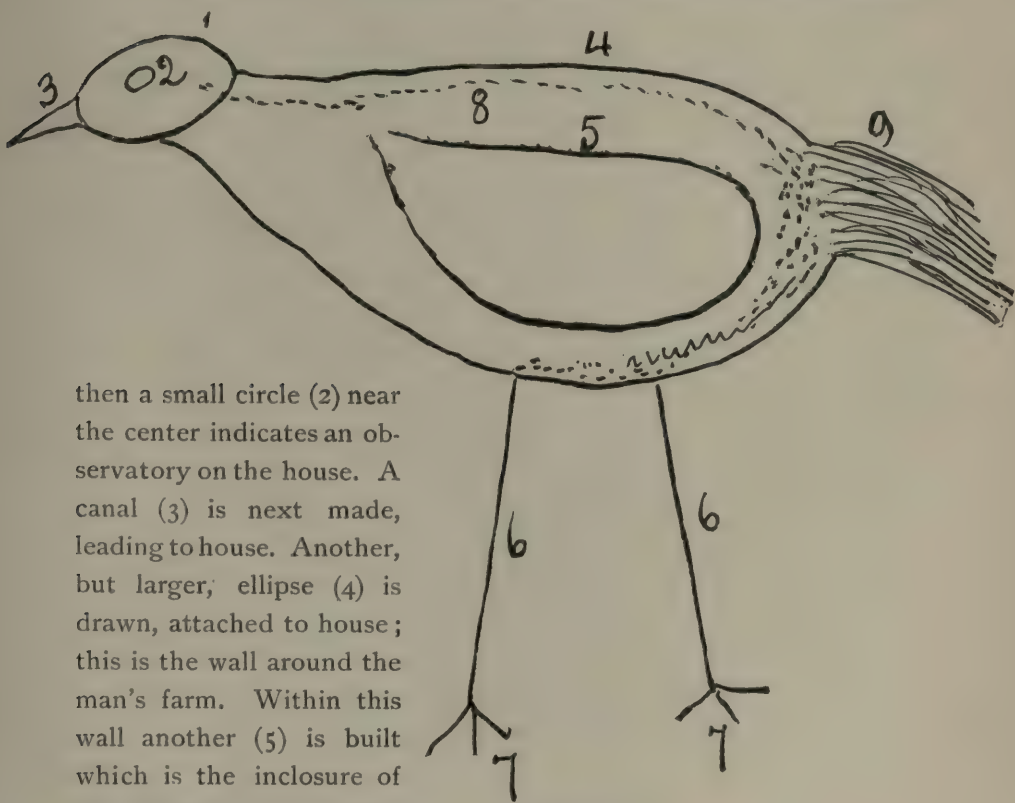
"*Por dentro colorado y por fuera como salvado?*" Answer: *El mamey* (one of the favorite fruits of the country). Trans.: "*Red* inside and like bran outside? The *mamey*." Another: "*Agua pasa por mi casa. Cate de mi corazon. El que me lo adivinare de le parte el corazon.*" Answer: "The *Aguacate*" ("the vegetable butter)." Trans.: "Water passes through my house. Try my heart. Whoever guesses it, his heart will break."

They are not unlike those peculiar "riddles" with which the children of the Southern States were once so familiar, coming from the lips of our black "mammies." One, especially, I remember, suggested by my first quotation: "Throw it up green, it comes down red." Ans.: "Watermelon."

The accompanying illustration is descriptive of a game in which Mexican children take great delight.

This droll little sketch was roughly made by a young lad, a friend of mine, in describing the game to me. All Mexican children are natural artists, and some of these play-pictures are remarkably well drawn.

They first draw an oval (1) and say, "This is a man's house;"



"EL PATO."

then a small circle (2) near the center indicates an observatory on the house. A canal (3) is next made, leading to house. Another, but larger, ellipse (4) is drawn, attached to house; this is the wall around the man's farm. Within this wall another (5) is built which is the inclosure of his orchard. In the night

thieves endeavor to force an entrance into the orchard by means of ropes (6) thrown over the wall. These ropes are fastened to the ground by iron spikes (7). The man from his observatory sees the approach of the robbers, and hastens with his servants (8) to the rescue. Guns are fired, and a brisk fusillade (9) takes place.—A pause at this part of the story reveals the astounding fact that the picture of a *pato* (duck) has been evolved during the recital of this thrilling narrative.

That "boys will be boys" all the world over, and the teasing instinct universal among them, is demonstrated in the following dialogue. Says one mischief-loving lad to another :

"*Quieres que te cuente el cuento del gallo pelón?*" ("Do you wish me to tell you the story of the bald-headed rooster?")

"*Si*" ("yes"), answers his companion, eagerly.

"*No te digo que si, que si quieres que te cuente el cuento del gallo pelón?*" ("I did not tell you yes; I said, do you wish me to tell you the story of the bald-headed rooster?") says the first boy.

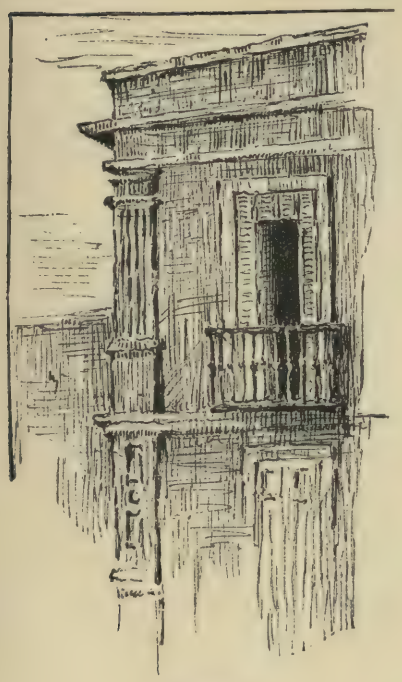
"*Si*," again answers the other, growing impatient.

Again the aggravating lad repeats his question, and again his companion signifies his anxiety to hear the interesting tale. And so it goes on till either the story-teller tires of the amusement or the wrath of his disappointed listener brings the unchanging query to an end.

This story reminds one of the abortive attempts to spell Con-stan-ti-no-ple.

CHAPTER XVI.

SCENES FROM MY WINDOW.



MY WINDOW.

THE striking characteristics which abound in all parts of Mexico are more plainly exhibited in the capital itself than elsewhere.

The preponderance of the full-blooded Indian is noticeable in the lower classes; high cheek-bones, coarse, straight hair, the same sidewise trot, tipping from right to left, and all pigeon-toed.

The poorer classes all wear the *serape*, which, owing to its brilliant coloring, adds greatly to the effectiveness of a street scene. Many a housewife, artistically inclined, looks enviously at these beautiful wraps, and longs to drape them as curtain or portière.

Day by day, seated at my window, I watched the various groups that by some strange and happy chance seemed to fall together for my pleasure and entertainment.

The number and variety of articles which are transported by both men and women are certainly noticeable to the most indifferent observer. Young backs are early trained and disciplined, and the boys and girls bear burdens that might stagger a *burro*.

Clothes are taken home from the laundry in a droll manner. Men carry on their heads baskets containing the smaller articles, while suspended around the sides are stiffly starched, ruffled and fluted skirts, dresses and other articles of feminine apparel. In the rainy season the *cargador* has his trousers rolled up, so that there is nothing visible of the man but a pair of long, thin, brown legs.

CARRYING THE CLOTHES HOME.

I saw another man toiling along with an American two-horse load of corn husks on his back, held in place by ropes, the whole reaching from about a foot above his head down to his ankles, and almost closing him in, in front.

Venders of charcoal step nimbly along with from twenty to twenty-five bags of this commodity strapped about them, their bodies so begrimed as to render it hard to decide whether they belong to the Aztec or African race.

One obtains a glimpse of rural life in the frequent passing of herds of cattle, all without horns, and in the noisy gobbling of droves of turkeys as they are driven through the city. Halting only when their proprietor finds a purchaser, they strut through the streets of the metropolis as unconcernedly as though on their native hacienda.

Life seems to glide along very pleasantly with these people. As they pass along the street, they hail each other quite unceremoniously, the lack of previous acquaintance forming no bar to a familiar chat. Groups of more than a dozen of these venders, representing as many different commodities, will often congregate together, their forms almost concealed from view beneath their loads. Then, after a general hand-shaking, each goes his way, crying his wares.

POTATO VENDER.

One rainy afternoon I witnessed an amusing quarrel between five Indian women. Each carried a child in her *rebozo* and held another by the hand, making in all

"ten little Indians." They stopped immediately under my window. Their scanty drapery reached a little below the knee, and their shoulders were covered only with their *rebozos*. Evidently, there was a subject of disagreement between them, which was explained when three men of their own race came across the street and joined them. Then followed angry gestures, bitter intonations, and threatening attitudes, until the passers-by and occupants of the houses eagerly watched the quarrel. The children, quietly indifferent, and as if the affair had no possible interest for them, munched away on their *tortillas*. The dispute became so violent that I expected as a result to see at least half a dozen dead Indians, but was disappointed.

The man who figured most conspicuously in the scene offered his hand to one of the women. She turned scornfully away, but I noticed, in so doing, she touched the arm of another woman and chuckled in an undertone. He spoke to another. She gave him one thumb only, looking shyly in his face. The next one gave him her whole hand, when he knelt and humbly kissed it, as though it belonged to his patron saint. Then, slipping her hand in his arm, and with her two little Indians, they walked off, leaving the rest of the party to a further discussion of the affair.

A FAMILIAR TYPE.

Then came a party of three—a huge dog, a grown boy, and an innocent *muchacho* about one year old. The dog was so loaded down with alfalfa that he could scarcely move. The big boy walked beside him, guiding him with lines. Mounted upon his brother's shoulders, with his feet around his neck, was the little mischief, holding tightly

with both hands to a tuft of hair on each side of his big brother's head.

Diagonally across the street is the Theatre Principal. The play, "Around the World in Eighty Days," had for some time past occupied the boards. On the outside was an immense painting representing an elephant caparisoned with gold and led by an oriental, while mounted on the elephant, and seated after the fashion of a man, rode a woman dressed in gay colors, and over her a canopy with red draperies. Palms and other tropical trees appeared in the distance.

On the same canvas, and in contrast to this peaceful scene, appears another of quite a blood-curdling nature. A locomotive comes screaming and puffing along. Suddenly myriads of wild Indians, painted red, with feathers on their heads and deadly weapons in their hands, make a furious attack upon it. They ride on the cow-catcher. Dead Indians and horses are piled around, and the headlight throws a ghastly illumination over all!

BASKET-VENDERS.

I witnessed a general review of the infantry troops in the city, a sight which was strictly national in its character, and made a showy and amusing picture.

Mounted upon gayly caparisoned horses, the officers presented a handsome and soldierly appearance, in their uniforms of dark blue, elaborately ornamented with red and gold. The soldiers, neatly attired in blue, piped with red, and wearing pure white caps, were also quite imposing. But the sublime

suddenly culminated in the ridiculous, when in the midst of so much glitter, pomp and circumstance—waving of plume, helmet and sword —not less than fifty *burros*, meek and unconcerned, entered in the midst of these gallant defenders of their country, and, as if by right of pre-emption, plodded in serpentine lines the whole length of the procession. Some bore mountain loads of golden wheat straw, others charcoal, and pulque in sheepskins, with other articles too numerous to mention. The soldiers kept up their steady tramp, tramp, tramp; they moved not a muscle, spoke not a word, as the bands played their most exhilarating airs. Now a man, bearing a trunk or wardrobe; an Indian woman, selling fruits, with her children on her back; men with baskets, chairs, shoes, tanned leather, and others selling *dulces*, joined the procession. At length the acme of a typical Mexican scene was reached when the *burros* unceremoniously raised their nozzles and brayed loud and long. As far as I could see up the street, the military and their self-constituted escort formed an indistinguishable mass.

I had scarcely recovered my equilibrium from the effects of the procession, when a carriage and horses came flying down the street in wild confusion. The Jehu sat bolt upright, with feet outspread from side to side, as if "down breaks" was in order. His eyes glared wildly from their sockets, as, with clinched teeth, he held desperately to the lines. The animals were evidently uncongenial to each other, one being a young mule, the other an unbroken pony. They reared and plunged violently, while Jehu used every expletive known to the Mexican language. But as this treatment proved unavailing, he jumped down from his lofty seat, and ran beside them, jerking the lines and screaming at them. Still they heeded him not. At this critical moment a sympathetic bystander conceived a fresh and vigorous idea of assistance, and as he ran along, jerked from the shoulders of an uninterested pedestrian (who had not even seen the runaway team) his red blanket, and waving it before the frightened animals, threw them trembling and panting on their haunches. In a twinkling Jehu was on the box, and, laying on the whip, was soon out of sight.

I glanced across the street directly afterward, and saw a boy who had passed several times that day, selling butter, which he carried in a soap-box, the cover an odd bit of matting, and the whole suspended from his head in the usual way.

Entering the *zaguan*, he threw down his cage, and taking the butter out—each pound wrapped in a corn-husk—laid it in rows, and gave his head a scratch, took his money from his pocket, and began to count. Over and over he counted and scratched, evidently apprehensive that his accounts would not balance. The scratching and counting went on for no inconsiderable time, his face still wearing a puzzled expression. At last the solution came in the recollection of some forgotten sale. He rose, a broad grin overspreading his heretofore perplexed face, slapped himself on the hip, laughed, hastily slung his cage on his back, threw his blanket over his shoulder, and the last I saw of him he was vocalizing his occupation: "*La man-te-quil-la*" ("Butter for sale").

INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.

The *gritos* (calls) of the street venders become each day more interesting to the stranger. Each one is separate and distinct from the other, and each one is an ancestral inheritance. In them, as everything else, the "*costumbres*" rule, and the appropriation by another vender of one of these *gritos* would receive a well-merited reprimand. But how indescribable is the long-drawn intonation, with the necessary nasal twang of these indefatigable itinerants! A word with only four syllables stretches out until one may count a hundred.

For the sake of conveying

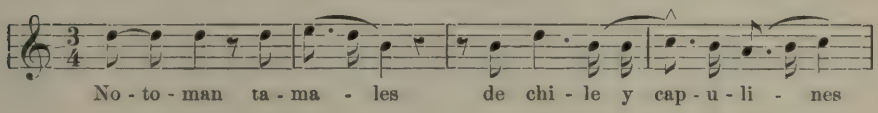
some idea of these street cries, I have with much difficulty procured the music of two or three of the leading ones. This is a branch of musical composition that has received but little or no attention from musicians, but by all means some effort should be made to preserve them in their originality, together with exact portraits of the venders as they now appear.

The *gritos* at the capital possess many interesting features which can be heard in no other city in which I have sojourned; they are wanting elsewhere in that fullness of pathetic and yet humorous melody.

The vocal powers, thus exercised, attain a surprising development, as the voice of an ordinary woman may be heard for squares away.

The most noted of all the female *gritos* is that of the *tamalera*, a description of whom appears elsewhere, an old woman from the State of Guerrero, who counts among her patrons many wealthy citizens.

TAMALERA.



The husky, tremulous voice of a young Indian woman fell upon my ear one morning as I was crossing the threshold of the San Carlos. Around her neck was a strip of manta filled with vegetables. On seeing me, she began importuning me to buy. They were fresh and crisp, but I said to her:

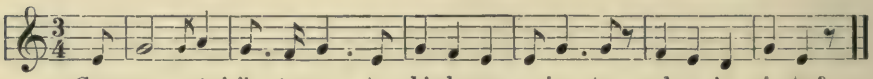
"I am a stranger; I have no home here, and have no use for such things."

"But, *niña*," she added, imploringly, "I am sick, have no home, and under these vegetables in the *rebozo* is my sick baby, only two weeks old."

Stooping to peep under the load of vegetables, there I saw the tiny babe, tucked away in the *rebozo*, and sleeping as soundly under its strange covering as though swinging in its palm-plaited cradle.

The mother asked me to stand godmother to the baby at the

Cathedral, one week from that day, but as that was impossible, she seemed reconciled when she found her hand filled with small coins, and bidding me a grateful farewell, she went on her way singing her song of the "*costumbres.*"



Com-pra usted ji - to-ma - te, chi-cha-ros, e-jo - te, cal - a - ba - ci - ta ?

Won't you buy tomatoes, peas, beans, pumpkins ?

These *gritos* are rather more melodious than those to which our ears are accustomed, such as, "Ole rags 'n' bot-tuls!"

The melodramatic tones of the newsboys at night, when many of the most popular papers are sold, had a more foreign sound than any that came to my ear. The boy who sold *El Monitor Republicano* rolled it round and round his tongue until finally it died away like the hum of an ancient spinning-wheel.

Another boy, with an aptitude for languages, sings out, "*Los Dos Republicos*" (The Two Republics"), translating as he goes along, "*Periodico Americano;*" while another, not to be outdone, yells out exultantly, "*El Tiempo de la mañana*" ("The *Times* for to-morrow"). Only the word *mañana* was distinctly articulated, which gave emphasis to his vocation, as the *Times* is printed in the evening and sold for the next day.

An amusing admixture of sounds was wafted to my room one night in the following manner. Two boys were calling at the highest pitch. One was selling cooked chestnuts, and the other the *Times.*

They managed to transpose the adjectives describing their respective wares. "*Castañas asadas*" ("Cooked chestnuts"), shouted one. "*El Tiempo de mañana, con noticias importantes*" ("To-morrow's *Times* with important notices"), screamed the other. They were quite near together by this time, one on the sidewalk, and the other in the street; and when the air was again made vocal, a spirit of mischief had crept into the medley of sounds. The paper boy led off with

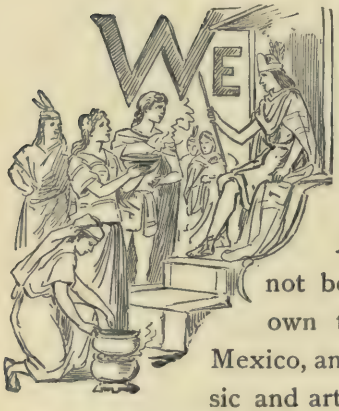
mock gravity, "*El Tiempo de mañana asada!*" ("To-morrow's *Times* cooked!")

"*Castañas de mañana con noticias importantes!*" ("To-morrow's chestnuts with important news!") yelled the chestnut boy, and away they went, laughing and transposing their calls, to the amusement of all within hearing.

VENDERS OF COOKED SHEEP'S HEADS.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT THEY EAT, AND HOW THEY COOK IT.



"WE MAY live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

According to the light of history, it has not been a civilization commensurate with our own that developed the skill of the cook in Mexico, any more than the more lofty gifts of "music and art."

When the conquerors arrived at the palace of Montezuma, they were amazed to find it complete in every appointment, and displaying a magnificence and grandeur they had not seen equaled; while, according to Bernal Diaz, his cooks must have been fully up to the standard of any that "civilized man" of to-day can employ.

Among their accomplishments these Aztec culinary artists understood more than thirty different ways of dressing meats. At one meal they served up "above three hundred different dishes for the monarch, and for the people in waiting more than one thousand. These consisted of fowls, turkeys, pheasants, partridges, quails, tame and wild geese, venison, musk, swine, pigeons, hares, rabbits, and numerous other birds and beasts. Besides these there were other kinds of provision, which it would have been no easy task to call over by name."

Mexican ladies take great pride in their cook-books, and watch

with deep interest the accuracy with which the *ama de llaves* carries out the receipts. The cooks, however, frequently have their own books, from which, without further instructions, they execute triumphs of gustatory art.

The first glance at a Mexican kitchen is anything but satisfactory to an American woman, with her ideas of a cooking-stove and its shining equipments. But notwithstanding the fact that their only furniture is pottery, Mexican cooks are too much attached to their antediluvian ways to be able to appreciate or accept any innovations.

The *estiladera* (water-filter) is primitive in its simplicity. It is made from a porous, volcanic rock peculiar to the country. The water percolates through the pores and drips into a vessel below. Bits of charcoal are generally thrown in, and the water is as cold as ice and sparkling as crystal. Could these stones only be imported, a vexed question might be solved —or at least a troublesome subject simplified—among our own people.

THE ESTILADERA.

The same leisurely and ease-loving methods that characterize the business life pervade also the home. The most engrossed man of affairs quietly leaves his office with all its cares behind him, and takes to his home only his social endowments. He makes his mid-day meal one of enjoyment and the occasion of a happy mingling with the family circle.

After dinner the *siesta* follows, and business comes to a lull, until, perhaps, three o'clock in the afternoon.

Unfailing ceremony—a national characteristic—is observed in the serving of every meal. Whether there be three or twenty varieties of dishes, no two are served at once.

The climate seems to demand a rich and highly spiced diet, and, to make it still more luxurious, both fruits and nuts are freely used.

But, to judge from the amount of dyspepsia prevailing there, it would seem that even Mexican digestion succumbs to it.

No bread is made in the family, while griddle-cakes, waffles, and muffins are unknown. Pies, tarts, cakes, or pastries have no extensive place in the *menu;* but their desserts of various kinds, made of eggs, milk, and fruits, are excellent. If, however, they are deficient in homely bread preparations, nature has given them a double compensation in the various delicious fruit beverages, compounded not only in the homes of the wealthy, but also of the humble folk. Among these I may mention two or three:

Agua de piña (pineapple water), a simple beverage, and one that may be prepared in our American homes.

Beat, roll, or grind the pineapple very fine; then run through a sieve; add sugar to taste and water to make it sufficiently thin to drink. Allow it to stand for a little while; then add ice, and it is good enough for a king.

Agua de chia is made from a very fine seed that I have never seen in the States, but it is a delightfully refreshing drink.

Horchata—known to us as *orgeat*—is made from muskmelon seed, beaten and strained, with sugar, some lemon juice, and a little cinnamon. Add ice, and you have a beverage to please the most fastidious.

In a Mexican home the day begins with the simple *desayuna.* This consists of a cup of chocolate, coffee, or tea, with bread, and is usually taken in the bedroom, frequently in bed. There is no fixed hour for this repast, which is partaken of according to inclination, no two members of the family being expected to take their *desayuna* at the same time. To all who enjoy the last drowsy morning nap there is an inexpressible charm in this mode of life.

The cares of the world are at long range, and one respectfully desires them to approach no nearer. No clanging of breakfast bells breaks rudely upon this delicious and intoxicating slumber; no scowling or looks askance from hostess or landlady, for in all probability she, too, is snugly esnconced in the arms of Morpheus.

The servants are up and at their usual labors, but they move about noiselessly as specters; not by the stirring of a leaf molesting the sweet repose of the blissful sleepers.

The most vigorous-minded *gringo* soon succumbs to this delightful custom. Though his former habit had been to rise with the sun, and eat an enormous breakfast of hash, chops, steak, eggs, hominy, batter-cakes, hot rolls, and what not, he at once and almost insensibly falls in with the native custom, and in a short time out-Herods Herod. He will linger longer under the covers, caring less and less for the matutinal cup.

At twelve o'clock the family reunion takes place, when the *almuerzo*—breakfast—is served. This, however, with its numerous courses, is really the dinner.

Soup is an indispensable part of every Mexican dinner, and is used not only at the mid-day meal, but often, too, at *cena* (supper).

The soups are of infinite variety and generally excellent. One lady told me she knew how to make one hundred different kinds. I have partaken of as many as twenty in her house. At Señora Calderon's I have seen seven varieties in one week, and all tempting and delicious.

I give receipts for two kinds, and although both are called *sopa*, one is served as a vegetable and always comes the first thing after the liquid soup. One is not to take the place of the other.

Queen of Soups.—Make a broth of chicken. When cooked very tender, take the breast and the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, adding to these four ounces of beaten almonds, a small piece of bread steeped in milk, with a good deal of black pepper and a little nutmeg. Beat all well together, having previously picked the chicken into shreds. Beat one egg well, and then add the above mixture, after which beat again. Then make of the paste small balls and drop into the broth. Add a lump of butter to the broth, and a little sherry if desired. Truly delicious.

Sopa de Arroz—rice soup—is a very rich yet palatable dish. Indeed, it is rather too rich for the average American stomach. They

take a large, open *casuella* (pottery vessel) in which about half a pound of lard is allowed to come to a boil, having ready a few onions cut into the finest particles, which are thrown in and cooked to a crisp, together with a small piece of garlic if liked. One or two pounds of rice, already washed and dried are then thrown into the boiling lard and tossed continually with a large spoon until well browned. Next, a pound or more of fresh tomatoes beaten into a jelly is thrown in and well stirred, with a few peppers, chopped fine, and a small quantity of salt. Enough boiling water is then poured in to cover the rice, a top placed over the vessel, and the whole is cooked slowly for two or three hours without stirring. It is often served with fried bananas. Where fresh tomatoes are not to be had, canned ones will answer as well, and I am sure this dish will be enjoyed by many Americans.

Puchero is one of the most popular of all Mexican dishes. It is not generally liked by strangers at first, and a taste for it requires considerable cultivation. It is made by boiling a shank of mutton in water for two hours without skimming. Add to this carrots, parsnips, green corn in the ear, cabbage, sweet and Irish potatoes, onions, apples, pears, squashes together with their bloom, thyme, pepper and sweet marjoram, as well as other Mexican vegetables and fruits not known outside the republic.

Very little water is used, hence each ingredient comes out steam cooked, and as nearly whole as though the component parts were boiled separately, but without a particle of salt or seasoning or any richness whatever.

Mexican housekeepers have an endless variety of methods for seasoning and dressing their meats. In a well-appointed household it is no uncommon thing to have the same meats prepared differently several times in a week.

Perhaps it may be somewhat due to the fact of the wretched manner in which the butchers do their work that they must resort to boiling, spicing, and other means to make the roast desirable. But when once prepared, the palate of Epicurus himself would be appeased.

Ham, cheese, eggs, spices and the many delightful herbs of the country are formed into a paste, and by means of skewers the entire roast becomes impregnated with the aromatic, spicy flavor.

Their sauces and gravies, however, I do not consider as good as our own.

The most popular method of preparing turkey is called *Mole de Guajolote*. Cut up as you would a chicken, and fry in boiling lard until well done, and then take one pound and four ounces of large, dried peppers, four ounces of filberts, four of almonds, half an ounce of cinnamon, a piece of garlic toasted in the fire, a few of the seeds and veins of the pepper, a few cloves, a little anise, coriander, and black pepper, a quart of tomatoes, the skins taken off, and boiled until soft. All the above is put into a dish of hot lard for a few moments, stirring constantly to prevent burning. When brown, take out and grind very fine. Have ready a large dish with hot lard; stir in the above; let it fry a little, then put in the fried turkey; then water enough to cover the turkey; let all boil together for several hours until tender, salt to taste, and serve hot.

Tamal de Casuella (Corn-Meal Pot-pie).—One quart of meal scalded, with a little salt added, and four table-spoonfuls of melted lard. Any kind of meat that is preferred may be used, but generally the Mexicans take both pork and chicken, boiled until tender. Stir into the meal a double handful of flour, two eggs, and on this pour enough of the broth to make a thin batter. Take three or four large red peppers chopped fine, with plenty of tomatoes; beat thoroughly together and cook in lard. Then put the meat, well chopped, into the same lard. Grease another dish or pan with lard; spread the meal mixture on the bottom and sides, as for a chicken pie; then put in the meats, and cover with paste, and bake very slowly. When almost cooked, melt a little more lard and dress it all over; then put it in to bake again.

Their list of salads quite exceeds ours, and reasonably so, as they have so many vegetables, fruits, and herbs, which, combined, impart to them a peculiarly pungent and delightful flavor. The following is

one that is national and distinctive, being made and used only on Christmas night, and for that reason is known as

Esalada de la Noche Buena (Christmas Salad).—Wash and dry the lettuce, then chop fine. Put in a dish, oil, vinegar, sugar and a little salt; stir these well together; then add the lettuce, also beets sliced, with bananas, lemons and oranges, and some peanuts broken fine. Take pains that the fruit is placed on top.

Every day in the year a Mexican housekeeper can have some kind of delightful salad on her table. The lettuce is whiter and more crisp than we generally see; the cauliflower grows to immense size, and is correspondingly good, while tomatoes, equally fine in color and flavor, gratify at once both eye and taste, supplying at any moment a depleted larder. But while these are all of superior quality, the popular taste prefers them served up in omelettes, with pepper, eggs, and spices. Fortunately, eggs, which fill such an important place in the national dietary, are always excellent and bountiful.

A delicious omelette is made of green peas, string-beans, potatoes, carrots, parsley, onions, pepper, and tomatoes, cooked a little and then chopped into a fine mass. Beat five or six eggs, in proportion to the quantity of vegetables, mix thoroughly, and salt to taste; add a lump of butter, then bake in a pan until nicely browned on top.

Embueltos de Huevos.—Beat six or more eggs, as for a scramble; have some lard boiling, throw in the eggs; then when cooked sufficiently, put on these any amount of grated cheese according to taste. Make a sauce of onions and tomatoes, with a few peppers chopped very fine. After stirring as for an omelette, cut the eggs into short pieces, pin them with a straw, and then pour the sauce over them.

Chili y Huevos con Queso (Pepper and Eggs with Cheese).—Toast the peppers in the fire, remove the seeds and cut into small slices. Have some hot lard in a saucepan, into which throw a handful of chopped onions, the same of tomatoes. Pour in water, and when it is boiling, break in as many eggs as liked; put in the sliced peppers, and when on the dish, ready to serve, cover the whole with grated cheese. This is excellent.

Chilis Reycnes (Stuffed Peppers).—Take a dozen large green bell-peppers, toast them in the fire, then remove the skin and seeds. Have ready boiled meat minced very fine, a few cooked onions chopped with tomatoes, a little cinnamon, two or three cloves, a few currants and a boiled egg, all made into a paste. Having previously ground up all the spices as fine as possible on the indispensable *metate* (which for that purpose is as excellent as any of our spice-

KITCHEN AT THE CAPITAL.

mills), great care must be taken to have the paste smooth, then slit the peppers, carefully stuff them with the mass, and close carefully. Beat four eggs, whites and yolks separately, after which put them together, dip the peppers in, and then fry in a large quantity of boiling lard until quite brown. Some make a sauce of chopped onions and tomatoes poured over, but this is superfluous.

Stuffed Squashes.—Boil the squashes and cut them in halves, re-

moving the seeds. Take tomatoes, onions, and a very small piece of garlic, and cut all very fine. Fry the mixture a little in lard; after this, stuff the squashes with it; then, with bread-crumbs beaten fine, fry the stuffed squashes in lard, when they are ready for the table.

Frijoles, the native beans, are as much a boon to the rich as to the poor. Twice a day they close the meal, and even on ceremonious occasions are not dispensed with. A failure in the bean crop would prove as great a misfortune in Mexico, as a falling off in the potato crop in Ireland.

There is some little art in cooking them, and under no condition are they considered wholesome to be eaten the day on which they are cooked. They are boiled first until tender, and when required, are fried in a quantity of lard with a little chili thrown in.

Housewives have much skill in the preparation of their sweetmeats, and the Mexican preserves and crystallized fruits are certainly superior to our own. They possess the remarkable feature of retaining the original color and flavor of the fruit. The climate is favorable to their preservation, but as they have only the earthenware of the country in which to put them up, it seems strange that they should remain delicious to the last. I subjoin a few of their *dulces*.

Queso de Almendra (Almond Cheese).—To one pound of almonds add one pound and a half of sugar, the yolks of eight eggs, and six ordinary glasses of milk. Put the milk on to boil; when well cooked, set aside to cool until the cream rises; then remove this. Stir the sugar in the milk, and when well dissolved, strain through a fine sieve. After this, put in the yolks of the eggs, well beaten; then put on the fire. Have the almonds thoroughly beaten as fine as a powder, and when it begins to boil, put them in, stirring continually. Add a little ground cinnamon. This is done when you can see the bottom of the vessel each time you stir across it. It may be cut any size preferred while still in the vessel, and it is a very delicious *dulce*.

Copas Mexicanas.—Here we have a very dainty and attractive dessert. The yolks of twenty-two eggs beaten until very light, one pound of powdered sugar and twenty four lady-fingers beaten as fine

as a powder. First put the sugar with the eggs, then beat them well together; lastly, add the lady-fingers with vanilla to taste. To be served in small glasses or cups. I can recommend this.

Another.—Three pints of milk, half a pound of sweet almonds, two pounds of powdered sugar. Beat the almonds to a powder; mix with the sugar. Have the milk boiling and stir constantly. While still boiling, put in the almonds and sugar and stir until the whole is the consistency of a thick paste. Put away to cool for the next day. Then take one pound of butter, and beat with the paste until very light; the yolks of sixteen eggs beaten very light; add to the paste, stirring all well together. Beat the whites of the sixteen eggs to a stiff froth, as for icing, adding a small proportion of powdered sugar. Put the first mixture in cups or glasses and place the white on top.

Huevos Reales (Royal Eggs).—Beat a dozen yolks until very light, then put them in a vessel, and put this again into one of boiling water to remain until they are well done. Put half a pound of sugar into a pint of water to cook together like a syrup. Before the syrup has cooked to a candied state, cut the yolks into shapes, or small pieces and put them into the syrup to boil. When cooked to an agreeable consistency, place in a dish, and on each piece of egg place almonds and raisins.

The botanical and mineral kingdoms possess untold wealth, not only valuable to the chemist and pharmacist, but also to the housekeeper, who, for a trifling sum paid to an Indian, may supply herself liberally with domestic nostrums.

Tequisquiti, a mineral combining the properties of both soda and ammonia, is a standard remedy for indigestion, gastritis, or other stomach troubles. It is also valuable in the bath.

Tisa, another mineral, resembles prepared chalk, and is not only used as a remedy, but is also the refuge of the housekeeper for brightening her silver, glass, and paint. Mountains of these and kindred minerals are to be found almost anywhere, an ever-ready boon to the housekeeper. These are all supplied and dispensed, for the most insignificant consideration, by the serviceable and ubiquitous Indians.

The maguey that furnishes, in one way or another, food, shelter and raiment for the toiling millions, is also lavish in the bestowal of various medicinal gifts.

Pulque—the national beverage, a prolific and profitable product of the maguey—affords many remedies. For coughs, they drink warm pulque; for indigestion, pulque with a little starch or *tequisquiti;* and it has been recently discovered that for Bright's disease and diabetes it is a sovereign remedy, while it is a specific for lung trouble, by placing under the bed at night a large vessel filled with pulque from which the patient inhales its healing fumes.

In proof of its wonderful virtues, a Mexican lady told me that the venders of pulque are always blessed with health, flesh, and strength.

For ear-ache, Mexican mothers resort to the leaf of a plant called Santa Maria, which is reputed to have a magical effect on the sufferer.

For headache, a rose leaf pasted on the temples, with perhaps the addition of some kind of salve, is said to be a sovereign remedy, and is used by all classes.

For catarrh and colds, rub the breast, forehead, and soles of the feet with hot tallow, in which a little snuff has been stirred. Be careful not to wash the face the next day.

For chills and fever, take a dose of oil, followed by a tea made from *Hojosen* and the camphor-tree, to produce perspiration. Then rub the body with a salve made from the *Balsamo Tranquillo* or lobelia, and the leaf of the cactus, bitter like quinine. Eucalyptus, which grows luxuriantly in many places, is also used.

For whooping-cough, the patient is kept closely in a room without a breath of fresh air for forty days; emetics are frequently given, and pitch is burned at night.

For measles and scarlet fever, tea is made from violets and the *Noche Buena* flower; the patient is also quarantined for forty days.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

NO mention has yet been made in these pages of the little band of my own countrymen which has sought and found a home in Mexico. This orphaned colony, numbering between six and eight hundred, has been kindly adopted by Mrs. Cornelia M. Townsend, of New York, who has resided there upwards of twelve years, and right nobly does this gentle woman fulfill her high trust and merit the title that has been bestowed upon her of "Mother of the American Colony."

Since the successful inauguration of railways in Mexico, thousands of our people have drifted there—some for health, others for pleasure, and still others to improve their financial condition. The Mexican capital has naturally been the great rallying point with them, and whatever their successes, trials, sorrows, or misfortunes, their fellow-countrymen, in greater or less degree, have endeavored to aid and encourage.

Some time ago an American Benevolent Society was formed by the most prominent permanent American residents, which numbers about fifty members.

Of this society the American minister is ex-officio President; Mr. I. Mastella Clark, Vice-President; Mr. W. I. De Gress, Secretary; and Mr. Frederic P. Hoeck, Treasurer. The payment of $1 a month entitles one to membership, and it is a noble way to spend that dollar, the object being to render effective aid to their suffering and distressed countrymen, whose increasing numbers demand active co-operation.

With only a limited amount of funds, together with sums generously donated by the temporary tourist or traveler, the Association has accomplished a vast deal of good. But much remains to be done. A hospital is now being constructed under the auspices of the society, but the scheme is too great for its resources.

The hospital cares for the homeless, sick and unfriended stranger, for whom every comfort is provided. But there is another great and imperative need for the strong and healthy—for deserving and industrious young Americans, cut off from social privileges and from the softening and refining influences of home.

Comparatively few American families live in such a way as to enable them to offer those hospitalities which would be a safeguard from the many allurements and temptations that naturally fall in the pathway of these young men. To meet this want and avert the danger, Reading-Rooms or a Friendly Inn should be established, where evenings may be passed with comfort and profit. The business engagements and limited means of these young men preclude the possibility of accomplishing this for themselves. Connected with railways, telegraph or telephone, or mining enterprises, they are constantly shifted about from place to place. Others would come in for the benefits they had received and the good work be continued. A wide field exists for the philanthropist, in providing for the comfort and welfare of our countrymen in Mexico.

The Protestant churches, including Episcopal, Methodist, South and North Presbyterians, Baptists, Society of Friends, are all established and have in successful operation excellent day-schools, employing the best teachers, both men and women.

To me no music was sweeter than the young voices of these dark children of the Mission Sunday-schools, singing in their own tongue, in perfect harmony, "O, Paradise! O, Paradise!" and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," with other hymns, their sympathetic natures responsive to these inspiring melodies.

Among the teachers engaged in the mission schools, I found "Clara Bridgman," the charming correspondent of the New Orleans

INTERIOR OF MEXICAN EPISCOPAL CATHEDRAL.

Times-Democrat, an accomplished young lady of the Crescent City, who labors assiduously as a missionary, asking no compensation but to serve the Master.

Bishop Riley, of the Episcopal Church, has begun a great work in Mexico, and it should not be allowed to languish for want of means. Substantial aid is required in order to carry it out according to its original inception. All communications or contributions to this purpose should be sent to No. 43 Bible House, New York City. To give some idea of the progress of the work and its wonderful results, I quote the following from a recent work on Mexico:

"In 1879 Dr. Riley was consecrated Bishop of the Valley of Mexico. His broad culture and thorough knowledge of the Spanish language and character especially fitted him for the high office to which he was called. He brought to the field of his labors the fortune that was his by right of inheritance, and he has been instrumental in having more than 100,000 Bibles distributed in Mexico; 49 churches were established, numbering several thousand communicants; 10 schools, and 3 orphanages, enrolling about 500 children."

Bishop Riley's unselfish devotion to the cause and the sacrifices he has made for it, should be more widely known, and Episcopalians generally should rejoice at the strong foothold obtained by their church. The handsomest of all the Protestant church buildings is secured by them for their worship, and the congregations are large, attentive and devout. Of the transformation of this building from a Roman Catholic Cathedral to its present use, Janvier writes: "Here masses were heard by Cortes, and here for a time his bones were laid. Here through three centuries the great festivals of the church were taken part in by the Spanish Viceroys. Here was sung the first *Te Deum* in celebration of Mexican Independence, the most conspicuous man in the rejoicing assemblage being General Augustin Yturbide—by whom, virtually, Mexican Independence was won; and here, seventeen years later, were held the magnificent funeral services when Yturbide—his Imperial error forgiven, and his claim to the title of Liberator alone remembered—was buried. Around no other build-

ing in Mexico, cluster such associations as are gathered here. And even now, when the great monastic establishment has been swept away, and the church itself has become a Protestant Cathedral, the very wreck of it all serves to mark, in the most striking and dramatic way, the latest and most radical phase of development of the nation's life."

Christmas was celebrated in a manner truly American. Santa Claus visited the children, while roast turkey, plum-pudding, and much other good cheer was in every American household.

Trinity Methodist Church was filled to overflowing, on the occasion of the children's festival on Christmas Eve, under the supervision of the Rev. John Butler, the faithful pastor of the Northern Methodist Church.

Pines were brought a long distance, and loaded with presents for five hundred pupils, members of the Sunday-school and orphanage connected with the church. Bishop Foster, from Boston, delivered an eloquent address.

At the hall of the Union Evangelical congregation, a cantata, "The Message of Christmas," was produced, the Rev. Mr. Sloane, of the Baptist Church, assisted by ladies, managing the affair.

The Methodist Church South also held a pleasant reunion of its congregation, presided over by its pastor, the Rev. Mr. Patterson, Church of the Messiah.

The Rev. Mr. Green, of the Presbyterian Church, united with his flock in a fitting observance of the occasion.

The American colony, and English-speaking people generally, joined *en masse* in these Christmas rejoicings and church services.

At the Episcopal Cathedral, the great festival of the church was duly observed, but at that time the Chapel for English and Americans had no rector. Since then, happily, the English Church has sent over a zealous and accomplished young clergyman, Mr. Sherlock, who was cordially received, as well by the Americans as by the English.

It was a source of extreme gratification to me, as an American, to see in what high esteem our former ministers were held. Ex-Minister

and Mrs. J. W. Foster left the kindliest remembrances behind them, and I often heard them mentioned in the highest terms, especially Mrs. Foster, who seemed to have thoroughly studied and appreciated Mexican character. At the time that I was at the capital, she, too was on a visit there, accompanied by two brilliant Washington belles. On her arrival, according to the custom of the country, she at once took a carriage and called on all her Mexican friends.

Ex-Minister Morgan and family also left similar pleasant impressions, and Consul-General Strother ("Porte Crayon") seemed to have endeared himself to both natives and Americans. Consul-General Porch, too, became very popular during his brief stay.

Our people may congratulate themselves on the peculiarly fortunate manner in which they have been represented in our neighboring republic.

There are two American dentists, two physicians, and about twenty-five merchants, besides mechanical agents of various kinds, and cotton brokers.

Father Gribbin is the only American priest, and no countryman of his fails to receive from him the kindliest attentions.

Among the best appointments made by President Cleveland was that of General Henry R. Jackson as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Republic of Mexico.

A Bayard "without fear and without reproach," in him are combined the high chivalrous character, noble intellect, and generous heart that have commended him to the esteem and veneration of his own countrymen, and the highest consideration of all.

Diplomatic service was his by heredity, his father having been Minister to France for a number of years, while the General himself was sent to Vienna as *Chargé d'Affaires* in 1853, and was promoted to Minister Resident in the summer of 1854, but resigned in the summer of 1858, having spent five years in Austria.

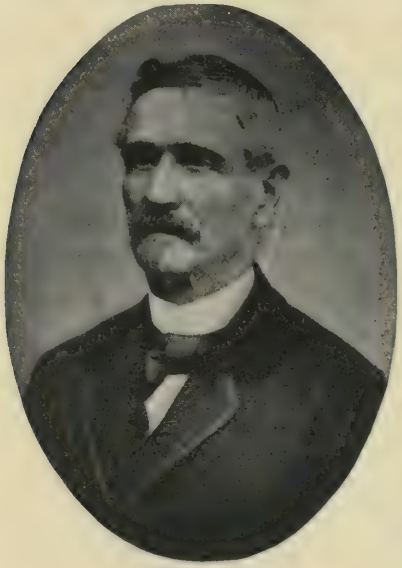
He is widely known as a man of letters, a poet, and an eloquent orator.

General Jackson occupied the elegant house of President Diaz, and

there dispensed a wide and generous hospitality, in which he was ably seconded by Mrs. Jackson, who with charming grace joined her husband in extending those social courtesies to Americans for which they were noted in their beautiful home in Savannah. Mrs. Jackson's receptions were held on Thursday afternoons. On Thanksgiving Day (1885) Minister Jackson entertained splendidly the entire American Colony.

Not only in state and social affairs did he represent the American people, but to the unfortunate he lent an ever-ready and sympathetic ear, no countryman being too obscure or too miserable to claim his personal attention.

General Jackson took a deep and active interest in establishing the American Hospital. The matter had long been under advisement. Simon Lara, of Spanish parentage, born in New York, an American by virtue of his birth, but having lived the greater part of his life in Mexico, was the generous father and founder, having donated the ground and money to the extent of twelve thousand dollars.



SIMON LARA.

The colony celebrated Washington's birthday by laying the corner-stone. Americans came from all accessible points, and under the circus tent of Orrin Brothers the interesting ceremonies were held. The Stars and Stripes waved over the largest and most enthusiastic assemblage of Americans ever known at the capital, while Mexican sympathy was manifested by General Carillo furnishing the Seventh Regiment Band for the occasion.

A liberal sum was raised in addition to Mr. Lara's benefaction and one thousand dollars donated by General Jackson.

The corner-stone, with the simple inscription, "The American

Hospital, 1886," was laid by General Jackson. The box containing some of the customary deposits was consigned to its place, when the General, tapping the stone three times with a trowel, uttered impressively the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and of suffering humanity."

Miss Waldo, an accomplished artist from New York, painted the portrait of Simon Lara, and Mr. Balling that of General Grant. The latter was raffled twice, bringing several hundred dollars, each winner donating it to the hospital.

A lady from Texas suggested that to these two be added the portrait of General Robert E. Lee, which was promptly responded to by a Virginia lady living at the capital, who painted one and placed it in possession of the society—the three to adorn the walls of the hospital when completed.

Orrin Brothers contributed a grand benefit performance at their mammoth circus.

The following is the address of General Jackson delivered on the occasion:

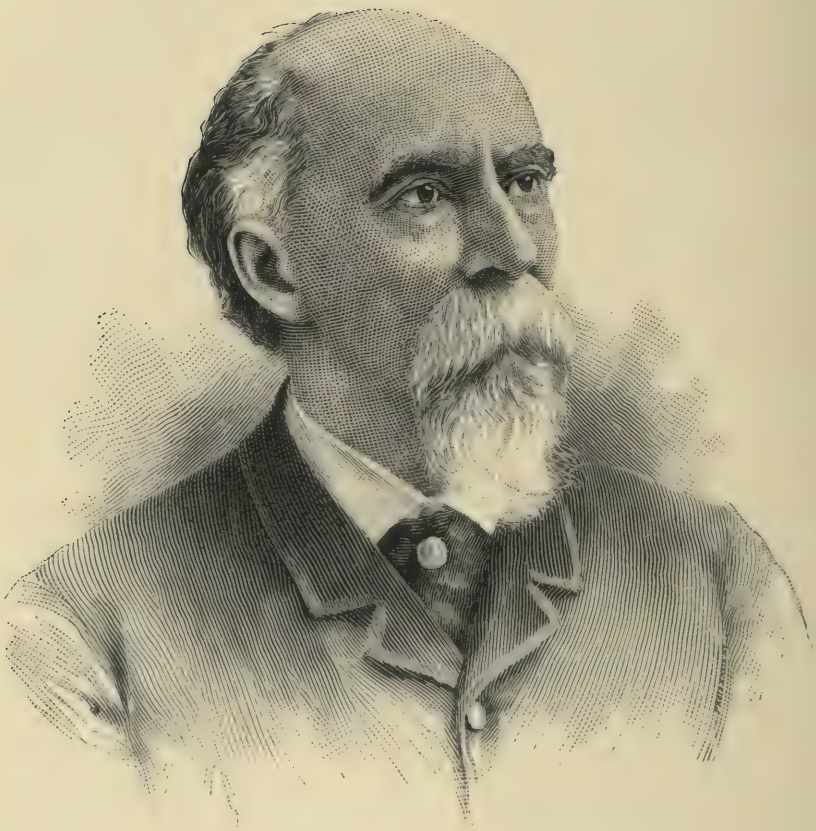
Ladies and Gentlemen: That was a marvelous work of the pagan imagination which peopled the earth, the air, and the water with countless divinities; giving to every stream its naiad, to every grotto its nymph, to every intellectual taste and aspiration its grace or its muse, and to every home its household gods. Vainly, however, shall we seek through the pagan mythology for god or goddess of that CHARITY pronounced by St. Paul to be greater than Faith, greater than Hope; although CARITA had been a name more divinely melodious than VENUS or PALLAS or JUNO. As the pagan heaven was but a reflex—its gods but echoes—of the breathing world, it is fair to conclude that the word when pronounced by the pagan tongue failed to express that passion in the human soul. It was not known to the Greek; else he had not erected his altar in Athens "To the Unknown God." Whence, then, came it?—this emotion, more potent than the thunderer Jove, hurling the bolts fabricated for him by the forger Vulcan? Whence came this power supreme, which is now restoring its lost law of gravitation to the moral universe? I know not! Indeed, indeed, I know not! unless it fell from heaven into the stable of Bethlehem, proclaiming by its fall, and by its first touch, in material form, of the earth, that the lowliest of spots may be glorified by birth the most divine; that the image of a common Father may be stamped most deeply upon the poorest of the poor;

that, as in the heavens above there is but one God, so upon the earth below there is but one common humanity, bound to him by one—the only perfected—prayer ; to be made by all in one, or by one for all : "*Our* Father, give *us* this day *our* daily bread."

That prayer may be made by acts as well as in words. It is recorded of the Italian monk, Fra Giovanni—named in life "Angelico," known after death, as "Beato"—that he prayed with his brush ; his every picture was a prayer to God. And never since he first learned to lisp the hallowed words at his mother's knee, never more fervently "in spirit and in truth," has the noble gentleman who gives to CHARITY the ground upon which we stand, repeated that heaven-born prayer, than is he now repeating—nay ! than he repeats it all the while ; for the heart of his charity never ceases to beat ; no race or nationality, no line of latitude or longitude, can bound its action. I venture to say that, although he is devoting these precincts to his own immediate countrymen, who may be destitute sufferers upon a foreign soil, your gate will never be closed with his assent against the forlorn stranger who may be helpless, homeless, friendless, and destitute ! And we, too, are about to embody in material form the same God-given prayer. Humble, indeed, the structure which we shall raise, if compared with the Parthenon at Athens, or the Coliseum at Rome ; but the Coliseum and the Parthenon have fallen to ruins—the inimitable creations of Phidias, himself called "the divine," scattered over earth, beautiful bones of a dead civilization. And so too, the wood and the brick which we will use shall crumble into dust ; the very iron yield to the destructive forces of material nature ; but again and again and again shall they be renewed ; the very earth upon which they will rest shall embody our prayer. The civilization vitalized by that spirit which fills with its adorable presence the heavens, the earth, the air, and the water ; which, "in the beginning" "was with God ;" "without which was made nothing that was made ;" in which "we live and move and have our being ;" and which, by the universal and irresistible power of moral attraction, is ever drawing the humblest of earth's sentient and intelligent creatures toward the One Omnipotent God, can never, never, never, die !

* * * * * * * *

Since writing the above, General Jackson has resigned and returned to the privacy of home life. The American Colony, as well as many prominent Mexicans, showed their appreciation by giving him the grandest ovation ever tendered an American, with the single exception of General Grant. As a further token of esteem, they presented him with a painting of the unrivaled scenery of the Valley of Mexico, executed by Velasco.



Henry R. Jackson.

On receiving the gift, General Jackson made the following address, which I cannot forbear giving in full, not only on account of its intrinsic merit and eloquence, but because it so fully embodies my own sentiments toward these people he, too, so thoroughly appreciated:

Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Committee, Friends and Countrymen: What have I done to deserve this repeated demonstration from you? Surely the resolutions of the 10th of September were all that heart could desire, and more than was called for by any merit of mine. And yet you have come to honor me anew by your presence, by the kind words of the chairman of your committee, and by another enduring testimonial of your regard—this beautiful picture of the Valley and City of Mexico, by a distinguished Mexican artist. Next to the resolutions themselves, nothing could be more grateful to me; for next to my own, I do love this country. Grand and beautiful Mexico! how happy would I be to render her service! Hither I came with the hope of doing something, however small it might be, in the great work of drawing her people as close to our own in sympathy as God has placed them in territory.

But you, my countrymen, who have made your homes upon her bosom, you who are affixing permanent interests to her soil, you are the best diplomatists for a work like this. By obedience to her laws, by respecting her government, by promoting her welfare, above all by honoring her nationality, you can win for your country the affections of her proudly sensitive, but kind-hearted and courteous people. I say by honoring her nationality, for we should never forget that nationality is the God-given life of a people. Laws, constitutions, and governments are, at last, the mere work of man; but nationalities—these are the creatures of God! The hand which in cold blood would destroy a nationality is an impious, a heaven-defying hand. It would poison a family; it would murder a man; for man, family, and nationality are all alike the creatures of God. A republic of republican nationalities, held together by the one common constitution, given by Him in his Sermon on the Mount, must be the final civilization of the world.

What I said when I came, I repeat as I go: the Republics of this continent can surely prosper only by the faithful discharge of mutual obligations—of all to each, of each to all, of each to each. They cannot afford to be false, the one to the other; to demand anything which is not clearly right; to submit to anything which is manifestly wrong. They should rejoice with each other in prosperity; they should aid each other in distress. Had I the power to-night, I would give to the nationality of Mexico, to the prosperity and happiness of her people, wings that should bear them far above her snow-capped mountains, up toward the eternal stars!

And now what shall I say to you, my countrymen—my own dear countrymen?

To you who received me with open arms when I came; who have ever been so generous to me, who have viewed with so kindly a heart all I have said, all I have done—in parting from you, what shall I say? Nay, what can I say? There are times when emotions crush out words. But far away is a Georgia home, whose doors will be ever ready to swing wide open to you and to yours; upon whose walls will be hung the resolutions, so beautifully engrossed, and this picture, side by side, in loving companionship. Inexpressibly dear will they be to hearts which must hereafter have a dual life; one there, the other here; one in Savannah, the other in the grand original of this beautiful picture; hearts which will be ever awake to all that may befall you, to all that concerns you, and even to the last will cherish the hope of meeting you again; if not here, if not there, somewhere in the boundless universe of God.

The last word must now be spoken, the word that breaks the future off from the past; the word that wrings the heart, and leaves it to the tumult of its own pulsations; "the word that makes us linger; yet, farewell!"

CHAPTER XIX.

A FEW OF THE POPULAR SONGS AND DANCES OF THE PEOPLE.

HIMNO NACIONAL.

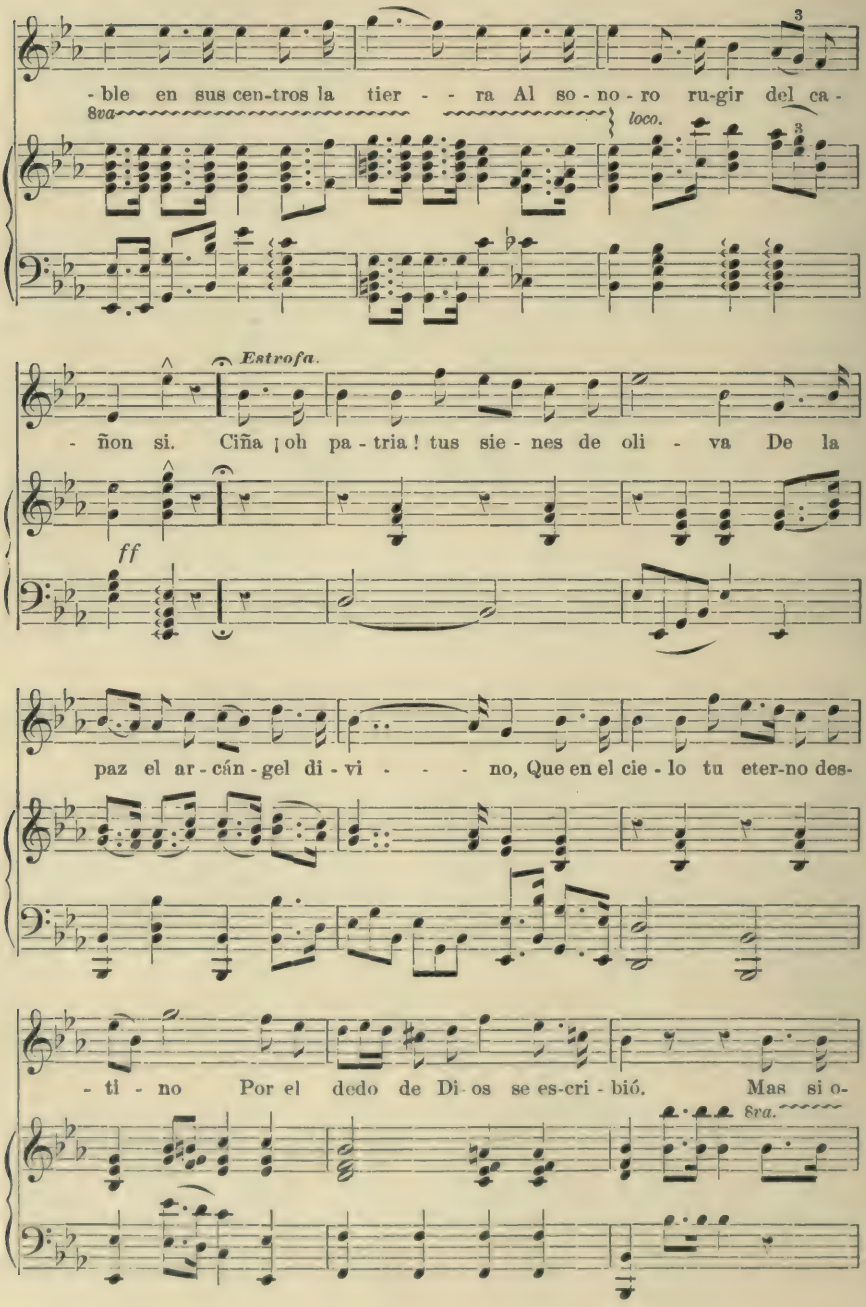
Poesia de F. Gonzalez Bocanegra. *Musica de JAIME NUNO.*

Coro.

Me - xi - ca - nos, al gri - to de guer - - ra El a-

- ce - ro a - pre - stad y el bri - don Y retiem - ble en sus cen-tros la

tier - ra Al so - no - ro ru - gir del ca - ñon; Y retiem-


-ble en sus cen-tros la tier - - ra Al so - no - ro ru-gir del ca-
8va
loco.
Estrofa.
- ñon si. Ciña ¡oh pa - tria! tus sie - nes de oli - va De la
ff
paz el ar - cán - gel di - vi - - - no, Que en el cie - lo tu eter-no des-
- ti - no Por el dedo de Di - os se es-cri - bió. Mas si o-
8va.

-sare un es-tra-ño ene-mi-go Pro-fa-nar con su plan-ta tu

loco.

sue - - - lo, Pien-sa ¡ oh pa-tria que-ri-da! que el cie - - lo Un sol-

-da-do en cada hijo te dió, Un sol-da-do en cada hijo te dió.

ff *D. C.*

II.

En sangrientos combates los viste,
Por tu amor palpitando sus senos,
Arrostrar la metralla serenos,
Y la muerte ó la gloria buscar.

Si el recuerdo de antiguas hazañas
De tus hijos inflama la mente,
Los laureles del triunfo tu frente
Volverán immortales á ornar.

CORO.

III.

Como al golpe del rayo la encina
Se derrumba hasta el hondo torrente,
La discordia vencida, impotente,
A los piés del arcángel cayó.
Ya no más de tus hijos la sangre
Se derrame en contienda de hermanos;
Solo encuentre el acero en sus manos
Quien tu nombre sagrado insultó.

CORO.

IV.

Del guerrero inmortal de Zempoala
Te defiende la espada terrible,
Y sostiene su brazo invencible
Tu sagrado pendon tricolor.
El será del feliz mexicano
En la paz y en la guerra el caudillo,
Porque él supo sus armas de brillo
Circundar en los campos de honor.

CORO.

V.

¡Guerra, guerra sin tregua al que intente
De la patria manchar los blasones!
¡Guerra, guerra! los patrios pendones
En las olas de sangre empapad.
¡Guerra, guerra! en el monte, en el valle
Los cañones horrísonos truenen,
Y los ecos sonoros resuenen
Con las voces de *¡Union! ¡Libertad!*

CORO.

VI.

Antes, patria, que inermes tus hijos
Bajo el yugo su cuello dobleguen,
Tus campiñas en sangrè se rieguen,
Sobre sangre se estampe su pié.
Y sus templos, palacios y torres
Se derrumben con hórrido estruendo,
Y sus ruinas existan diciendo:
De mil héroes la patria aquí fué.

CORO.

VII.

Si á la lid contra hueste enemiga
Nos convoca la trompa guerrera,
De Iturbide la sacra bandera
¡Mexicanos! valientes seguid.
Y á los fieros bridones les sirvan
Las vencidas enseñas de alfombra;
Los laureles del triunfo den sombra
A la frente del bravo adalid.

CORO.

VIII.

Vuelva altivo á los patrios hogares
El guerrero á contar su victoria,
Ostentando las palmas de gloria
Que supiera en la lid conquistar.
Tornaránse sus lauros sangrientos
En guirnaldas de mirtos y rosas;
Que el amor de las hijas y esposas
Tambien sabe á los bravos premiar.

CORO.

IX.

Y el que al golpe de ardiente metralla
De la patria en las aras sucumba,
Obtendrá en recompensa una tumba
Donde brille de gloria la luz

Y de Iguala la enseña querida
A su espada sangrienta enlazada,
De laurel inmortal coronada
Formará de su fosa la cruz.

CORO.

X.

¡Patria! ¡patria! tus hijos te juran
Exhalar en tus aras su aliento,
Si el clarin con su bélico acento
Los convoca á lidiar con valor.
¡Para tí las guirnaldas de oliva!
¡Un recuerdo para ellos de gloria!
¡Un laurel para tí de victoria!
¡Un sepulcro para ellos de honor!

CORO.

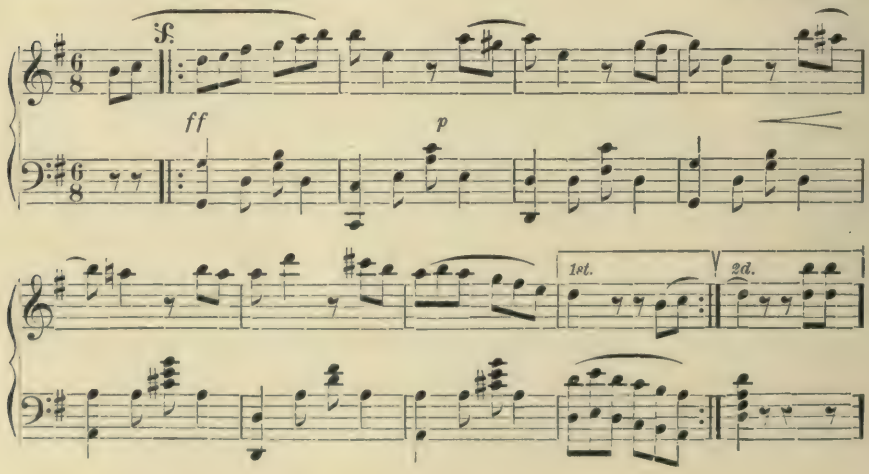
AGLAE.

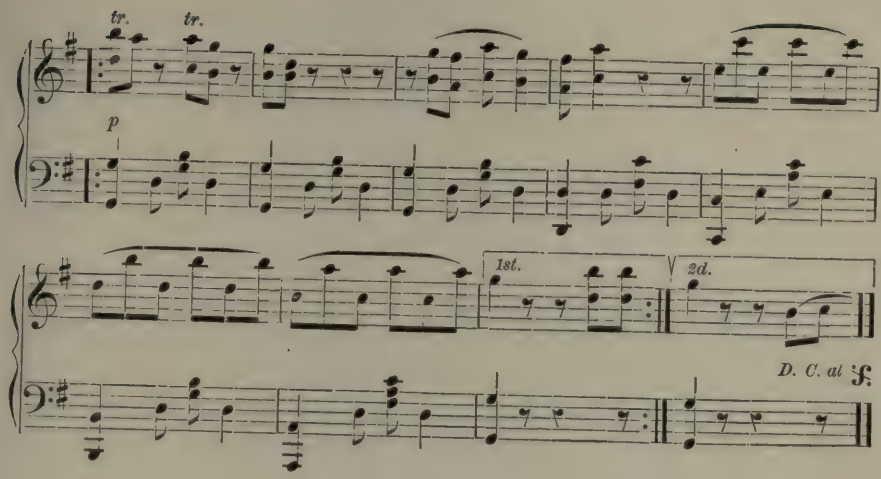
DANZA.

RULES OF THE DANZA.

To the first eight bars of music, which is repeated, making sixteen bars in all, two couples place themselves *vis à vis* as in a quadrille, only much nearer together. Then opposite couples give right hand across and left hand back and then balance four hands, your partner holding you with one hand as in a round dance and giving his other hand to the other lady, while you give yours to the other gentleman. Then follow sixteen bars of a slow waltz time.

F. G. Sedano.

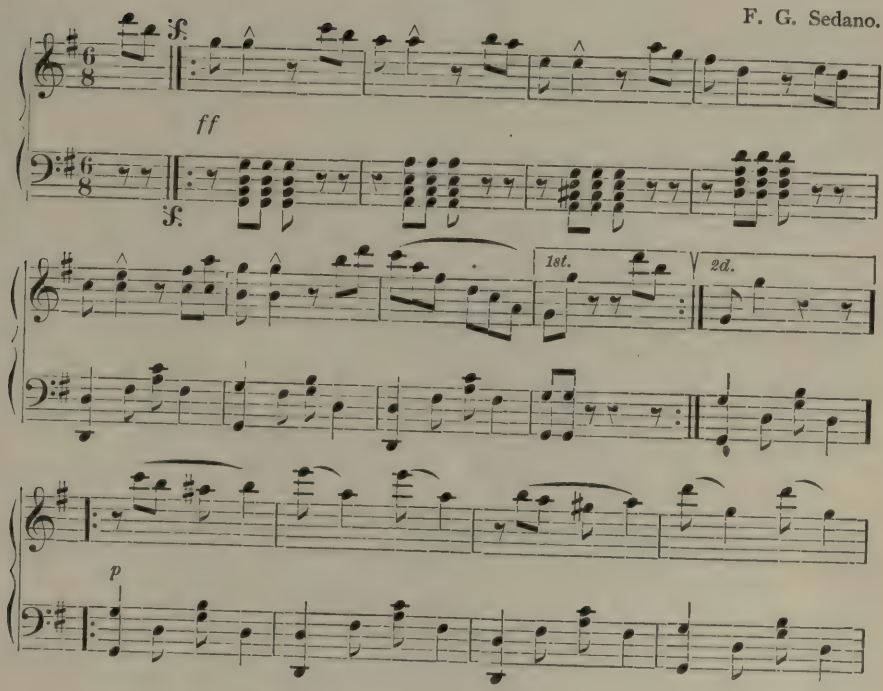


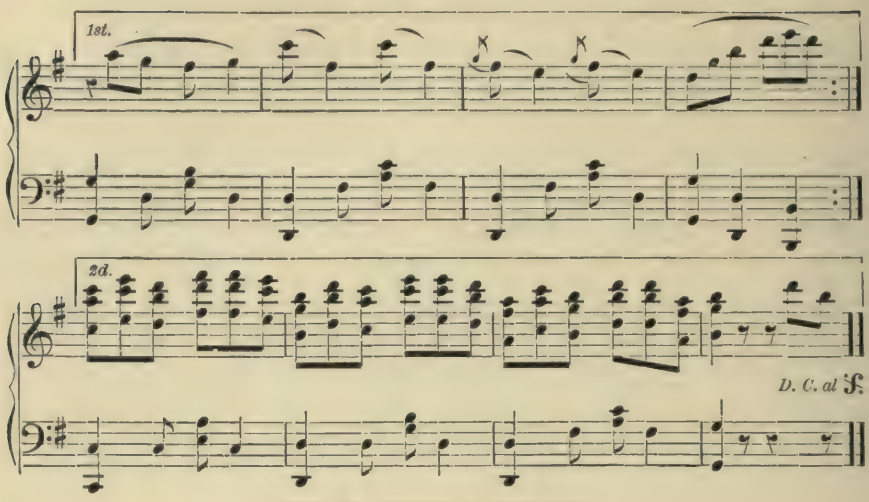


TALIA.

Danza.

F. G. Sedano.

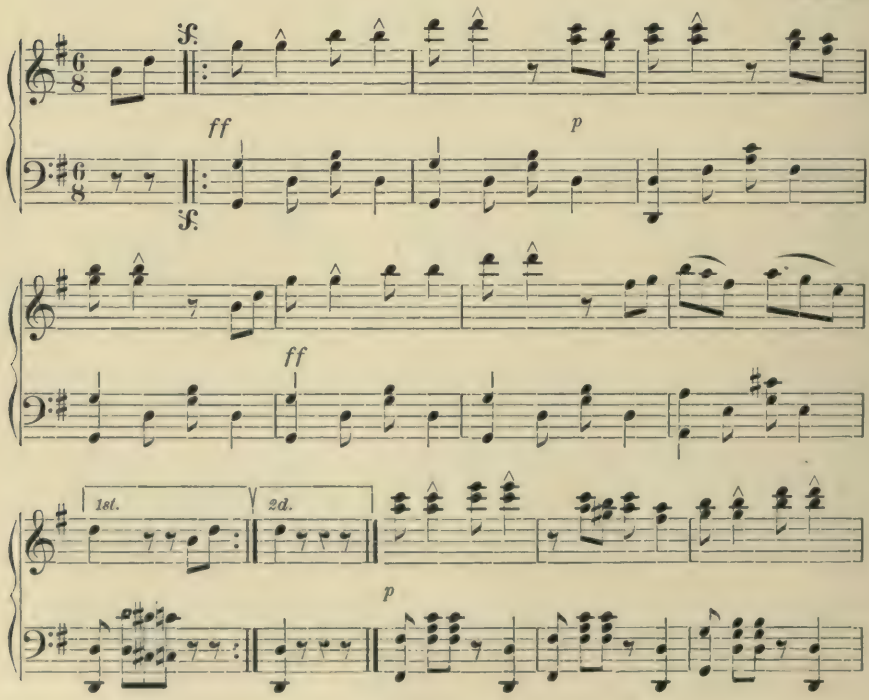


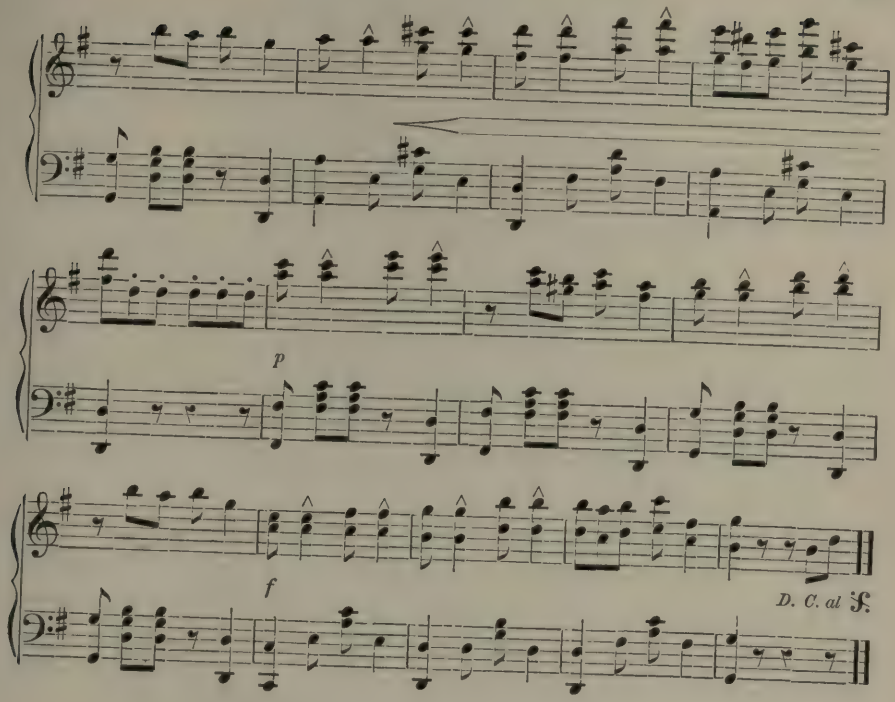


EUFROSINA.

DANZA.

F. G. Sedano.

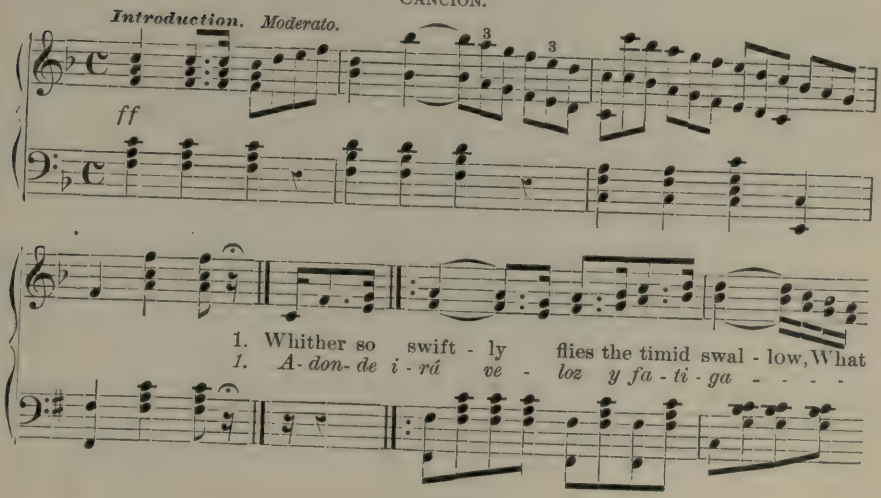




LA GOLONDRINA.

THE MEXICAN "HOME SWEET HOME."

CANCION.



distant bourne seeks her un - tir - ing wing? To reach it
- da La go - lon - dri - na que de aqui se vá? Oh, si en el

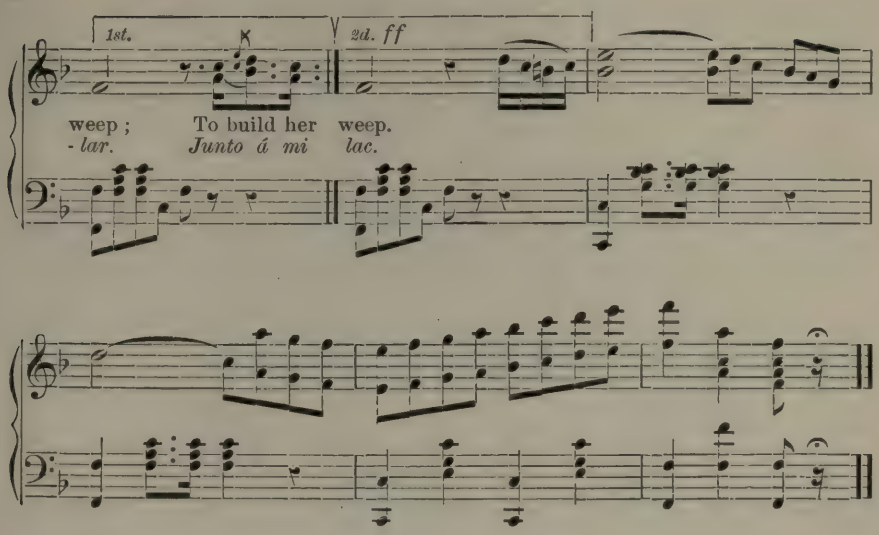
safe, what needle does she follow, When darkness wraps the poor, wee, storm-tossed
ai - re ge-mi-rá es - tra - via - da Buscando a - bri - go y no lo en- con- tra-

1st. 2d.

thing?....Whither so thing?....To build her nest near to my couch, I'll
rá, ... A-don-de i- rá,.....Junto á mi le - cho le pon - dré su

call her; Why go so far bright and warm skies to keep! Safe would she
ni - do En don-de pue - da la es-ta ci-on pa-sar: Tambien yo es-

be; no evil should be-fall her, For I'm an ex - ile sad, too sad to
- toy en la region per-di - do Oh! Cie-lo san - to sin po-der vo -



2. My fatherland is dear, but I too left it ;
Far am I from the spot where I was born ;
Cheerless is life, fierce storms of joy bereft it ;
Made me an exile lifelong and forlorn.
Come then to me, sweet feathered pilgrim stranger ;
Oh ! let me clasp thee to my loving breast,
And list thy warbling low, secure from danger,
Unwonted tears bringing relief and rest.

2. *Dejé tambien mi patria idolatrada,*
Esa mansion que me miró nacer ;
Mi vida es hoy errante y angustiada,
Y ya no puedo á mi mansion volver.
Ah! ven, querida amable peregrina ;
Mi corazon al tuyo estrechare,
Oiré tu canto tierna golondrina,
Recordaré mi patria, y luego lloraré.

LOS NARANJOS Ó ADELA.

DANZA.

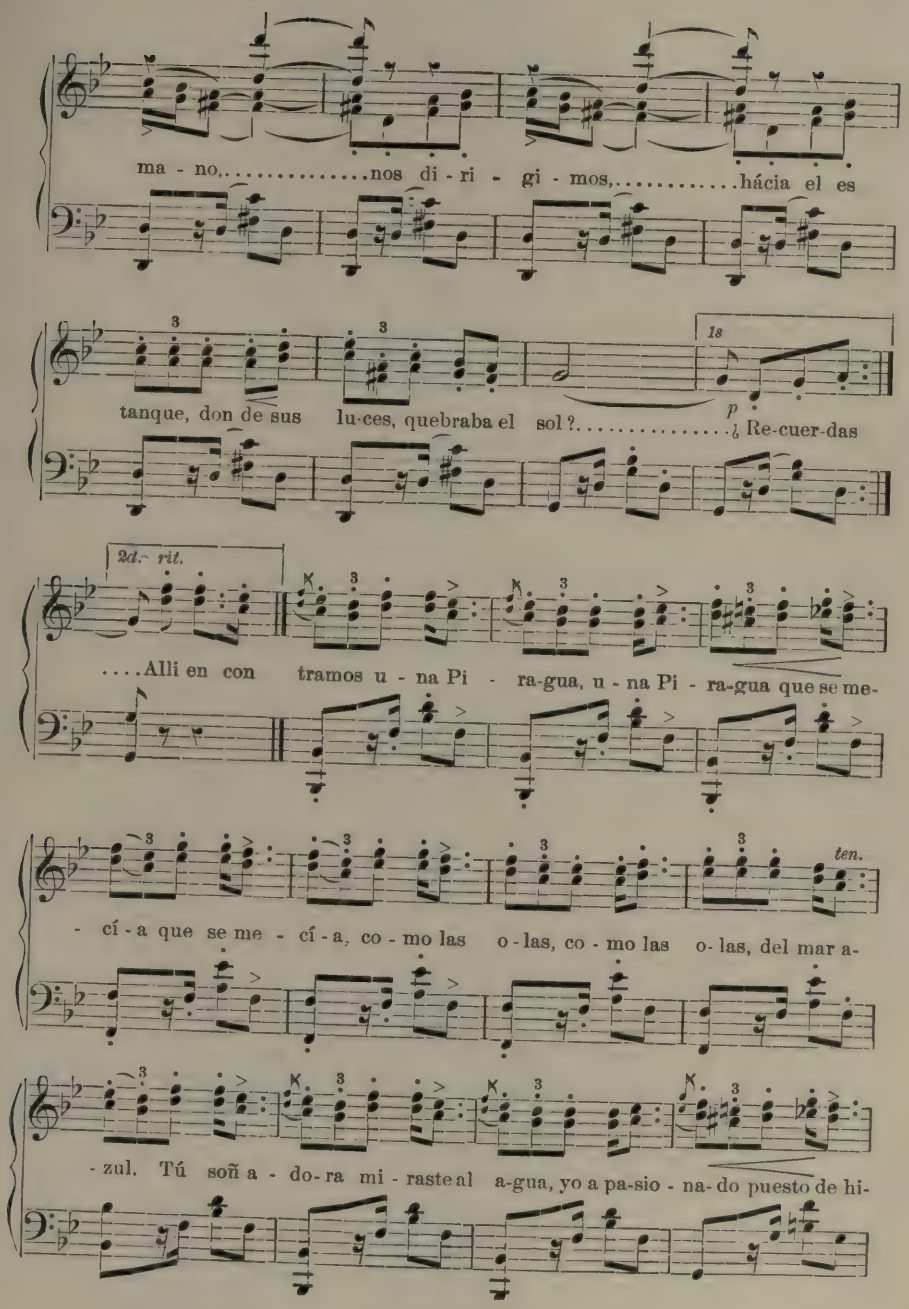
Lento. Tempo di Danza.

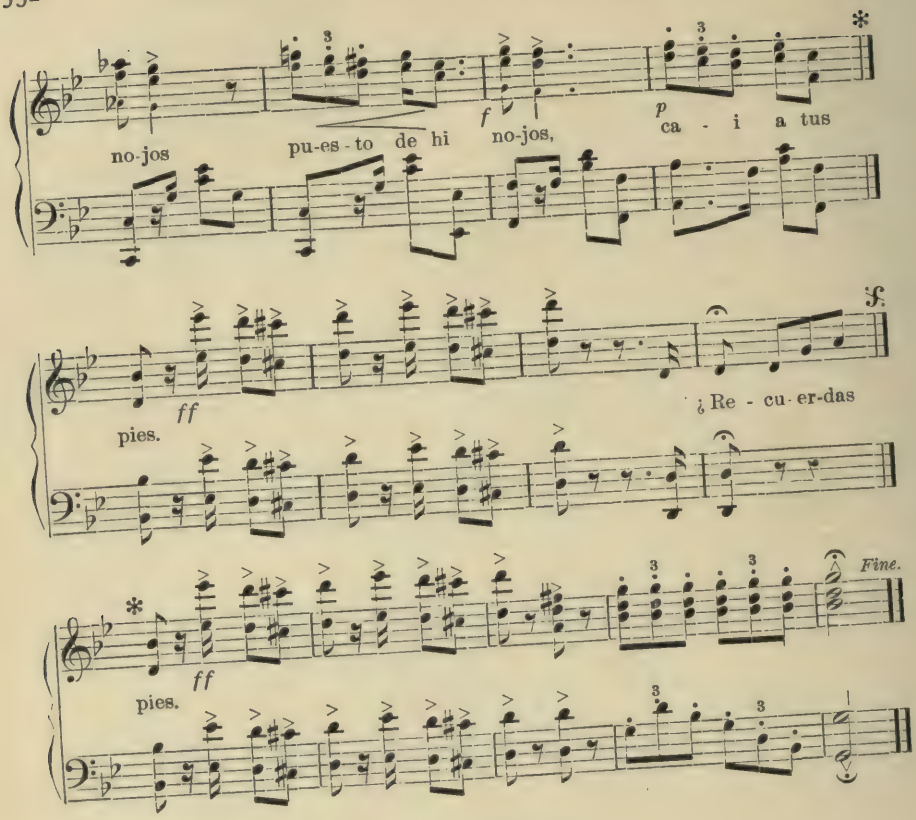
ff. *p* *p*

ff *p* *p* ¿Re - cuer-das

ni - ña, de a - que-lla tar - de,.....cuando en el

bosque de los na - ranjos jun-tos tu y yo,.....mano entre


ma - no,.....nos di - ri - gi - mos,.....hácia el es
tanque, don de sus lu-ces, quebraba el sol?.....¿ Re-cuer-das
1s
p
2d.
rit.
....Alli en con tramos u - na Pi - ra-gua, u - na Pi - ra-gua que se me-
- cí - a que se me - cí - a, co - mo las o - las, co - mo las o - las, del mar a-
ten.
- zul. Tú soñ a - do - ra mi - raste al a-gua, yo a pa-sio - na- do puesto de hi-



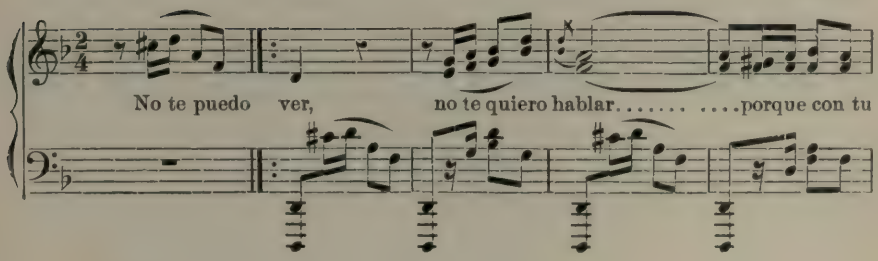
2. ¡ Dulces momentos
Que ya parsaron. . . . !
Y los Naranjos
Testigos nuestros
Existen aún
¡Quien como ellos
Decir pudiera
Constancia siempre
Siempre constancia
Hasta morir !
¡Adela mia !
De tus desprecios,
De tu inconstancia,
No apures mas

La amarga hiel.
Con tus caricias,
Con tu cariño,
Con tu ternura,
Házme dichoso,
Házme felíz.

3. Mas, si el desden
De tu fáz bella
No tornas dulce
Y apasionado
Cual antes ví ;
A los Naranjos
Y sus azahares,
Tierna querella
Del corazon
Entonaré.
¡Adela, Adela !
Vuelve hácia mi
Que sabes te ama
Mi corazon
Con frenesí.
Se siempre mía
Cual tuyo soy,
Y con tu amor
Házme dichoso,
Házme felíz.

¡AY QUE NIQUEL!

P. Inidnal.



Ni - - quel..... me vas á en ga - ñar. Ni-quel so-lo

tie - nes Niquel nada mas el o-ro y la

1st.

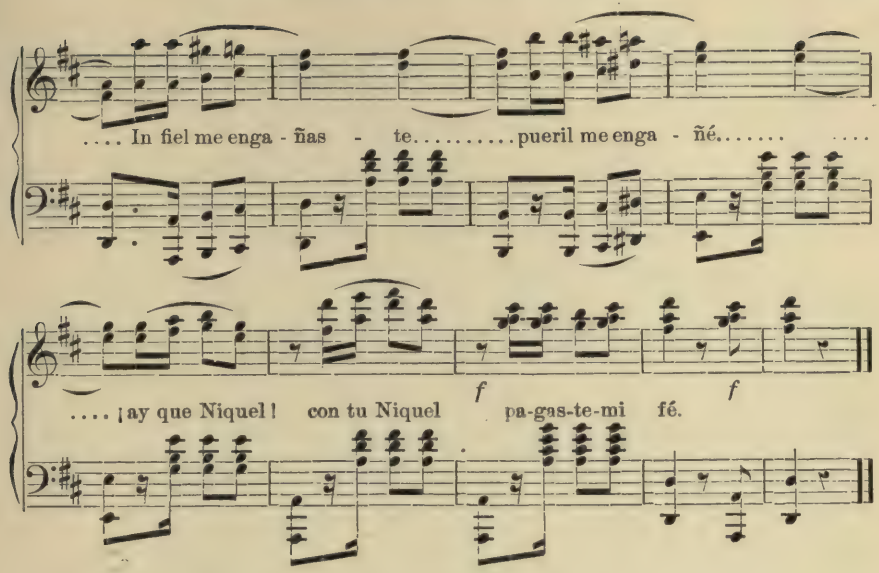
pla - ta se fue - ron, se fue - ron al mar. No te puedo

2d.

muy ligado.

mar. Soñando en a- mo - res,..... in-can-ta pro - bé.....

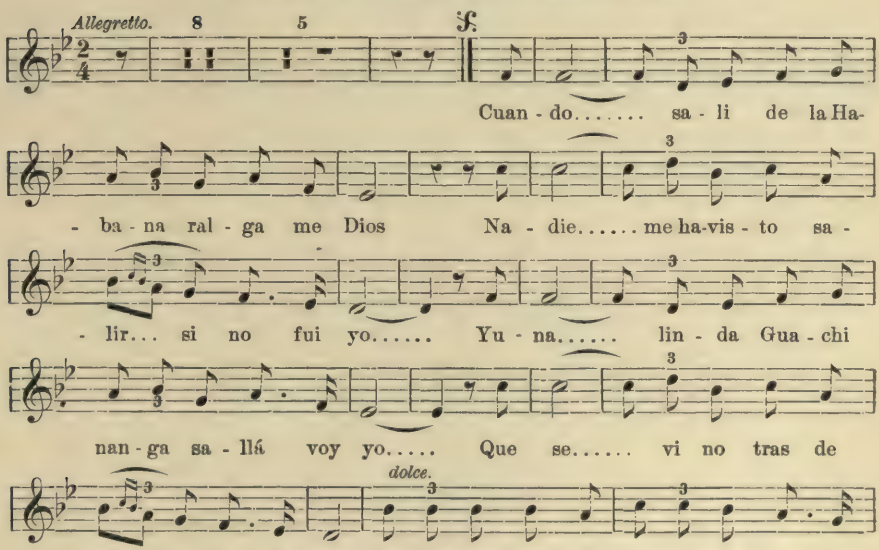
....mostrar-te la pun - ta,..... la punta del pié.....

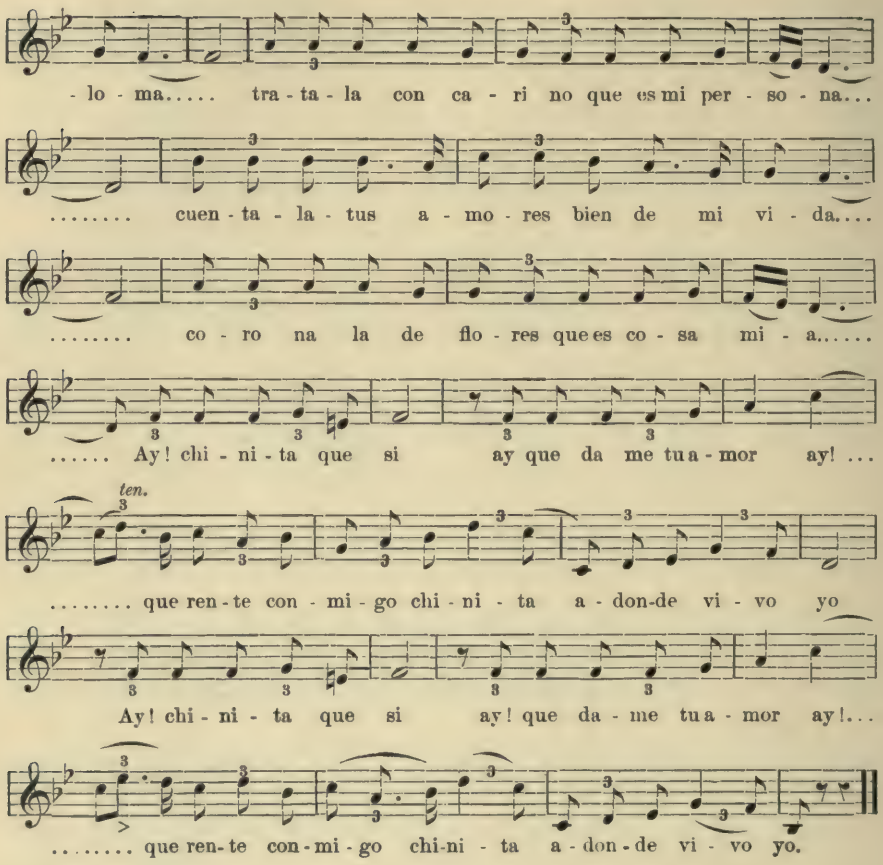


LA PALOMA.

COUPLETS ESPAGNOLS.

A FAVORITE SONG AMONG THE COMMON PEOPLE.





2

El dia que nos casemos
Valgame Dios!
En la semana que hay ir
Me hace reir
Desde la Yglesia juntitos
Que si senor
Nos hiremos a dormir
Alla voy yó
Si a tu ventana llega, etc.

3

Cuando el curita nos seche
La bendicion
En la Yglesia Catrédal
Alla voy yó
Yo te daré la manita
Con mucho amor
Yel cura dos hisopazos
Que si senor
Si a tu ventana llega, etc.

4

Cuando haya pasado tiempo
Valgame Dios !
De que estemos casaditos
Pues si senor
Lo menos tendremos siete
Y que furor !
O quince guachinanguitos
Alla voy yo
Si a tu ventana llega, etc.

CHAPTER XX.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES.

PREVIOUS to the advent of railways, and especially the completion of the Mexican Central, Mexico was a sealed book to the majority of Americans. To take up an abode there at that time, one was as securely bottled, corked and labeled for utter isolation from kindred and friends, as though banished to Kamtchatka or the South Sea Islands.

Without railways, telegraphs and their attendant blessings, Mexico was left to her own internal strife and commotion; the incentives to progress were wanting; while Texas, only across the river, possessing these advantages, has, in an incredibly short period, grown to be one of the foremost States in the Union, basking serenely in the sunlight of an unprecedented prosperity.

Considered geographically and topographically in the great federation of nations, the United States and Mexico should be on better terms, commercially and socially, than any other people. The one is situated mostly within the tropics—in the torrid zone; the other in the temperate; and together they produce all those commodities which are necessary to the comfort and convenience of their respective inhabitants. Their shores are girdled by the same vast water belt, and by nature they were intended to be the full complement of each other. Mexico can produce enough coffee of every grade to supply the world, to say nothing of her sugar, India-rubber, indigo, dye-woods, vanilla, as well as numerous other articles of prime export. She has also

a large and varied assortment of delicious fruits and an unlimited supply of the precious metals which regulate the commerce of nations.

But Mexico is not a manufacturing country, and, perhaps, will never be, while the United States has great need for a wider market for her manufactured goods, which Mexico can purchase of no other country to the same advantage. But as yet our trade is not one-tenth part of what it should be. Lamentable the fact, we have been the very last foreign power to place ourselves on a proper footing with our

THE OLD AND NEW CIVILIZATION.

near neighbors. A deep and subtle influence lies at the foundation. In the fullness of our well-earned greatness and self-esteem, we constitute ourselves teachers and judges of customs, business relations and social intercourse, under conditions far different from our own. We have made a high standard for ourselves, and if other people do not approximate it, they must be at fault.

But this failure to understand each other is due to several causes. In the first place, we have made no effort to understand them, and, again, unworthy representatives of our country do not hesitate to denounce, publicly upon the street, both the government and the people, and declare in boastful fashion the ability, if not the immediate inten-

tion, of the American eagle to swoop down upon them and "wipe 'em out in sixty days." They talk unreservedly and offensively about the prospects of a speedy annexation; of a protectorate, and the gigantic scheme of absorption, all of which cannot fail to engender much ill-feeling and animosity. It recalls afresh to the sensitive Mexican mind the "North American invasion"—the loss of valuable territory, and the general distress that pervaded the country.

Then again we have been full of unjust doubts as to the integrity of our neighbors. The consequence has been that the keen discrimination of our friends across the water has long since gathered to themselves the friendly relations as well as the profitable emoluments of trade which legitimately belong to us.

To compete successfully with the diplomatic methods of the English, French and Germans requires tact and skillful manipulation. Of the many Americans who gaze from afar with longing eyes on the prospect for business investments, it is safe to say that not one in five thousand has the slightest idea of the nature of the difficulties to be met and overcome in order to realize these prospects. In endeavoring to establish business relations, it must be borne in mind that it is not with one race he has to do, but with various shades, mixtures and types; with sentiments and prejudices, diverse and in common, all to be met, pandered to, and softened into harmony.

The average American has the impression that, should he locate in Mexico, and exercise his accustomed force and energy, much sooner will he reach the acme of his hopes and the realization of his golden dreams. Delusive thought! It does not require much time to undeceive him. He finds that no push whatever is expected or required; in fact, the less he has the better, for he must learn to bend to the slow—very slow—methods of the Mexican; to accept the *dolce far niente* of the country. Business customs and habits confront him which yield but slowly to modern ideas, while the necessary schooling in the *mañana* system, and the still more difficult lesson that, Toots-like, time is of "no consequence," must chafe his restless spirit, and dampen his impassioned ardor.

It requires a discriminating eye and a suave, agreeable manner to obtain and hold the trade. So many things must be consulted and considered that in other countries have no relation whatever to business; but without which everything is tame and void of interest to the Mexican. It is necessary to study carefully the language, customs, habits and sentiments of the people; to familiarize one's self with the business methods, custom-house laws and the tariff. Usually in the haste to acquire a foothold, the smaller and more important

NATIONAL PALACE AT THE CAPITAL.

details are lost sight of, but it is only by observing them that success will follow.

The prejudice of Mexicans against Americans is not so strong as the enemies of American interests would have residents of the United States believe. The various concessions, granted Americans both in the past and present, by the State and Federal Governments of Mexico, are proofs of this fact. But a wider and more extended communication between the two countries—more travel through Mexico by Americans and *vice versa*—would conduce to a better understand-

ing. Let our people make an effort to know the "Mexicans in their Homes," and an open hospitality be tendered to them when they visit our country. No diplomacy could be so effective.

As an American woman I am justly proud of our institutions, of our prowess, strength and unity of purpose. We have indeed left behind us in our onward march of progress every other nation, and are pre-eminently the "heirs of all the ages." No country nor clime can compare with ours, and our representative men and women take rank and precedence wherever they come in contact with those of other countries. Perhaps it is the consciousness of our greatness that makes us less adaptable than others.

But our modern progressive institutions cannot thrust themselves unceremoniously and without caution upon a country whose civilization dates back more than two hundred years before our own. We must learn to "apply our hearts unto wisdom and pass into strange countries, for good things were created for the good from the beginning."

We must educate ourselves up to the point of believing that we can attribute the frailties and defects of any people as much to human nature as to national forces.

Whatever our differences of race, training and feeling, we can all do something for the happiness and well-being of those around us, and if other opportunities fail, there is always room for the bestowal of a helpful and sympathetic word.

But in no country do fame and friends come to us unless we have earned as well as desired them. Usually, like success, they come as the hard-bought recompense of persevering effort, and of patient waiting, and at last must rest with ourselves. We must carry into our common lives that grand and ennobling sentiment that unless we trust we will not be trusted.

In brief, if you go to Mexico, do not hope to effect radical changes, or constitute yourself judge and reformer, but rather be prepared, instead of teaching, to be taught. Go determined to see things in a just light, to make liberal allowances for whatever does

not coincide with your own habits and training, and accommodate yourself with becoming grace to what you will there meet.

The much-desired first step toward the establishment of a mutual understanding and an international interest was taken at the New Orleans Exposition of 1884–5, which marked a new era in the history of Mexico, and throughout succeeding time will be turned to, as a beneficent agency, having brought before the public mind in the United States the various resources, the taste, skill and ingenuity, as well as the musical talent and proficiency of the Mexican people.

Following closely upon this was the Mexican Editorial Excursion to the United States, when the men who wield the instrument "mightier than the sword," were feasted and toasted everywhere. Being thus enabled to see the representative American on his own soil, either with the *entourage* of high position in political and social life, or at home with his household gods about him, they each and all returned with a better feeling toward our people.

One of these editors, Señor Alberto Bianchi, has published a book with illustrations, descriptive of the journeyings and impressions of the excursionists. Since their return they have interested themselves largely, in their different sections, in the cause of public education, and some have established normal schools.

But the future greatness of Mexico depends more upon the development of her internal resources than upon the introduction of foreign manufactures; more, too, upon her agricultural and domestic industries than on mines, mining, or the now widely scattered factories and mills. An untold wealth lies dormant in her bosom, an uncomputed richness in her veins. The seemingly insignificant agencies which by cultivation have given impetus and strength to our own internal greatness, are to-day in their infancy in our sister republic.

With a population of ten millions, Mexico cannot, strictly speaking, be called a consuming country, for the reason that the majority of her people are the humble poor who live solely on home product; who neither know nor ask anything beyond *manta*, *tortilla*, *chili*, and *cigarette*. It is quite manifest, however, that trade with the United

States is yearly increasing. There is now a market for hardware of all kinds ; agricultural implements, axes, wagons, carriages, harnesses, pianos and organs ; also for prints, fine cottons, mill and mining tools and machinery, hosiery, flannels, woolens for ladies' and gentlemen's wear ; glassware, lamps and gas fixtures, furniture, leather, hats, trunks and valises, fire-arms, scientific and surgical instruments, etc.

England and Germany have heretofore controlled the trade in hardware and agricultural implements, while France has maintained the supremacy in fine fabrics. But the superiority of American machinery and manufactured goods has been recognized, and it is now evident that in these lines we are driving other competitors to the wall.

The fact is generally conceded that temporary traveling agents, unless already acquainted with the language, tastes and habits of the people, can effect no good. A permanent residence is necessary, whereby they are enabled to study the all-important details. Great care should be exercised, in the selection of these agents or commission merchants, that they be of a genial, conciliatory disposition, steady habits, and gentlemanly address, never in a hurry, and give attention to dress and personal appearance.

The enterprising North American commercial traveler, always in a hurry, rushes in upon a quiet Mexican business man, opens his grip, exhibits his samples, and fails to effect a sale. The reason is obvious: he has disgusted the merchant by his too eager and energetic manner. How different with Europeans! They have caught the spirit and habit of the Mexican to a nicety. Not alone in the outside world of business, but in the home life also, are they more in harmony with him. They have learned what we have yet to learn, to make haste slowly. The German or French agent will negotiate through diplomacy, and seek by social courtesy first to enter the good graces of the Mexican merchant. When they come in contact, both are probably well aware what the ultimate aim and object is, but of trade or business not a word is spoken. The agent inquires after the health of the merchant and his family. They smoke, chat of travels, and other

kindred topics. The pride of the Mexican is naturally gratified when he finds *one man at least* who knows how to take things slowly and pleasantly and without *brusquerie*. Perhaps half a dozen such interviews occur before a word is spoken about business, but the agent, beyond all doubt, has secured his victim.

The apostolic injunction to "let patience have her perfect work" must here be heeded in the business world no less than in the higher discipline of life.

Good faith in all transactions is a prime necessity; therefore it is essential that goods supplied should be according to samples. Two intelligent Mexican merchants with whom I became acquainted, informed me that their own experience had been unsatisfactory in buying from traveling agents. Goods furnished not only did not correspond with samples in color or texture, but even the prices were different. They also said that in such matters other foreign sellers were careful to send exactly what was ordered, even if it required much time and labor. European importers cater to the popular taste, even to the packing and shipping of goods, making a reduction in bulk and weight by shipping in bales instead of boxes, giving long credit on all bills, and by every available means endeavor to save trouble to their customers. Calculations are also made that the native railroads, in the shape of *burros* or carts, may readily transport the goods to interior cities. Americans generally overlook these details, and ship their goods in heavy wooden boxes, in every way objectionable.

Besides, the fastidious taste of the Mexican as to color and texture is lost sight of; they forget his whole nature is antagonistic to dull colors, coarse woof, and unseemly assortment. The French have caught the popular fancy in taste and delicacy. Light and airy fabrics with cunning devices, adding unique effects to the artistic arrangement, catch at once the Mexican eye.

Foreigners from the old country are content to make a very little headway at a time, and to utilize every facility they can command to the very best advantage. If they prosper in business, the young brothers and cousins at home are not forgotten, and as soon as cir-

cumstances will permit, they are brought out to act as clerks, and fill other places of confidence, proving invaluable aids to the heads of the establishment and strengthening their position.

An evidence of how other foreigners study to please the Mexicans, even to the details of dress, I observed in traveling with a young Englishman who had lived in the United States for six years. He was then about to join his brother, who had resided for some years in Mexico. Naturally this subject was under discussion between us. He frankly told me that his brother had written to him on no account to wear anything that looked American, and especially to refrain from wearing an American slouch hat, as the Mexicans detested that article heartily. Take warning, my countrymen! If you cannot wear a beaver, then a Derby—a stiff, half high, or the genuine wide-brimmed, silver-decked sombrero.

He certainly had obeyed the injunction, for he was a live representative of John Bull, from the apex of his prim-sitting hat, to the tip end of his square English foot. But I was glad to see him thus prepare himself for his future life associations, and candidly told him I should expect to hear of a marvelous success from his sojourn in Mexico.

After my arrival in the capital I found his brother's firm, that of B., S., R., C. & Co., had made for themselves an enviable name as architects, mining engineers and contractors. I had the satisfaction of seeing with my own eyes that the wise head which had planned his brother's advent into the country had practiced literally what he preached. As an equestrian, the native gorgeousness quite melted into insignificance by comparison; while in whatever society, foreign or native, he was a shining light and noted for the suavity of his manners.

The last I heard of the newly inducted young traveler bent on conquest, he was mounted on a litter going to Oaxaca, a seven days' journey, as a mining engineer.

Mexicans are not generally wholesale merchants. Those who have sufficient means to become such, prefer investing in *haciendas*, which

are a sure source of profit and much less trouble. The smaller retail trade, however, is chiefly controlled by them, and in this field they are both able and successful. They are declared, on competent authority, to be strict, if somewhat slow, in meeting their obligations. But slowness, where everything is slow, need not necessarily be considered detrimental; and it may generally be assumed that if they do not pay, it is because they have not the money—a condition not surprising in the financial depression of the last few years.

Native retailers manage their business most skillfully. With a full estimate of the value of everything they desire to exchange, barter, or sell, they will ask the outside price, at the same time reading critically the character of their customer; if the price demanded will not secure him, most graciously and gracefully they will accept a lower.

To their powers of manipulation may be accredited the fact that in no part of the country have the Jews, to any extent, been able to obtain a foothold in mercantile life. The Mexican is even more suave, more entertaining, and more determined in his mode of selling than the most smooth-tongued representative of the Israelitish race. He can sustain himself comfortably on a smaller profit, and is content to do so, as long as he is assured of holding his customer. The native, however, has not a monopoly of the retail trade. Frequently he has associated with him either a Spaniard, Frenchman, or Italian, and again these are established with success, independently.

The capital is naturally the great emporium, the business of the country being concentrated there. The cities and towns along the Rio Grande may possibly conduct some traffic with the United States, and certainly an immense amount of smuggling is done; but the main supplies come from the capital.

Mexico affords a striking illustration of the extremes of wealth and poverty. A late estimate by one who is well informed gives her only about five hundred thousand people who are wealthy; while the remainder is divided between those with moderately comfortable incomes and the absolutely poor. But among the former there is a large professional and shop-keeping class, who always appear well

dressed, and with more or less indications of competency, but whose incomes are meager and uncertain.

Those who have accumulated large fortunes are, after all, at a loss how to find suitable investments. A distinguished Mexican statesman has estimated that an uninvested capital of $50,000,000 exists in the City of Mexico to-day, a sum large enough to build and equip a railway to some extreme point of the republic.

This is the case in every large city. Immense sums of money are in the hands of the rich in absolute bulk, without any outlet or means of investment.

Stock companies and co-operative plans do not strike, as tangible, the popular fancy. The best thing generally is for this class to build houses and rent them, or lend their money at very high rates.

Banking privileges are not usually resorted to by either the tradespeople or the merchant princes. The "Bank of London, Mexico and South America" has been established for twenty-one years, yet even now the majority of people do not avail themselves of it. Merchants use it for exchange, and also as a means of safety for large sums in silver dollars, this last sometimes for a very short time, perhaps for one day and night, after which their *mozos* may be seen carrying it back in meal-bags. Perhaps a prejudice may attach to mere bits of paper as the representatives of big silver dollars, but checks are not used after our method, nor is banking resorted to except as a means of commercial convenience. For the mechanic or tradesman no facilities whatever exist in the way of savings banks for the deposit of their small earnings. Consequently more or less extravagance is indulged in, or the money is hidden away without profit to themselves or to the country.

Notwithstanding the rainy season, success in agriculture in Mexico depends almost solely on the facilities for irrigation. Every drop of water is skillfully utilized. Often, indeed, the entire body of water is turned from its legitimate course, and employed in irrigating a large and otherwise profitless region. If a river runs near to or through several *haciendas*, the proprietors unite in constructing a dam across

THE CITY OF DURANGO.

it, with large ditches to convey the water through the fields. They employ a man to take charge of its distribution, and during the farming season he must be on hand both day and night, to turn the water on and off, as may be necessary.

Lands rent for one-third and one-half of the crop. The proprietor furnishes no teams, and the yield of corn is from thirty-five to forty bushels per acre.

A *hacienda*, it must be understood, is a large plantation, and not a ranch for cattle, although one proprietor may own both. In this case, the farming is kept separate from the cattle raising. A church and store are inseparable adjuncts to the well-kept *hacienda*. The peons buy the necessaries of life from the store, which of course keeps them always in debt, thus securing their services. Unless the proprietor of some other *hacienda* pays the debt, they of course cannot leave.

There are two classes of peons, those who are in debt and those who are not. The former are by far the more numerous, and are called *calpaneros* or *gañanes*. The names and salaries of the principal employés are as follows:

Administrador,	who is	paid	from	$70	to	$100	per month.
Mayordomo,	"	"	"	30 "		60 "	"
Ayudante,	"	"	"	15 "		30 "	"
Sobre saliente,	"	"	"	8 "		25 "	"
Capitan,	"	"	"	8 "		20 "	"

Trojero, who has charge of the keys and keeps the accounts of the *hacienda*; paid from $15 to $30 per month; and a doctor, who is also paid by the month.

The priest is paid for his services as they are rendered. The founder, wheel-wright, and carpenters are paid by the job.

The *mayordomo* and the *capitan* are allowed horses and certain perquisites from the *hacienda*.

These *capitans* are rare characters in and of themselves. Though

in letters he may be the most ignorant, yet in that little narrow skull he can carry more accounts than the most expert book-keeper. He knows the antecedents of everybody and everything on that place. He is a peon just as they are, but in many ways he shows his power over them.

EL CAPITAN.

The accompanying illustration, taken from life at San Miguel Sesma, shows him in the robes and dignity of his office.

Every night the *raya* (an account of the days' doings) is gone through by the *mayordomo* and *capitan*, who come to the office of the *hacienda* to give an account to the *administrador* of what has been done during the day. The names of the peons are read, and the captain answers: "*Cetonale*" ("He has worked to-day"), or "*Homo cleno*" ("He has not"), as the case may be. The *mayordomo* has a box full of beans kept for the purpose. Each time the captain answers "*Cetonale*" or "*Homo cleno*," a bean is pushed aside. When the calling and answering are finished, the beans in the two piles thus formed are counted, and the result entered in the day-book. The captain retires and the *mayordomo* takes orders for the next day.

Everything is kept as systematically as in a banking business. The books of the *hacienda* are under government seal, and any one wishing to purchase the property may satisfy himself by looking at them.

Haciendas have their marketable small products, such as pulque, wood, milk, lumber, charcoal, beans, sheep, goats, and many others known as *esquilmos*. Hogs are also fattened, but they are little used save to make soap, which is excellent in any part of the country.

The impression prevails that the peon is in such a state of servitude that he can be easily compelled to adopt any methods his

employer may see fit to impose upon him; but the fallacy of this is too well known by all who have tried the experiment of farming.

The peon, like the rest of his race, has an instinctive dislike to any innovations, and he clings to his rude methods of agriculture, driving the new-fangled notions to the wall, or stacking them in the fields, while he unceremoniously returns to the ancient forked stick. He hugs the rawhide harness thongs and straps, and the primitive fixtures of his forefathers, and will not yield them up without a determined resistance.

A MEXICAN PLOWMAN.

In the hope of compromising matters with these ultra-conservatives, a wide-awake Chicago firm has recently invented and patented a steel plow that is the exact reproduction of the forked stick and makes a furrow much deeper, whereby finer results are obtained.

I visited several *haciendas*, and on each more or less of our agricultural implements were used. Every agent with whom I conversed spoke hopefully that finally the products of our manufactories would prevail over any and every competition. But with the inherent prejudice of the peon, it is not a source of wonder that even a progressive *hacendado* hesitates to introduce any new form. On some plantations both the ancient and modern work side by side. But on many large estates one sees as yet only the usages of the Romans or ancient Europeans. It is easy for the mind to travel backward to the days

when the Moors conquered Spain. They did not desire the advancement of the people, and, bent on conquest, introduced few improvements except those connected with their warlike enterprises.

In their turn the Spaniards have impressed the character of their civilization upon the Mexicans.

A further retrospect, and we find ourselves face to face with Bible scenes. The gleaners follow closely after the harvesters, as then; the story of Ruth may perhaps find many a parallel here.

ADOBE HOUSES.

Some Mexican writers have remonstrated against the introduction of labor-saving machinery, fearing it would militate against the interests of that large proportion of the population—the laboring class. But as the undeveloped resources are so immense, it will probably be long before interference in that direction will be felt, for the cry still goes up for more laborers for both mines and *haciendas.*

One of the principal causes of this want may be attributed to the constant recurrence of feast-days, the observance of which occupies at least one-third of the time. It is anything but a pious spirit that induces the laborer to take advantage of these occasions, but rather his innate love of ease and dissipation. These days are to him more holidays than holy days. But it is astonishing how little these people can exist upon. In spite of their small wages being in this way so mate-

rially decreased, they manage to live, and not uncomfortably either, on a mere pittance; whole families, sometimes, spending but twelve or even six cents a day.

The following extract is from a late letter to the *Boston Herald*, by Mr. F. R. Guernsey, the regular correspondent of that paper. Mr. Guernsey has resided in Mexico for several years, and is a very close observer and accurate narrator. This is what he says on the subject of introducing foreign labor: "What Mexico needs is such a flood of immigration as is being poured on the shores of the Argentine Republic, that Mecca of the Italian farmer class. A proposition was recently made here for the introduction of Irish immigrants into the State of Oaxaca, where large tracts of land could be secured for them at very low rates, and coffee and tobacco culture introduced on a large scale. I have no doubt that a large Irish colony, started in Oaxaca under intelligent supervision and with due provision for getting their crops to market, could be built up into a prosperous community. The Irish, being mostly Catholics, would not provoke religious hostility among the natives, and their sympathetic and gay temperament would commend them to the nation at large. There is land enough, and to spare, in this favored country for all Ireland, and here the sons of Irishmen would become men of property and influence. There are many Irish names in Mexican history as there are also in Chilian annals. An 'O'Donaju' was famous here in old days, and along the west coast of South America the 'Lynches' and Cochranes' are noted names. The 'Morans' are a noted family here. Other names common here suggest Irish ancestry. This matter might well be studied by persons interested in settling Irish emigrants on land of their own, and so giving to their children an honorable career beyond the reach of grasping landlords. Several colonies in this country are prospering, especially that founded at Ensenada, Lower California, under the auspices of the International Company, a Connecticut corporation. The railway system of the country, as it increases, will make markets for regions now isolated, and thus render agriculture more and more remunerative."

The difficulty of transportation remains a serious drawback to every enterprise to be carried on in the republic. This is so obvious as to render credible the statement that an over-crop is as detrimental as an insufficient one. When there is a large surplus, much waste must ensue for lack of the means of transportation. If the crop is a short one, the natives must go on foot and carry "corn from Egypt." In any case it is the masses of *pobres* who suffer, and the need for not only more railways, but also for wagons and roads, is a real one. If only the hoarded wealth of the country were thus applied, Mexico would not long be in the rear of other countries.

Under the present land tenure, the owners almost escape taxation, while the peon, or the man who takes the products to market, must pay enormous taxes, at the gates of the cities, where the tax gatherers are located. A barrel of flour may be taxed a dozen or twenty times before it reaches the market. Every State, city, and municipality through which it passes has its own laws of taxation. Every page of a merchant's ledger or cash-book must have a stamp. Every receipt must have one at the rate of one cent for every $20. Tickets of all sorts—even to the theater—contracts, bills, and a number of other things must have stamps. But the man who owns houses pays no taxes except when they are rented. This, it may be added, is the reason of the high rents.

The lack of water naturally limits and impedes manufacturing, and the scarcity of fuel places a dead incubus upon it. The government has nurtured and given all the aid and encouragement in its power to such enterprises, but it is difficult if not impossible to rise superior to such great natural obstacles. Wood commands from $15 to $18 per cord, which is, of itself, enough to interdict the use of steam. But there is a solution in the future to this question of fuel. There is no wider field for enterprising capitalists than the opening up of the vast coal deposits that exist in the various States. In Durango there are very fine deposits of hard coal. In other places many varieties are to be found; and the States of Oaxaca and Puebla abound in coal of a fine quality. Surely this will prove a great blessing to the country,

and a powerful agency of progress. Petroleum also exists in great abundance, but is still undeveloped. Though Mexico is a land of light, still more light is needed.

The culture and manufacture of silk promise success in the future. Mulberry trees flourish in many localities, and the climate is so fine that silk-worms require no protection.

There are sections well adapted to the growth of cotton, but it is cultivated only to a limited extent; the principal part of that used being supplied from the United States.

The mining and working of the precious metals had been carried on for centuries before the discovery of the New World. We read that the conquerors were amazed and their cupidity excited by the richness and splendid workmanship displayed in the costly peace-offering of Montezuma. Bernal Diaz enumerates among them "thirty golden ducks exactly resembling the living bird; also, a round plate about the size of a wagon-wheel, representing the sun, the whole of finest gold, a most extraordinary work of art; and a round plate, even larger than the former, of massive silver, representing the moon, with rays and other figures on it, as well as a quantity of gold trinkets," all displaying the most beautiful and skillful workmanship.

AN AMERICAN MINER.

Mining investments for Americans have generally proved a sad experience. But still they venture, working and waiting, hoping against hope. They give up comfortable homes to labor and toil as never before, deprived of every comfort, and at last are forced to leave the scenes of their unfruitful labors ruined in fortune and hopes, and with en-

ergies broken and crushed. Some of the most utterly miserable-looking men to be seen are these unfortunate American miners. A few have been successful, but they make the exceptions to the rule. Mining laws, however, are said to be excellent, and are quite as favorable to the foreign capitalist as to the native.

In the production of fruits alone Mexico has advantages over other countries. In many places by stretching out the hands one may

BASKET OF FRUIT.

gather both temperate and tropical varieties. While many have been imported, a large proportion are indigenous and daily tickled the palate of Montezuma. But peaches, apples and other temperate fruits are in a neglected condition, and consequently lack flavor. For the rest, nature is sufficient for her own free gifts.

The infinite variety and constant succession of fruits, all the year round, offer an attraction to growers as well as to those engaged in canning and preserving. Besides those familiar to home growth,

as peaches, pears, lemons, and oranges, or known to us through commerce, as the banana and pineapple, new, strange and delicious fruits meet the eye and invite the taste. At first Americans generally have a distaste to the native fruits of Mexico, but after a time relish them very much.

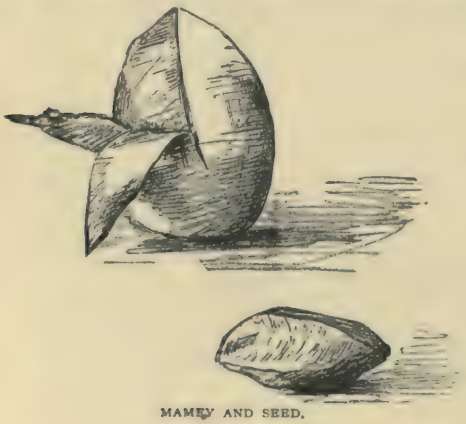
The accompanying illustration shows a few of the most peculiar of these fruits. The long, white one on the left is a lemon from Jalapa; it is nearly ten inches in length and about five inches in its largest diameter. The one in the center of dish is the *chirimolla* (custard-apple), delicious, and bears a stronger resemblance to a delicately flavored custard than to anything else. Another species of this fruit is the *anona*, which is seen on the right; it is brown, while the former is green. Both have the shape and appearance of the pineapple, and flourish in the latitude of the orange and lemon. Both have black seeds. The *anona* is so soft it is always brought to market enveloped in palm-leaves. The small fruit on the right, in front, is a mango, and the small one to the left is the *aguacatl*, or vegetable butter, commonly called *aguacate*, grows in almost all parts of Mexico. Some are green, others black; some as large as a man s fist, others the size of a marble. If the skin is removed and the substance spread on bread with a little salt, it is a good substitute for butter; it also makes a delicious salad. By putting the seed in a bottle, as with hyacinth bulbs, this fruit may be grown in all warm latitudes. Then there are the various kinds of zapotes; *chico* (small), brown skin; *prieto* (black pulp, green skin); *amarillo* (yellow pulp and skin), long, very large seed and delicious; *blanca* (white), green skin, white pulp, and the zapote of Santo Dimingo. All have a different skin, flesh and flavor, but the yellow and white are the

MANGO AND SEED.

most delicious. Along the Gulf coast there are miles of forest of the *chico zapote*. It is a very large and valuable tree, having dark, rich foliage, and for timber growth is almost unequaled. Pieces of the wood have been taken out of the ruins of constructions that were already ruins when the Spaniards came, and they were still as solid as though in use only a year. The mango is a large and lovely tree and is indigenous; the fruit is a reddish yellow, kidney-shaped, with fibrous flesh, and a large stone much the same shape. The flavor is at first objectionable to strangers, because of the strong turpentine taste, but this is finally overlooked. As it hangs on the trees in the hot lands nothing can be more beautiful than these great bright bunches of twenty-five or thirty hanging from the boughs.

YELLOW, BLACK, AND WHITE ZAPOTES.

The *mamey* is another attractive looking fruit of oblong shape, meat of salmon-red color, but a little education is also necessary for its enjoyment. When taken from the tree the fruit is warm throughout. The *xicama*, another curious fruit, looks exactly like a turnip, but with none of the flavor of the latter. The *granadita* is delicious, and bears a striking resemblance in appearance and flavor to our "May-apple." There are about forty varieties of oranges, be-



MAMEY AND SEED.

sides several of lemons and limes. Then there are *capulins* (wild cherries), the juice of which is used in *tamales;* the *tejocote*, *ciruelas*, *cidras*, all small fruits, besides *cicapnatl* (peanut), as also many other delicious nuts; the *calabaza* (pumpkin), one of the chief articles of food for the poor; the *cana* (sugar-cane); the *cacao*, from which chocolate is made; the *guavaba* (guava); *granada* (pomegranate); several kinds of figs, pears, and grapes; also, *charvicannos* (apricots), *mora* (mulberries), *zarzamora* (blackberries), *grosella* (raspberry). The *accituna* (olive) thrives anywhere on the table-lands. Then there are the *sandia* (watermelon), the *camote* (sweet potato), the endless and delightful varieties of the *tuna* (prickly pear), and the maguey (*agave Americana*), known to us as the century-plant, which furnishes everything from a needle and thread to a house-top, as well as a variety of food and drink. Of the latter, several varieties are made, chief among which is *pulque*, the national beverage. The manufacture of this liquor is as peculiar as it is interesting. Just before flowering time (which occurs much oftener than once in a hundred years) the heart of the plant is extracted and a sap rises to fill the cavity. The *tlachiquero*, whose business it is to collect this sap two or three times a day, places one end of a gourd syphon in the cavity and the other end to his lips, and, by suction, draws the juice up into the body of the gourd. It is then emptied into a sheep skin which he carries upon his back, and from this put into a vat, also of sheep skin, which, like the other, has the wool turned inward. The odor imparted to the liquid by these skins, as may be imagined, is anything but agreeable. On bringing it to the lips for a draught, the first impulse is to seize the nose, without which precautionary measure it is doubtful if the induction into this beverage would ever be made. It is much pleasanter to the palate, however, than to the olfactories, and its effects upon the system are generally beneficial. It possesses medicinal properties and is considered a specific for Bright's disease. The cultivation of the maguey is quite a source of income, as a single plant yields about one gallon of sap a day, and rarely more than one hundred and twenty-five quarts in all, after which it dies.

The other liquors besides *pulque* which this plant produces are *tequila* and *mescal*. The former, named after the district in which it is principally manufactured, possesses an agreeable flavor, somewhat resembling Scotch whisky. *Mescal* is made from a liquor obtained by pressing the leaves of the maguey in a mill. Both *mescal* and *tequila* are transparent, while *pulque* has very much the appearance of the milk of the cocoa-nut.

THE TLACHIQUERO.

Tanneries are to be found at many places, but the leather must be of very inferior quality, if one may judge by the rapidity with which shoes break and wear out. There is no greater inconvenience to Americans than the style and quality of shoes. Generally it is not possible for them to wear those made on Mexican lasts. I have seen in the windows of shoe stores, "American shoes made here," but the samples shown were far inferior to our home productions, and did not even resemble them. But for the artistic repairing of old boots and shoes the Mexican cobbler can certainly claim precedence. Shoes so old and dilapidated that even mothers could not use them instead of a switch on refractory children, or that would not be available for throwing after departing bridal parties, he will repair and return as good as new, for fifty cents. He sits on his stool on the sidewalk, himself unshod, verifying the ancient proverb, perhaps waiting for the *mañana* on which to begin his avocation.

More paper factories are needed, and no country offers greater inducements, as the maguey is ever at hand to furnish pulp for the enterprise. France and Belgium have heretofore supplied the market, with a moderate amount from Germany and England. If Americans do not go there to manufacture paper, they should certainly be able to compete with all others in supplying the market with a superior article.

Considerable attention is now paid to the importation and breeding of fine stock of all kinds, and Mexico offers unsurpassed facilities for this purpose, by reason of the equable climate and extensive pasturage. For, while cattle men annually lose thousands in their chosen sites in the United States, in Mexico it is perennial springtime for man and beast.

A STREET SHOEMAKER.

The meats are excellent in flavor and quality, the mutton being especially delicious. But a difficulty lies, generally, in the butchers, who cut and slash it in so many directions that it is difficult to tell what part of the animal you are eating.

Butter everywhere is a very scarce and inferior commodity. Housewives know nothing of making and caring for this article, which to Americans is a prime necessity. The most primitive means are employed in its manufacture. In some places the milk is put into a sheep or goat skin, then fastened on a mule or *burro*, usually the latter, and trotted at a rapid rate. Inferior in quality as it is, I have never seen a pound sell for less than from four to six reals. The natives make a cheese from goat's milk that is quite good when one becomes accustomed to it; but no attention is given to cheese-mak-

ing, as we know it, although the facilities are at hand, in the labor, the cattle and feeding, as well as in the tastes of the people, who use it largely in their *cuisine*. At the capital a pound of American cheese costs 62½ cents (five reals). The finest butter and cheese in the world could be produced on the beautiful and abundant alfalfa. Our people should look into these openings for enterprise, particularly as the Mexicans themselves would be constant patrons.

The refining of salt is another much needed industry, for which ample material exists in immense deposits that are in the same condition to-day as when the conquerors came. A five-cent sack of American table salt costs three reals, while what is generally used is in the crudest state possible, requiring to be washed, dried in the sun, and then ground on the *metate* before it is ready for use.

Bacon and ham are both imported, the United States now furnishing the greater part. The price is never less than five to six reals a pound, even at the capital.

Finer hogs can be produced in no country, and with mountains forever snow-covered, and railways offering inducements to shippers, pork packeries and meat-canning establishments could easily be established and made a paying investment. No improvement can be made on the lard, which is beautifully white and sweet; but the supply in no wise reaches the demand, as shown by the price, which I have never known to be less than from twenty-five to thirty-seven cents, or three reals a pound.

Wheat is one of the best products of the soil, and flouring-mills convert it into excellent flour, but either the mills are not numerous enough or the supply of wheat is deficient, as prices are exorbitant—the cheapest I have seen costing three dollars and a half for fifty pounds.

Fond as the Mexicans are of dainties and delicacies, the cracker and wafer, so indispensable in our dietary, are not made in the country, with the exception of one or two factories at the capital from which they are supplied at three reals a pound. Factories of this kind would develop the general taste and doubtless also prove profitable.

By all means let some enterprising spirits establish goose ranches. Strangers are particularly impressed with the unyielding pillows and beds, encountered everywhere in hotels; and with few exceptions they are little different in private houses.

Both climate and soil are favorable to the production of broom-corn, and, as the native manufacturers are less skilled in broom-making than in almost anything else, I surely think this manufacture would be a desirable enterprise. American brooms, when obtainable, cost one dollar apiece.

I could go on enumerating the smaller industries which would find a ready demand, and require but little capital. But it is unnecessary. It has only been my aim to show that everything stands waiting for the ready hand and determined will of some who may desire to begin life in that old country on a moderate scale and grow to affluence.

There is no opening whatever for either American matches or match-makers; for the matches of the Mexican match-maker are matchless; a rule that holds good in more ways than one, and may even apply to scenes from the balcony.

I have found an elysium for the Smiths, Browns and Joneses. By merely crossing the Rio Grande, they will find themselves answering to extremely high-flown names, without legal or legislative intervention, or arousing the suspicion that they left their country for their country's good. Plain William Brown becomes Guillermo Moreno, James Smith flows off euphoniously into Santiago Esmith, while John Jones murmurs in the mellifluous Castilian as Don Juan Jo-nis (Huan Honis).

The very serious question of American families taking up their residence in Mexico is one that demands especial care. We of the United States have such a profusion of comforts, even among the plainer classes, that it is not to be expected of an American woman to settle herself contentedly in her Mexican home with the scanty allowance of furniture and otherwise primitive household arrangements she there encounters. As before stated, hotel life is not proper or customary for families, and there are no boarding-houses; the whole

matter must at once resolve itself into the setting up of one's own little household kingdom. Furniture is not only extremely scarce but high-priced, and furnish the house the best one can, with what is to be had, and with a limitless amount of pottery cooking utensils, still there will remain an aching void in the list of supplied necessities. If household goods are brought from home, taxes and custom-house duties will fully quadruple their original cost. No American woman thinks at first that she can exist without a cooking-stove, but, to carry one along that has cost twenty dollars at home, it will, when turned over to her, have cost six times its original value. When in its place and man or *burro* have trotted their score or two of miles with a double handful of wood for cooking purposes, another difficulty is added when the cook tells her: "It will give me disease of the liver," or, "*No es costumbre.*" It is then her disgust reaches a supreme height. If she fails to take pillows and bedding along, it is possible that she may "lie on the floor and cover with the door," or rest on such substitutes for beds as would break the bones of a Samson or Goliath.

This may seem paradoxical, having described the elegant furnishings of some Mexican mansions; but stores exclusively for furniture are not general, with some exceptions at the capital and in the larger interior cities.

The Mexicans have been always accustomed to order their household furnishings direct from Europe or the United States, and strangers generally on going must risk the chances of buying what they can second-hand from some one moving away, or have a carpenter manufacture some, on his own plans and specifications. But do not calculate on the time for it to come into your possession. Meanwhile a cot and a few Mexican blankets are blessings in exchange for the soft side of an earthen floor.

You may be able to rent rooms in families, and in gems of precious pottery prepare your meals after your own fashion. Sometimes you will be able to procure comfortably furnished rooms, and have meals sent from a *fonda*, but you will very rarely find a Mexican family who will furnish them. You may have a room in their house,

and be freely invited to a place at their board, but to receive money for anything but the rent would be an infringement upon their established usages and ideas of hospitality.

While the vegetables, meats, and fruits are not so high as in the United States, and are generally better, other necessaries make expenses mount up amazingly.

American men accommodate themselves quite readily in Mexico to the inconveniences of the home life—natural enough, when they have none of the worry—but, with a few exceptions, I have never seen an American woman in the country who was not continually pining to return home.

So far, no educational advantages exist for American children; and this of itself is a source of great perplexity. But the children themselves are extremely adaptable to everything in the country, learning the language with wonderful rapidity, and in their childish communications adopting the customs of Mexican children. Like these, they are universally petted and adored by all classes, from the servants to the highest society. I have seen one American child engage the attention and interest of every Mexican in a railway car.

An American gentleman and his wife who had resided a number of years in Mexico, and had had four children born to them in that country, were returning to Texas. These little ones had completely identified themselves with the country of their nativity and repudiated that of their fathers. Soon after crossing the Rio Grande, they stopped at a ranch house, and seeing some other American children bare-footed, they ran excitedly to their mother, exclaiming with mingled scorn and pity, "*Mira, mama! las gringitas sin zapatitas!*" ("Look, mamma! those little gringos without shoes!")

Anglo-Mexican children will never admit that they have American blood in them.

Generally there is but little social interchange between the women of the two countries; but when it takes place, warm friendships are apt to ensue. I wish my countrywomen residing there would make more effort in this direction, that the people of both countries might

know and understand each other better; for men, left to themselves, with all their diplomacy, lack the finer tact and instinct of women in uniting and binding together widely separated elements.

Those who intend to become residents will read with interest the late laws relating to foreigners.

There is a law of naturalization lately published that is important to Americans. Subjoined is a copy of the official notice:

"Americans are hereby notified that, in conformity with Article I., Chapter V., of the Law on Foreigners, of June, 1886, foreigners who may have acquired real estate, or have had children born to them within the republic, will be considered by the Mexican Government as Mexican citizens, unless they officially declare their intention to retain their own nationality, and to that effect obtain from the Department for Foreign Affairs a certificate of nationality, on or before December 4, 1886.

"Said certificates may be obtained for Americans through the Legation or the Consulate-General of the United States in this city.

"Applications for the same must be accompanied by one dollar for the necessary revenue stamps, also by a personal description of the applicant

"LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, MEXICO, *August* 20, 1886."

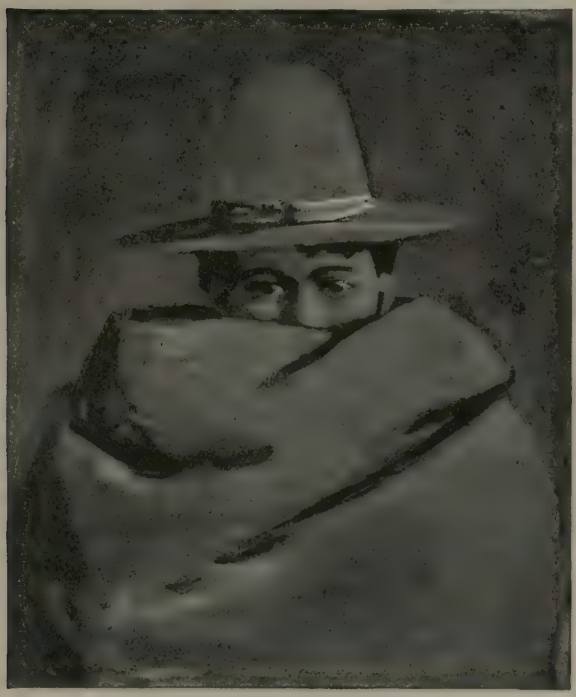
Still another law requires that all foreigners should be matriculated at the Department for Foreign Affairs, that their nationality may be declared and recognized. Foreigners who wish to have a hearing before the courts of the country should not fail to comply with this law, as business interests are not secure without it.

The climate is all that is claimed for it—even more; and it is recommended as a safe retreat for those afflicted with pulmonary or throat troubles. But, even here, a disadvantage arises. If they improve and all goes well, it is not safe to return to their homes and this is the thing above all others they most wish to do. If they remain, the lungs will harden and heal over, causing little or no pain or inconvenience, and life be prolonged to a good old age. But the artificial or real strength imparted by the delightful climate lures them into a feeling of security. But a return home makes the decline more rapid than the improvement has been. However, if in the earlier stages of the disease, they will make up their minds to live in Mexico, taking all things as they find them, I believe many permanent cures will be

effected. I have seen some fine specimens of robust strength and health which were only gained by exercising a firm will and determination—a trying and almost impossible achievement to the invalid. While the strong and healthy American will readily accustom himself to the food, the sick naturally longs for home cooking. Occasionally a friendly countryman will have a few comforts, and such fare as is suited to the palate of the invalid, which he is generally pleased to share.

Mexican physicians, as a rule, are highly educated and accomplished men; having not only excellent advantages in the Medical School at the capital, but a large proportion being graduates of celebrated European colleges.

Consumption is not by any means confined to the stranger. It undoubtedly originates among the natives, and usually with fatal results. Another disease in this fine climate, and as much to be dreaded, is catarrh; and a simple cold soon takes this form. No class is exempt from it, and perhaps from this the custom arose of wearing the blanket, shawl, or handkerchief over the nose and mouth. That their fine air, so celebrated and lauded by visitors, should be blamed for every malady that flesh is heir to, seems a contradiction. But in this as in everything else



"ON ACCOUNT OF THE AIR."

there is a special fitness, for strangers soon find themselves following the same custom. Ask at any time a man or woman of the poorer class why they draw the blanket over the mouth, and you will at once be answered with, "*Por el aire*" ("On account of the air").

Police regulations are admirable. The men are uniformed, and stationed in the middle of the streets where they cross at right angles; and regardless of wind or weather, each one remains at his post eight hours at a time, blowing his shrill whistle every quarter of an hour, in answer to the call of his co-guardian of the peace. The quiet and order that prevail in all towns and cities attest their efficiency.

POLICEMAN ON DUTY.

The body known as the *Rurales* constitute in Mexico to-day the most competent preservers of the public peace existing within her borders. They were once lawless and abandoned men, who led lives of wild adventure, many of them being bandits, fearing nothing.

When General Porfirio Diaz became President, he felt the necessity of providing the rural districts with an efficient mounted police force. The utmost forethought could not have predicted such grand results. Being as they are familiar with every mountain pass and lonely defile, fearless riders, and possessed of extraordinary strength and undaunted

courage, they have proved their prowess and valor from first to last. It gives one a feeling of security and satisfaction to see a company of these sturdy horsemen entering a city or town, after a toilsome journey in the wild mountain fastnesses. They wear a gay and picturesque uniform of buckskin, the pantaloons decorated on the outside seams with silver buttons, coat and vest of the same material,

A COMPANY OF RURALES.

a gorgeous red sash, and a red cravat or silk handkerchief around the neck, and sombrero with silver cord and tassels. Behind the gayly-equipped saddle a red blanket is folded and snugly secured, adding an extra charm of color to the invincibles. They come and go as if in haste, the rattling of their accouterments always attracting the attention of strangers.

Land and sea can alike testify to their courage. On January 18th, 1886, the American whaler Ranger ran ashore at Ensenada on the Lower California coast. The crew were swept into the sea, and would

inevitably have perished but for the courage and humanity of a party of *Rurales*. One poor sailor was swept out of their reach, though they made superhuman efforts to save him.

The President of the United States, through Mr. Bayard, and in appreciation of their valor, forwarded to the *Rurales* memorials, consisting of a gold watch and chain for the chief, with this inscription:

"Presented by

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

to

PEDRO MIRAMONTES,

Chief of the Rural Guard, Ensenado, Mexico,

For humane and praiseworthy services in behalf of a boat's crew of the U. S. steamer 'Ranger,' January 18, 1886."

Silver medals were given to the others of the rescuing party.

Upon the subject of American interests in Mexico, I am glad to introduce the opinion of Judge J. F. Crosby, of Texas, who was at the Mexican capital during my stay there, and in an interview with a representative of the *Two Republics*, thus freely expressed his views with regard to the prospects and safety of American enterprise in Mexico:

"I do not only believe but know from actual observation that American enterprise has a most promising future in Mexico. The people of Mexico are not nearly as prejudiced against Americans as superficial observers would have the people of the United States believe. That they are down on men who claim to be Americans, but are devoid of gentlemanly instincts, and show no respect for the religion and customs of a people whose hospitality they ask; who slander their wives and daughters, and charge the Mexicans with being dishonest and treacherous, is not to their discredit. But they are anxious for the good will of the American people, and if the Americans who have visited this country had been half as anxious to win the respect of the Mexicans, both countries would be better informed about each other than they are now. The upper ranks of the Mexicans are the

equals of anybody in culture, patriotism, and human virtues, while the lower classes, although seemingly degraded, are as law-abiding, intelligent and gentle as any people could be under similar circumstances. I know of what I speak when I say that these people, high and low, have fought harder and suffered more for the establishment and maintenance of republican institutions than the much exalted founders of our own republic ever dreamt of doing. Being forced, ever since they first asserted their independence, to defend it against invaders and conspirators, these people have not had the opportunity to pay that attention to the interior development of republican institutions which in the United States has taken a natural course, excepting the forcible removal of the curse of slavery, which, by a little good judgment on both sides, might have been brought about in a quiet and peaceable manner. Indeed, the Mexican people, as such, are entitled to the highest respect on our part. But the trouble has been, and is to-day, that people come here from the United States expecting to make fortunes in a day, and believing that everybody has to receive them as superior beings, and very often act in a highly offensive manner. There are such people now here, right here in Mexico, who misrepresent the American character, and in their talks to visitors misrepresent Mexico in a scandalous manner. I am glad to know that *The Two Republics* accepts it as a duty to neutralize the harm such people are doing."

On being asked if he considered it safe for Americans to make investments in Mexico, he said:

"I do indeed, and have proven it by my own acts. The Mexican Government is ever ready to encourage American enterprise, and has quite often got the worst of its bargains. It has been led to promise support to enterprises beyond its power of fulfillment. And this makes me think of the charge that Mexican officials are corrupt and are bleeding American investors. It is quite possible that concessions have been bought, and that some Mexican officials have betrayed their trusts; but that is as much the fault of the investors, familiar with the crooked ways of legislatures, both State and national, in

the United States, as of the officials. As a rule, I am free to confess that, as far as integrity is concerned, Mexican officials compare very favorably with their counterparts in the United States. My advice to investors is, to avoid middlemen of all kinds, and to deal directly with head-quarters. They will find how easy and pleasant it is to deal with the Mexican Government. Treat a Mexican like a gentleman, and he will treat you the same."

He is very sanguine as to the opening of lands for settlement in Mexico. He says:

"I believe that the present government fully appreciates the necessity of breaking up the large estates. My opinion is, that Mexico must very soon open wide to immigration, the same as the United States have done. It is only a question of time, when a foreigner will have the chance to acquire full political equality with the native citizen. In the mean time, I know that many estates have passed and will pass into the hands of American and other capitalists, who will naturally break them up into small homesteads, in order to secure the largest returns for their investments. The spirit of the times is felt by the Mexican leaders, and it will not be long before, through their efforts, the Republic of Mexico will be as much the home of the free and the brave, in the sense used in the United States, as the latter. I repeat it once more, Americans who mind their business, who behave like sensible men, and treat the Mexicans with the respect they deserve, will find a splendid field for enterprise in Mexico. Their property and their lives will be well protected, as far as the government can afford such protection, that is, to the same degree as they are protected in the United States. But they must obey the laws of the land, and always realize that they are enjoying the hospitalities of a country which still considers everybody not a native a foreigner."

Judge Crosby lived for many years on the frontier of Texas, and as early as 1854 became judge of the immense district comprising all the territory west of the Pecos. Since then he has held important relations with our railway system. Eminent in scholarship, in legal lore one of the brighest lights of the Texas bar, and with exceptional op-

portunities for knowing the subject thoroughly, Judge Crosby's opinions are entitled to the highest consideration.

He says further: "During my judicial career nobody gave me less trouble than the Mexicans, but I have to confess that I was very often called upon to protect them against sharp, not to say dishonest practices, on the part of the Americans who flocked into that country. The criminal branch of my court was almost exclusively occupied by the trial of offenses committed by lawless men who claimed to be Americans, and the only time I was in danger was when these outlaws tried to assassinate me while holding court. My life was saved through the intervention of Mexicans from both sides of the Rio Grande, who had heard of the conspiracy in time, and, forming a guard around the court-house, kept the scoundrels off."

In a recent letter to the author Judge Crosby says:

"My acquaintance with Mexico and her people dates back to a period of forty years, when, as a sixteen-year-old youth, I served under Jack Hays, the original Texas ranger, at the battle of Monterey. From that period to the present, I have never ceased to interest myself in all that has concerned Mexico and her future. I have made a study of her constitution, her laws; the manners, customs, traits of character, etc., etc., of her people, as well as the characteristics of this most beautiful and virgin portion of the North American Continent. Mexico is certainly the newest and yet the oldest of all North America."

Judge Crosby is at present engaged with some New York capitalists in developing the Corallitos property in Chihuahua, one hundred and fifty miles southwest of El Paso, which comprises 800,000 acres of farming and mining lands, and in which thus far $700,000 have been invested.

I am glad to testify to the fact from personal experience that ladies may with safety and propriety travel on any of the lines of railway throughout the country, getting off at any city or town and inspecting it to their satisfaction. Only this suggestion I would make: at the hotels where you stop procure a guide, who knows all

the places of interest, and pursue your way quietly, not making undue remarks nor laughing in a loud tone at what may seem ludicrous.

Mexican affairs have been severely criticised by many writers; and objections of every character have been urged. It will be found, however, that there is neither fairness in statements made, nor is there much display of deep study into causes.

Among the chief complaints are: (1) The instability of the Mex-

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

ican government and the proneness of the people to revolution. (2) Border troubles between Mexico and Texas. (3) Non-progressiveness of the Mexican people. (4) Want of wholesome internal laws conducive to the happiness of all classes.

History shows that the government of Mexico has been unstable; and that the beautiful country has, until within a decade or so, been the scene of oppression and strife, ever since the day when Hernando Cortez first unfurled the Spanish flag, and burned his ships on her shores. But when it is considered that the country was filled with independent peoples, each with its own traditions and customs, living

CHURCH OF SACRE MONTI, AMECAMECA.

in great cities, and with independent governments, and not nomadic in their character, but holding the soil of their ancestors, it is not surprising that the change from the ancient civilization of the aboriginal races to the modern has been slow, and that governmental disturbances have been frequent. No race that was fixed has been ever suddenly induced to adopt the laws, customs and religion of its conquerors; and the tardy progress of Mexico has been largely due to the restraining influences and prejudices of the original inhabitants, who slowly discard the habits of their ancestors for the teachings of modern civilization. It takes centuries to work such a transformation. Then, too, the immutable doctrines of the Church, with its unvarying teachings and ceremonies, serve in a measure to influence the people to receive with caution and by slow degrees anything that would change their social and political condition. These remarks, of course, apply particularly to the original races that occupy Mexico—remnants of the ancient tribes. Mexico has progressed as rapidly as could be expected, when the large number of her aboriginal inhabitants is compared with the feebler bands of European strangers that mastered the government, and engaged in the attempt to indoctrinate the people with a new religion, new government, and strange customs.

The English in North America had none of these difficulties, because they met a nomadic people, and there was no decided attempt to assimilate the Indians with the Europeans; hence the seeming advance in the United States and Canadas. There were no fetters on progress, and the new world kept pace with the old in North America, while Mexico, Central and South America were held retarded by the almost invincible customs of the aborigines.

With races mixed, revolutions are inevitable for a time. The situation of the country, and the remarkable dissimilarities of the people, render a strong central government impossible. Rival parties with interests dissimilar, headed by bold leaders, are the natural concomitants of an unstable government; and they multiply and more frequently collide where government is in a transition state, perfect-

ing itself by slow progression. The internal dissensions that have heretofore distracted Mexico, and her failure to adopt the standard in progression as fixed by her neighboring republic, are some of the inevitables; and there is no remedy save time and perseverance on the part of reformers who are kindred spirits with the Mexican people. No foreign power need ever expect with ruthless hand to break down Mexican customs, laws, peculiarities and institutions. Such changes as are made must be made slowly. With the American idea of government in Mexico the worst evils would arise. The ultraism of American reforms would defeat all reform.

Mexico has taken no backward step. Since she made her natural secession from the Spanish crown she has progressed, and her institutions have advanced in proportion. From each revolution she has emerged, purified, strengthened and with government better fitted for a people who in the end will enjoy full liberty under a pure republic. Her revolutions are the fires through which she must pass for refinement. They accomplish in a brief, though desperate, period what it might require ages to perfect by moral suasion.

While the "home rule" has been tumultuous in the extreme, yet it was the only government that was destined by the Allwise to survive; to stand at last, perfected in its own way, a fitting monument to the sore trials and afflictions of a brave people.

The antagonism between the United States and Mexico is unquestionably more largely due to border troubles than to any other cause. The dividing lines between countries have always been scenes of trouble, and, considering the causes that exist for unfriendly feeling, the difficulties that occur on the Rio Grande are not remarkable. On either side of this line the stormy elements break with tumult, the one against the other. The floating, unsettled population drift to both borders, and the magistracy on both sides is feeble.

Let there be a better magistracy on both borders. Let both governments bend their energies to hold in check the wild, disorderly elements that seek their boundaries, hoping to be under no rule. It is only by mutual effort in this direction that these troubles can be

suppressed, for it is in these regions that the strong arm of the law should be most heavily laid. In general, too, the chief disturbers of the peace are unworthy of protection.

Let the consulates be filled by discreet and just men. When they can be selected from among those living on the border, speaking each other's language and having some acquaintance with each other's customs, a great advantage is gained.

Neither government should be regarded as intending wrong, violating the laws of nations or treaties, until the case be too plain for dispute. When either republic violates the rights of citizens of the other, let peaceful arbitration heal the breach.

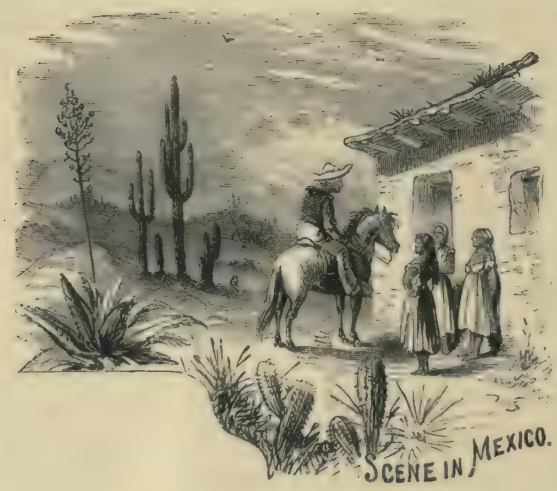
A new era is dawning in Mexico. The advent of railways is opening a wide field; her people are rousing from their slumber. The government is extending her protection over the poor as well as the rich classes, and rapid progress is witnessed on every side. The wealthy and powerful of the Mexican Republic owe it to themselves to let the spirit of freedom and independence find full growth in the bosoms of all, from the toiling peon on the *hacienda* to the wild, dark Indian in the fastnesses of his mountains.

The administration of President Diaz marks a glorious epoch in Mexican history, and the law recently passed by Congress, making a second term constitutional, gives a still brighter outlook for the future. A few decades with governments like that inaugurated by him and the co-operation of the powerful men in Mexico, and the republic will take rank with the foremost nations.

Far from placing a bar to her progress, it behooves us to extend the right hand of fellowship, and hasten rather than impede a consummation so devoutly to be wished by all lovers of republican institutions. He who would attempt to retard this great work and seek to incite the lawless border element to a breaking up of the existing harmony would be possessed of the remorseless spirit of the piratical Norseman and the inhumanity of the buccaneers, combined with the desperate ambition of the barbarous Huns.

It will only be when Americans have lost their love of freedom

and pride of country that they will look with indifference upon such disturbance of our sister republic. This will never be; our wise statesmanship will see to it that the Mexican people be left to perfect their institutions according to those immutable laws that govern from the dawn to the close of a nation's life.



SCENE IN MEXICO.

ADIOS.

My task is ended, my mission is accomplished. To show how dissimilar are the two republics in character, customs and traditions has been my aim; to lead to a fraternal regard, the one toward the other, has been my hope.

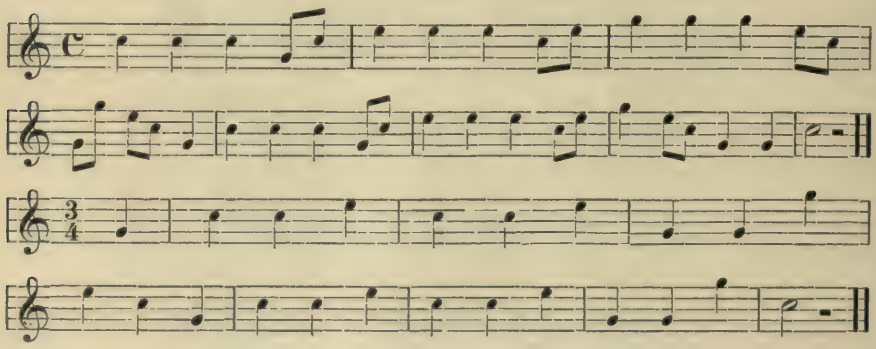
Vividly, while portraying them, have the scenes so varied and the strange characters with whom I mingled, floated in my mind. Scenery and characters are associated with friends whose names are linked with a thousand tender memories.

While there were so many ties that bound me to Mexico, there were others of a national and friendly nature ten-fold stronger, and my heart turned again to my native land.

I was leaving the brilliant Mexican capital. The leave-takings of my friends may all be concentrated in one typical *adios* that still lingers unfading in rich vividness. Little Alfonzo, an ideal for a

painter, passionately clung to me, his great liquid eyes looking lovingly into mine as he whispered his broken *adios* between his sobs. He was the child type of the warm friends of maturer years whom I was leaving.

The sun was setting behind the distant blue mountains; strains of sweet minstrelsy floated on the evening breeze; the panorama of singular characters passed me on their accustomed rounds. As the train moved gently along, I peered back and saw the distant lights gleaming in the city, and heard the long-drawn sweet tones of the evening bugle call, that seemed, as it dwelt on its last notes, to hold me bound in sweetest music, bidding me a yet more sorrowful farewell.



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